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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXXV.



EDITED BY

R. A. BROCK,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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ERRATA.

Page 29, third line from bottom, "made" should be *read*.

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BRAVE DEFENCE OF THE COCKADE CITY.

Fight at Rives' Farm, in Prince Edward County, with the
Sufferings in the Northern Prison of those who
Fell into the Hands of the Enemy.

ADDRESS BY JOHN F. GLENN.

Mr. John F. Glenn delivered the following address before R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, on the 9th of June, 1906, and subsequently before A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg, Va., on the defence of Petersburg in 1864, and is full of interest. It is now printed from a revised copy furnished by the author.

In essaying to give an account of some personal recollections of the affair of the 9th of June, 1864, between the small force of militia and second-class reserves, under Colonel Fletcher H. Arthur, and an overwhelming force of cavalry and artillery under the Federal General August V. Kautz, at the Rives Farm, in Prince George county, and some reminiscences of prison life, it is foreign to my purpose to give anything more than a skeleton outline of conditions existing and leading up to the events of that day, which marked an epoch never to be forgotten in the annals of the city of Petersburg.

To do more would be a work of supererogation, as the subject has been fully and exhaustively treated by Colonel Archer, in an address delivered before the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans on the 6th of June, 1889, and published in Mr. George S. Bernard's book of "War Talks of Confederate Veterans." To Mr. Bernard's industrious researches I am also indebted for some extracts I have made use of from the published "Records of the Rebellion."

When, on the 5th of May, 1864, the disturbing news was brought to the city of Petersburg that a formidable army, with General Benjamin F. Butler as its commander, had landed at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, within a few hours' easy march of the town, the greatest consternation prevailed. The practically defenceless situation of the town, guarded, as it was, by a few hundred regular soldiers, and about the same number of untried and raw militia, was well calculated to excite the worst apprehensions. The reputation and character of the Federal general enhanced the universal feeling of alarm.

EVERYBODY TO HELP.

In the emergency every man capable of bearing arms was called upon to aid in the general defense. In a few hours I found myself with several hundred citizens reporting for duty on Bank Street, opposite the provost marshal's office. As speedily as possible, we were supplied with such arms and accoutrements as were then available. The muskets were chiefly old United States Army flint-locks, which had recently been altered to percussion. They had, in all probability, seen service in the War of 1812, for although percussion caps had been invented by a Scotch parson and patented by him in 1807, they had not been generally adopted by the armies of the world until about 1840. They were dangerous weapons at close quarters, but at modern rifle range, to use the late A. M. Keiley's suggestive similitude, "not worth a tinker's imprecation."

Armed with these antiquated firearms, we marched down the City Point Road to Jordan's Farm, some two or three miles below the city. We were a motley crew. No uniforms, battle-flags, or shimmering bayonets invested us with the pomp, pride and circumstance of war. There were wanting even the shrill tootings of the fife and the taps of the drum to excite our martial enthusiasm, but there existed in the breasts of all, not that ardor which seeks only the "bubble reputation," but what was better, the earnest and determined resolve at all hazards and at all odds to defend their homes, their altars and their firesides.

GETTING IN TRENCHES.

Arriving at Jordan's Farm, we entered upon an open field extending from some hilly ground on our right over towards the river. A line of entrenchments thrown up at an earlier period of the war ran across this open space till they touched the river-side. It was now apparent we had to defend this line of works. As yet we had seen no sign of cannon or regular soldiers to reinforce our band of untried men, but we prepared ourselves for the worst that might happen.

It was understood that a night attack might be made, and as the shades of night drew on we were formed into line, and the command given: "Forward, men, into the trenches." It was the first signal to us to contribute our mite in deadly earnest to the war that was waging. That night we slept on our arms. Overcome by fatigue, our slumbers were profound.

During the night I heard the calm, authoritative voice of some general officer giving orders, but nothing happened to disturb our dreams. Fortunately, it was the balmy month of May, and which we had no canopy over our heads, save the blue vault of heaven, with its pyramids of stars looking down upon us, we suffered no ill effects from the exposure, though many had passed the meridian of life.

The enemy had not put in an appearance, and many succeeding days passed before we heard the sound of his guns. We were now told off into companies, and were regularly installed into camp life, drilled in company evolutions and exercised in the manual of arms. In the organization thus effected I found myself attached to Company B, Captain James E. Wolfe, second-class militia.

BEAUREGARD TOO MUCH FOR BUTLER.

General Butler, however, made Richmond his objective point of attack, and not Petersburg. He soon found he had caught a Tarter in General Beauregard, and after the severe defeat he sustained at his hands, the military nerves of our modern Achilles were so unstrung that he had no stomach for any further fighting at that time. The "Richmond Examiner" of the day indeed

aptly compared Butler to a "turkey buzzard matched against a great gyr falcon," and the result proved the truth of its prognostications.

Finding that the enemy did not appear to be disposed to molest us, many went back to their various occupations, but ready to be called upon at a moment's warning, and so it happened that on the fateful day our force was considerably diminished. During this time, however, we were marched from one point to another on the lines, finding ourselves at last doing duty on the farm of Mr. Timothy Rives, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, south of the town.

During the interim we were employed in the usual avocations of camp life—drilling, doing guard and picket duty; when not thus engaged, amusing ourselves as best we might. Quoit throwing was a favorite pastime. I do not remember that cards were indulged in our company at least, as there was amongst us quite a sprinkling of elderly men, deacons and elders of churches, not usually given to such worldly recreations.

News regularly reached us, of course, of the heroic deeds of that noble Army of Northern Virginia, whose wonderful victories against tremendous odds excited our unbounded admiration and the wonder of the civilized world.

We had an oracle in camp whose fertile brain found ample scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents. He could draw diagrams, locate armies, make flank movements, and show to a very sympathetic audience how Lee would whip them again. Indeed, many believed that that peerless commander would hurl back his enemies once more to the Potomac.

One night when on picket near the railroad, sitting around a blazing camp-fire, our oracle exclaimed with unwonted enthusiasm: "I could take a dozen of you fellows over to your breastworks and keep back a whole regiment of Yankees." This was very amusing, but it seems something like prophecy as to what did occur later on.

The fateful day at length drew near. Butler, aroused from his inertia and fully appraised of the weakness of our defenses, made an effort to redeem his reputation, and adopted the plan of assailing Petersburg at two points simultaneously. The Federal

General Gilmore, with a force of forty-five hundred men, was directed to move upon the defenses of the city on the east along the City Point Road, while General Kautz, with a force of cavalry (stated in the Federal reports at thirteen hundred men and four pieces of artillery), was to attack on the south of the town on the Jerusalem Plank Road.

As General Kautz had some fifteen miles to travel, and General Gilmore only four, the latter was to time his movements so that they could attack as nearly simultaneously as possible upon hearing the sound of the other's guns.

PETERSBURG TO BE CRUSHED.

Thus, with a combined force of about six thousand men arrayed against a few hundred men, mostly raw militia, defending the long line of works encircling the city, operating as stated at two separate points, Petersburg was to be crushed like an egg-shell between the prongs of this military forceps, and the city swept with the besom of destruction.

That the very safety of the homes of the people of Petersburg was imperiled, if not their lives, the following extract from orders given to the Federal General Hicks by General Gilmore will abundantly prove: "Should you penetrate the town before General Kautz, who is to attack on the Jerusalem Road, the public buildings, public stores, bridges across the Appomattox, depots and cars are all to be destroyed." Whether the destruction was to be accomplished by the torch or by explosives, it is evident that a universal conflagration might have ensued during the general distress and confusion.

This movement was originally devised by the Federal general to take place on the 29th of May, but was postponed on account of other movements. It was doubtless intended to be the forerunner of Grant's subsequent move upon Petersburg. The inspiration evidently came from General Grant, for in a bitter letter written by General Butler to General Gilmore after the operations of the day, censuring him in unmeasured terms for his failure, he mentions the fact of an officer of General Grant's staff being present when instructions were given to him. Gen-

eral Gilmore failed to carry out his instructions, and wrote the following letter to General Butler:

“HEADQUARTERS.

ELICK JORDAN’S, June 9, 1864, 12:30 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER:

“I found the enemy prepared for me to all appearances. A prisoner says our movement was known at 1:00 this morning, and that reinforcements arrived by railroad. General Hinks, on the Jordan’s Point road, says he cannot carry the works in his front, and that since he arrived there, at 7:30 A. M., two more regiments have been added to the intrenchments coming from the city. In Hawley’s front the works are as strong, I should think, as our own on Terry’s front. In my opinion, they cannot be carried by the force I have. Distant firing on my extreme left has been heard for the last hour and a half. I therefore judge that Kautz finds himself opposed. I am about to withdraw from under fire in hopes of hearing from him.

Very respectfully,

Q. A. GILMORE,
Major-General.”

If he had executed his commission with sufficient energy and penetrated within the confines of the city, and bearing in mind that his object was not only to capture, but practically destroy, the town, it is easy to conjecture what an important bearing it might have had on the fortunes of the war. It is not my purpose, however, to dwell upon that feature of the day’s events, and I hasten on with the narrative of events connected with the conflict on the Jerusalem Road.

DAY FOR FIGHTING.

Entirely unconscious of the impending danger, not a cloud appearing on our military horizon, the morning of Thursday, the 9th of June, 1864, found us setting about our usual avocations, when suddenly the camp was aroused by the advent of a courier with the startling news that a heavy body of cavalry, accompanied by artillery, was rapidly approaching by the Jerusalem

Road, and only then a few miles distant. The camp was immediately in commotion, and by the orders of our commandant, Colonel Fletcher H. Archer, the men quickly fell into their places. As they were forming, Captain Jas. E. Wolfe handed me a list of the members of my company who were absent, and directed me to proceed with all possible expedition into the town and summons them to report at once to the front. As I left the camp on my mission there was an ominous note in the beating of the long roll sounding in my ears, which told me that earnest work was on hand. The crisis had arrived, and our mettle was to be put to the crucial test.

Proceeding into the town by the shortest route known through the fields and woods, I passed up the Delectable Heights, where I met Mr. Charles F. Collier, Mr. Robert A. Martin and Mr. James Boisseau returning to the camp, to whom I announced the news. I passed on down Sycamore Street. The news had reached the city ahead of me; the bells had just ceased ringing the tocsin of alarm and the city was being thoroughly aroused, but as we had often been deceived by false reports, some were disposed to treat the matter lightly, and while some believed and hastened to put their armor on, others believed not. It was then about eleven o'clock.

Among the first I summoned was Mr. Charles Campbell, well known as the author of the *History of Virginia*. He was at that time principal of the Anderson Seminary, on Washington Street. Mr. Campbell was an ardent patriot, and although exempt by reason of age and profession from military duty, at the first news of Butler's landing he shouldered his musket with the alacrity of youth and fell into ranks with those who were rushing to the defence of the city.

For several weeks he and his youthful assistant, Mr. Branch T. Archer (late of Richmond), had done faithful duty on the lines. In common with many others, they had returned to their professional duties, ready to be called upon at a moment's notice. School was in session, and as I approached the house, I heard the sound of busy voices within, and when the next moment I stood at the open door, gun in hand, reciting the news, every boy and girl was hushed into silence as they craned their necks

to hear what was being said about the war. After seeing others whose names I do not now remember, and getting some refreshments, I started back to camp, feeling assured that every man was needed there.

Among those I noticed already on their way out was Mr. William C. Bannister, whom I remember well, as on that fateful day, erect as a Mohawk chief, with rifle in hand and blanket slung across his shoulders, he seemed the personification of the Southern cause. In company with (I think) Mr. George B. Jones, he marched steadily out to the fray. Mr. Bannister was full of patriot fire, and no man fought or fell that day whose devotion to the Confederate cause was more conspicuously displayed than his.

On the way I met two Confederate soldiers. From them I derived the information that an attack already had been made and repulsed. I asked them why they didn't stay to help; they gave me as a reason that it was not their company that was engaged. I suspected that, being old veterans and probably foreseeing the result, the real reason was they had no stomach for the fight.

REINFORCEMENTS WANTED.

Further on as I reached the cedar lane leading from what was known as the Ragland House, to the Plank Road, a few hundred yards in the rear of the works, I saw galloping towards me a youth mounted on a fine-looking mare, and leading by the bridle a large heavy-built, dark horse, with foreign-looking accoutrements. The contrast between the spirited animal he was riding and the other lumbering, clumsy animal, was quite striking. This, I understood afterwards, was gallant young Wales Hurt, lieutenant in Captain Jarvis' Junior Reserves, on his way for reinforcements. As he passed he shouted that they already had had a brush with the enemy, and the horse he was leading was one which had been captured from them. This was the last I saw of him. After fulfilling his mission, and no doubt returning to participate in the affray, he fell in with the advancing enemy and was slain, his body being found afterwards in the road, where they had ridden over him. Colonel Archer states in his

paper that the mare belonged to General Colston, who afterwards recovered it. It has been stated to me that the Federal trooper who killed Wales Hurt, possessed himself of the mare, and was himself afterwards killed, and the horse subsequently restored to its lawful owner.

The news considerably excited me, and I pushed on. It was now very near the middle of the day. On turning into the main road and nearing our camp, which was immediately on the Plank Road, and a short distance in the rear of the breastworks, I saw our attenuated line of about one hundred and twenty-five men spread out along the trenches from the salient, or redoubt, in front of or near Timothy Rives' house on our left, across the Jerusalem Plank Road, to a short distance on our right, in front of a pine grove.

There was no artillery then in position, and I instinctively felt it was a forlorn hope. I found a Mr. Grigg, formerly of Danville, on guard at the camp, and ascertaining from him the position of my company, which was on the extreme left near the Rives' house, I joined it.

I found the men considerably elated at the result of the first attack, as they described with what beautiful precision the attacking party of cavalry had advanced in front of our works, wheeled and retreated on being fired into. However, the fiery ordeal had yet to come. It was apparent that our commandant, Major Fletcher H. Archer, had nevertheless, the utmost we could hope to accomplish was to hold our position until reinforcements arrived. At that moment we were the only barrier, feeble as it was, between the city and destruction. The enemy, now finding we were not be frightened off by the mere brandishing of the weapons of war, proceeded to invest our position according to the most approved military methods, and now opened upon our centre at the Jerusalem Road, shelling us vigorously. At this movement we had no gun in position wherewith to respond to the Rives' salient. Presently the commandant came over and asked for volunteers to help defend the centre of our position, as he expected a fresh dash of the enemy would be made there, which was cheerfully complied with. A dozen or

so sprang up and went with him. This brought me close to the Plank Road.

We now observed with feelings of considerable relief one gun of Sturdivant's battery approaching to our assistance. It took position to the right of the Plank Road, and it was with much satisfaction we saw its shells exploding in the midst of the enemy. In order to barricade the roadway more effectually, a number of rails taken from a fence just outside the lines had been placed in and across a wagon drawn across the road at the opening through the works. Through the gap thus made by the dismantling of the fence some of the enemy's cavalry had ridden at the first attack. One man, wounded by our fire, was unable to control his horse, which sprang forward over the ditch into our midst. Lieutenant George V. Scott ordered him, with vehement language, several times to stop and surrender, which the poor fellow, who was shot through both arms, was too helpless to do. At length he was brought to. Doubtless this was the dark horse which Wales Hurt was leading when I met him, as before related.

In order to prevent the recurrence of this break, Young Archer with a few volunteers went out and patched up the dismantled fence as well as they could. This was done in full view and easy range of the enemy. The enemy having thrown out a line of sharpshooters in our front, where they had ample protection behind the bushes and fences, kept our men busily employed. With one or more of these, Professor Godfrey Stauble (who was one of the few who had a rifle), who was stationed a few feet from me beside the wagon barricading the roadway, kept up a kind of duel until he received his death wound.

We very shortly noticed the enemy running out to overlap us on our left. It is well known, and has been well described, what the results of this movement were; how our men at the Rives' salient had to stand a murderous fire upon them on their flank and rear, while facing the enemy in front. It proved a "bloody angle" for those devoted men who held that position. Mr. John E. Friend was among the first to fall. He had behaved with great coolness and bravery, he was shot dead by a man stationed behind a tree in Rives' yard.

Others showed no less bravery. I was informed that Mr. W. C. Bannister, who was very deaf, on being summoned to surrender, either not understanding or showing fight, was shot dead. Mr. James Kerr, a staunch and true man who had already done good and faithful service, determined to give them a parting shot before he retreated. He got down on one knee and, taking deliberate aim, fired into the Yankees, who were clustered like bees in Mr. Rives' front porch. Fortunately he escaped with only a slight wound. But the enemy having gotten completely around kept pouring in such a merciless fire that one after another fell until fourteen were killed outright or mortally wounded, and the earth that day was crimsoned with the life blood of some of the noblest and purest of the citizens of Petersburg.

The fight had now assumed such a character that Major Archer ordered us to fall back. I had scarcely gotten twenty yards from the breastworks when I received a shot in my right wrist. Being exposed to the fire which was sweeping across the field from our left, I took refuge in a little ditch near by. The tide of the battle swept by.

I caught Major Archer's eye for a moment as he stood to the last, giving orders. Events succeeded each other rapidly and in a few minutes all was over and the enemy in full possession. The firing in a measure having ceased I got up to make my escape, but hearing some one roughly ordering me to halt I looked around and noticed two troopers a short distance off, who covered me with their carbines. Up to this moment I supposed I was the only man who had fallen into the hands of the Philistines, but was speedily deceived. I was marched down to the low ground that lay between our camp and the breastworks and there found quite a number of our men, some wounded, Lieutenant G. V. Scott among the latter, having a dreadful wound in his face, having been shot through both cheeks. Among the wounded was a Federal trooper shot through the calf of the leg. Including killed, wounded and captured our loss was just about one half of our force engaged.

In the old colonial church in Blandford, a marble tablet com-

memorates the names of those patriot citizens who received their death wounds on the fatal field. It reads thus:

1861—1865.

In loving memory of the Citizen Soldiers of Petersburg, the gray haired sires and beardless youths, who on

June 9, 1864,

laid down their lives near this venerable church in successful defence of our

Altars and Firesides.

Adjutant C. Guy Johnson,	John Crowder,
Lieutenant Wales Hurt,	J. W. Bellingham,
Wm. C. Bannister,	Godfrey Staubly,
George B. Jones,	William Daniel,
John E. Friend,	George R. Conway,
W. H. Hardie,	W. F. Johnson,
Henry A. Blanks,	E. P. Brown.

Erected by

Petersburg Chapter United Daughters of the Confederacy,
June 9, 1904.

After the action was over the Federals collected their prisoners to the number of about thirty-six and putting us in charge of a Lieutenant Bird we commenced our weary march towards a Federal prison.

ACTION OF GRAHAM'S BATTERY.

While we were thus on our way to prison the most stirring events were taking place in the town. The result of the fight was quickly known, coupled with the tidings of those citizens who had fallen, and the news of the approach of the enemy. Intense feeling prevailed. The great heart of Petersburg was stirred as it never was before. The cry passed from lip to lip: "The militia have been cut to pieces. The Yankees will be here directly." Those who had kept up with the events of the day fully expected the streets to be swarming in a few moments with the bluecoated squadrons of the enemy, bent on their mission of havoc and destruction.

But deliverance was at hand. Captain Edward Graham com-

manded a battery stationed on the line of the railroad between Richmond and Petersburg. He was the son of a British army officer and his martial instinct was an inheritance. He had been a Lieutenant in the old Petersburg Artillery and went into the war at its commencement with his company. He was a brave, energetic and faithful officer and a strict disciplinarian. He had been attached to several commands and had seen much service at various points in eastern North Carolina and southern Virginia. At this time he was attached to the forces in front of General Butler, north of the Appomattox. He was noted especially for the admirable condition in which he kept his battery, attracting the attention of the great Commander-in-chief, who had an eye for everything from the spoke of a wagon wheel up. He sent for him and complimented him on its prime condition—and praise from him was certainly a compliment.

Receiving orders early on the morning of the 9th to move his battery to the east of the city on the City Point Road, he proceeded to carry out his instructions with his accustomed promptitude. Crossing the river he turned down Bollingbrook Street, but was halted more than once by contradictory orders. Finally the imperative order reached him to turn back and move to the south of the town.

Retracing his steps he moved rapidly up Sycamore Street, but as yet not fully appraised of the imminence of the danger. As he had reached nearly half way a courier dashed down towards him with an urgent message. The Captain turns swiftly in his saddle and gives command. The men jump from the guns and whip up the horses—and now commences a race for the heights, which for rapid movement of guns has rarely been equalled. The horses are strained to their utmost, but there is need of haste for the enemy this moment is standing on the inner threshold of the city. He has stopped to water his horses at Lieutenant Run and to reconnoitre. On with the guns! They move so swiftly that the caissons may explode any moment, but what of that, every chance must be taken. A lady attempts to cross in front of the flying battery. The wrathful Captain roars out an anathema on womankind in general: "If they don't get out of the way, ride over them," is his command.

SCHOOL GIRLS CHEER.

They pass the Female College on Sycamore Street at a sweeping gallop. The porch is full of women waving their handkerchiefs; citizens on the roadside are bidding them Godspeed. They reach the heights, but not a moment too soon. Right gallantly do the foam-flecked horses pull up the incline. The Captain rides in front to locate the position of the guns, and ere the whirlwind of dust over the roadway over which they have traveled had well nigh settled to its mother earth, the welcome sound of the first gun is heard as it throws its shell into the head of the enemy's column. Another shell falls in their midst. They waver, confusion reigns in their ranks, and the enemy turned and fled.

The successful charge of Graham's battery was followed up in gallant style by the small body of cavalry under General Dearing, who attacked the retreating enemy, taking a number of prisoners and capturing one piece of artillery and two caissons abandoned by the enemy, which he brought to Captain Graham. The gun proved to be a superior howitzer and was attached to his battery to the end of the war.

CONFEDERATE SWEARING.

I much regret that the truth of history compels me to admit that the gallant Captain did use an imprecation on the occasion referred to, but it served to show, I am afraid that under stress of circumstances the average Confederate could swear quite as hard as the army in Flanders. As I am informed the young lady who was a friend of the Captain's condoned the offence in consideration of his gallant conduct on that day.

And may we not hope that when the oath flew up to the Chancery of Heaven, that as in my Uncle Toby's case, the recording angel dropped a tear upon the record and blotted it out forever.

But to resume my personal narrative, Mr. Timothy Rives was among the captured. He drove up in his buggy after the fight was over, and was immediately taken prisoner. His buggy was used to carry off the body of a Federal, who I think was an

officer. Mr. Rives was known as a man of strong Union sentiments, but was a non-combatant. He was known in ante-bellum times as the "War Horse" of the democracy, and was in great repute among those who liked his peculiar style of oratory. He had an opportunity of displaying his power of invective, when, meeting with a fellow who had piloted the enemy, he let him feel the full power of his tongue in the presence of the Federals, who were silent witnesses.

As we marched out we passed the body of poor Staubly lying where he had been shot, pierced through the forehead by a bullet. What our feelings were as we marched along with sad hearts, it is needless to describe. The main body of the enemy had pushed on. Petersburg was at their mercy and we knew not what to expect. We were not without hope, indeed, that reinforcements were on the way to save the city, but the uncertainty filled our minds with gloomy forebodings. When, however, we had marched for several miles the whole body of Federal Cavalry overtook us and passed at a rapid rate. Later in the day we understood that the attack on the city had failed and our minds were relieved from the tension and suspense.

We made a long detour, crossing the Norfolk & Petersburg Railroad sometime during the afternoon. During one of the rests Lieutenant Bird brought up a surgeon who dressed our wounds. He informed us he was a nephew of the late Henry D. Bird, of Petersburg, hailing from Philadelphia. His full cousin, the late Henry Van Luvenay Bird, was one of the bravest soldiers the Confederacy produced.

FAMILIES SEPARATED.

One incident which occurred on the journey I remember well. A farmer was taken forcibly from his home and, despite the distress and entreaties of his wife and children, made prisoner and carried off. Alas, there were many such sad partings in those days!

It recalls to my mind a touching scene I witnessed at the beginning of the war. While watching the arrival of troops from the interior at one of the depots I noticed a company just arrived, brilliant in their new uniforms and burnished weapons,

accompanied by many friends who had come to see them off. I observed a very young girl bidding a youthful soldier goodbye. With one hand grasping his musket, his head resting on her shoulders and hers on his regardless of surroundings, they sobbed as if their hearts would break. I have often wondered if he passed through the war scatheless, or if his mortal remains were laid to rest, perhaps in some lonely field, perhaps by some bank

"Whereon the wild thyme blows
And the nodding violet grows,"

while for the return of her soldier boy the one faithful heart watched and waited for in vain.

We halted for a considerable time somewhere near the Appomattox towards nightfall. We crossed the river at night on a pontoon bridge strongly guarded, and covered with pine tags very thickly to deaden the sound. A line of horsemen on either side, wedged closely together, effectually prevented any attempt to escape. Every few steps as we passed down to the river and over the bridge was a sentinal. The gloominess of the forest, the darkness of the night and the perfect stillness prevailing were oppressive to our spirits. To me it looked as if we were approaching the gates of the Inferno, over whose forbidding portals was written "Who enters here leaves hope behind." Completely broken down, dirty and miserable, on reaching the enemy's camp we were shut up in a dirty negro cabin, where we spent a wretched night. There was not even enough room for all to lie down upon the hard floor, and those who were wounded suffered a good deal, having to lie in a constrained posture all night. When the morning came we were allowed to come out and wash our faces and otherwise refresh ourselves as best we could. Our breakfast consisted chiefly of fat pork, hard tack, a few miserable Irish potatoes and sour krout. Some got coffee, others less fortunate went without. How we longed for some old Virginia corn bread and bacon! but alas, we might as well have wished for the heavens to drop manna.

NOT AFRAID OF YANKS.

However we resigned ourselves to our hard lot as philosophi-

cally as we could. Little Joe Peebles, who was captured in his shirt and pants, was the only one who kept his spirits up. His lively sallies and impudent retorts amused the Federal soldiers immensely and he was made quite a pet of.

During the day we were taken up to Butler's headquarters. Along with two lads, mere boys, who were severely wounded, I was assigned to a tent immediately opposite the General's luxuriously appointed quarters, and we were brought some very excellent vermicelli soup. As we had had but little to eat for twenty-four hours, excepting the aforesaid fat pork and hard tack, it was to us as nectar brewed in the garden of the gods, and refreshed us greatly. The rest of our company did not fare so well. They were kept in an open field all day with the hot sun beating down upon them, and I truly commiserated their lot.

In the same tent with us were two ill-favored looking chaps, deserters from Wise's brigade. They informed me they had "come over" two days before. Doubtless Butler derived much information from them as to the defenceless condition of the town.

During the day Butler sent for some of our party and Mr. A. M. Keiley, B. T. Archer and one or two others came up to his tent, where he interviewed them. Mr. Keiley in his book "In Vinculus," has given a full account of his conversation with the general.

Butler in his letter to General Gilmore thus refers to this interview: "You made no such demonstration as caused any alarm in Petersburg until nine o'clock, as is evidenced by the fact that General Kautz's command captured a school-master whom I have examined, who was in his school in Petersburg after nine o'clock when the first alarm was given." It is an interesting coincidence that the school-master to whom Butler refers in his letter was young Archer, who was teaching in his school at the Anderson Seminary the day before, when I summoned him to report for duty at the front, as I have already related.

You will notice that Butler used the word "examined" in his letter to Gilmore. It is a term that a military man to the manner born and bred would hardly use. In truth, he was more at home

in "examining" witnesses than in commanding armies, and doubtless many an unlucky wight has quailed before the searching interrogatories of the astute Massachusetts lawyer and pseudo warrior.

During the day a piece of artillery was brought up before Butler's tent for his inspection, and I recognized it as the gun of Sturdivant's battery which was captured the day before.

Late in the afternoon we were taken down to Bermuda Hundred, where our quarters for the night were in a small frame house, subjected to the humiliation of being guarded by a company of negro cavalry. The next day we were put on board a steamboat on our way to Fortress Monroe. There was great activity at City Point; a steamboat had just arrived with a company of infantry. As we passed by they made a great show of brandishing their guns, drawing out their ramrods and sending them home with a loud, ringing sound. This was done, doubtless, for the purpose of impressing us with the fact of their being awful fellows to encounter, and what short work they were going to make of the rebels in the field.

Arriving at the fort we remained there over Sunday. The wounded were assigned temporarily to hospital quarters. I do not know how the rest fared, but our bill of fare consisted of a thin decoction of rice and molasses. It reminded me no little of the famous dish served up by the excellent hostess of Dottle-Boys' Hall.

In the afternoon our entire company was ordered out in line to participate in religious services conducted by the Post Y. M. C. A. We did not present a very Sunday-go-to-meeting appearance. The dudish Federal officers, who turned out in their brand-new paper collars, then coming into vogue, surveyed us with high disdain. Remarks might be heard as they passed by. "That's a hard looking crowd you have got there, Captain."

Of course we were a shabby-looking set. Yet among us were men of the best social position in Petersburg. Captured in our old clothes, in which we had been on duty day and night, it could hardly be expected we would have been attired as on dress-parade.

"NAIL-KAG HAT."

(One of our party was conspicuous by being the proud pos-

sector of a high-crowned beaver. He was the grenadier of the party. Mr. Keiley, in his book, makes mention of an amusing circumstance connected with the owner of the headgear in question. He had incautiously stepped over the "dead line" of the prison pen, when he was hailed by the negro guard from the parapet, "White man, ef you don't get back over dat line I'll blow dat ar nail kag offen top of you head." It is hardly necessary to say the proprietor of the "nail kag" beat a hasty retreat.

The following morning we were again placed on board a steamer, arriving late in the afternoon at Point Lookout. We disembarked on the wharf, where we remained all night without any shelter, exposed to the bitter blast coming up the bay, cutting into our very vitals. It was by long odds the roughest treatment we received. Though it was the month of June, it was very cold and we suffered much; sometimes we would lay down close together and get up to walk about to keep our blood in circulation. It would have taken a Mark Tapley to be "jolly" under such circumstances.

The Federal officer into whose custody we were delivered was a cross-looking customer. He carried a curious-looking grapevine stick, and with much roughness he had us all examined for money or articles contraband of war, preparatory to our being ushered into the prison pen which was to be our post office address for a long time to come.

THE PRISON PEN.

The place appeared to be about the size of what was then called Poplar Lawn Park, surrounded by a high board fence, outside of which, on a platform, was the guard. Those prisoners who had been there during the previous winter suffered much, the tents they occupied being but a poor protection against the icy breath of winter, the men being allowed only one blanket apiece. The water was procured from wells sunk within the enclosure. It was brackish (said to be impregnated with copper), and must have received a good deal of surface drainage.

Twice a day the men formed in line to receive their rations, consisting principally of a loaf of bread or six crackers (hard tack) once a day, a piece of meat sprinkled over with vinegar, and a tin cup of canned vegetable soup. Coffee had formerly

been allowed, but, as a measure of retaliation, was not forbidden them. I remember M. James Kerr coming one day to me in his usual earnest way with the remark, "John, I found just one bean at the bottom of my tin cup to-day."

WAR-TIME GRAFT.

The wounded in our party had been assigned to hospital quarters where, for the time being, we had much better fare. Scurvy, dysentery and fever were rife in the camp, many dying from those diseases, the number increasing as the summer wore on. Frequently it happened that those who had friends at the North would have money and clothes sent them. The money was always taken from them and entered in a book, which they were allowed to trade out at the sutler's.

However greenbacks would occasionally get in in various ways. With the money in hand they could drive a better trade. The man who could shake a dollar bill in a sutler's face received distinguished consideration, and he was certain not to blab. It was surmised that there were others, probably high in authority, who were interested in the business, and the money was pure profit to the sutler.

LOYAL COLORED MAN.

Among the prisoners who had been a good while in the place was an old colored man, who had been captured and held as a prisoner. I understood he had been cook at one time at the Bollingbrook Hotel and noted as a good caterer. I forgot his name. Being thoroughly attached to the people among whom Bollingbrook Hotel and noted as a good caterer. His name was Dick Poplar. Being thoroughly attached to the people among whom he was raised, and being a hardened dyed-in-the-wool rebel, he obstinately refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. It was a curious sight to see this old man preferring to suffer the pain of imprisonment rather than to accept his freedom at the hands of those who were fighting for his deliverance.

He was a good hand at making corn bread, and being furnished by the sutlers with some fine white Southern corn meal, he used to make some, which he sold at five cents a pone, and in that way he added much to his material comforts.

He occupied a small house built of cracker-box boards. In front of his doorway he had a table built of the same material, on which he exposed his various wares for sale, such as pieces of tobacco, cornbread pones, with maybe a pipe or two, ornaments and bric-a-brac made of bone—arranged to make the best show possible under his limitations, just as a shopkeeper in Vanity Fair would arrange his goods in his shop window—to catch the eye and deplete the pocket of the unwary passerby. Many a pone I did purchase, finding it an agreeable change from baker's bread. Many of the prisoners realized goodly sums of money from the Federal officers in making chessman, rings, breastpins and other articles, out of wood, pieces of bone, and mother-of-pearl.

In about ten days we received an addition to our company of some more Petersburg men—among them, Mr. William B. Egerton, taken prisoner in the attack made upon our line a week after, following the affair of the 9th of June. From these prisoners we learned the full particulars of the results of the fight on the 9th of June, and how the city had been saved by Captain Graham's battery and General Dearing's cavalry reaching the heights in time to check General Kautz's advance, and how the city had been stirred up by the deaths of the patriot citizens who had fallen that day in its defence.

LIMITED NEWS SERVICE.

Our company shortly after this was divided. The Federals, finding the place was in too crowded a condition, sent off a considerable number of the prisoners to Elmira, in New York State, including the greater part of our people. We parted, as may be supposed, with many expressions of regret. We had been thrown together so much under very trying circumstances that we felt the separation a good deal. It was with intense feeling that those of us who remained heard, from time to time, from new prisoners coming in, of the varying fortunes of the war. A stray copy of the New York Herald or other Northern journal would find its way in. News would also be communicated by the Federals themselves, and though reports coming in this way had to be received *cum grano salis* we could form a tolerable accu-

ate idea of what was being done in and around Petersburg. The news of the battle of the Crater reached us in due season. The Federals humorously said it had failed because, though the Confederates were indeed blown up, they came down in the position of "charge bayonets." Of course, false reports would be circulated that Petersburg had fallen, but when these died away it was seen to our great relief that the "thin gray line" still stood a line of fire between the city and the enemy.

WHY THEY GOT SICK.

The summer wore away in this way. Occasionally we would be excited by news of an exchange of prisoners, only to find our hopes blasted. But towards the end of September it was reported that the Federals had determined to send home the sick and wounded. We understood that the order was for none to be exchanged who would be able within sixty days to bear arms. It was supposed that the Confederacy would be crushed in that time. The report was soon confirmed and the tidings flew throughout the camp. All the convalescents in the hospital immediately took to their beds. It was amusing to see with what alacrity the men got into their bunks and covered up. I put my arm back into a sling and followed the general example. Expectation was high and the hope of seeing our friends and the "stars and bars" made us feel happy.

However, there were many poor fellows sick whose condition was such that it could hardly be expected that they would live to get inside our lines, but while it was apparent that the Angel of Death was slowly waving over them his dread pinions, a pale gleam of hope would pass over their white faces that perhaps they would yet be restored to home and friends.

In due time the examining surgeons made their appearance. Passing rapidly from one to another, they made their selection. The surgeon who came up to me addressed me in very gentle manner, "My poor fellow, what is the matter with you?" His manner was so tender and compassionate that my conscience smote me for even appearing to be worse off than I really was. I held up my wrist in mute response. My heart jumped to my mouth when I heard him say to the sergeant following him, "Put this man down."

HOME AGAIN.

In two or three days we were shipped on board the boat which was to carry us back to freedom, and in due time we arrived at Aiken's Landing, on James River, but while en route some eighteen or twenty poor fellows died and were buried at Old Point.

Permission was given us to go on shore, which we did with much alacrity, spending the night under a haystack, which we pulled to pieces to sleep on. Next morning, we needed no bugle call to summon us to take up the line of march, which was made across the country, with a detour, so as to avoid the batteries on the river, where an active cannonade was going on. The works were filled with Federal soldiers, who crowded to the top of the breastworks to view us as we passed in the distance.

The Federal agent of exchange headed the procession without any guard. He was very humane in his bearing towards our men, and I might say here that, while we suffered many hardships incidental to prison life, there were many acts of kindness exhibited to us by both officers and men among the Federals.

Very soon to our great joy, we hove in sight of the flag of truce boat at Varina, where we were met by the Richmond Ambulance Committee, headed by that pure and patriotic gentleman, Mr. Robert P. Richardson, of Richmond, whose beautiful white flowing beard, kindly and dignified bearing, will be long remembered by the many who in those times that tried men's souls came in contact with him.

About a month or so afterwards those of our party captured on the 9th of June, who had been sent to Elmira, as well as those left behind at Point Lookout, with the sad exception of two or three who died while in prison, among the number Mr. Wm. B. Egerton, were happily restored to freedom.

REMINISCENCES.

Many years after I stood upon the ground made memorable by the thrilling events of the 9th of June, as well as by the gallant stand, for many months immediately succeeding that day, by the heroic Army of Northern Virginia as it wrestled in mortal strife with the overwhelming forces of the enemy; but what a change

was there! No screaming shells were rushing through the air like demons released from the abyss profound, bent on their mission of destruction; no din of direful war rivalled the fury of the elements in their fiercest rage, but all around was serene and still. Undisturbed by the clash of war the birds twittered forth their evening gossip, the mocking-bird sang his sweetest lay—the well cultivated fields, the tinkling of the cow-bells in the distant pasture, all proclaimed that Peace was queen.

And yet while the direful war has passed away, and the animosities and acerbities engendered by it are fast being buried in the grave of Oblivion—where is the gray-headed Confederate whose eye does not kindle at the remembrance of those four heroic years? Does he not feel like re-echoing the glowing words which the great dramatist puts in the mouth of Henry the Fifth the night before Agincourt, “This story shall the goodman teach his son.—

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispin;
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.”

And does not his heart burn while he tells with pride of the days when with unfaltering steps, though weary and hungry, but with the light of battle in his eye, he followed in the lead of those illustrious captains and masters of war, A. P. Hill, Jackson, Hampton, Stuart, Mosby, Johnston, Kirby Smith and a host of other gallant spirits—and last, though not least, of Robert Edward Lee.

OFFICERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE'S STAFF.

COLUMBUS, MISS., October 18, 1907.

COL. T. M. R. TALCOTT:

MY DEAR COL. TALCOTT,—I have before me your revised, corrected and added list of "Officers of General R. E. Lee's Staff," with the data furnished by General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Department in Washington. As far as I know, it is now the most correct list extant, and you can safely have it published.

With kind wishes, your comrade and friend,

(Signed) STEPHEN D. LEE."

General Lee's first service was in the western part of the State of Virginia, where he was attended by two aides-de-camp, Colonel John A. Washington and Captain Walter H. Taylor.

Colonel John Augustine Washington was killed at Valley Mountain, September, 1861.

During his three month's service in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, he had with him in addition to his aide, Captain Walter H. Taylor, Lieutenant Colonel Wm. G. Gill, Ordnance Officer; Captain Thornton A. Washington, A. A. & I. General; Major A. L. Long, Chief of Artillery; Captain Joseph C. Ives, Chief of Engineers; Captain Joseph Manigault, Vol. A. D. C.; Captain John N. Maffitt, Naval A. D. C.

In March, 1862, when under a special act of Congress, General R. E. Lee was assigned to duty at Richmond, a personal staff for the "Commanding General" was authorized by said act, and the appointments made by him under it were as follows:

Colonel A. L. Long, Military Secretary Brigadier General of Artillery, September 21, 1863-April 9, 1865.

Major Walter H. Taylor, A. D. C., Lieutenant Colonel A. A. & I. General, November 4, 1864-April 9, 1865.

Major T. M. R. Talcott, A. D. C., Lieutenant Colonel July 25,

1863, Colonel First Regiment Engineer Troops, April 4, 1864-April 9, 1865.

Major Charles S. Venable, A. D. C., Lieutenant Colonel A. A. & I. General, November 4, 1864-April 9, 1865.

Major Charles Marshall, A. D. C., Lieutenant Colonel A. A. & I. General, November 4, 1864-April 9, 1865.

After the battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862, in which General Jos. E. Johnston was severely wounded, General Robert E. Lee was assigned to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and took with him his personal staff as above named, to-wit: Long, Taylor, Talcott, Venable and Marshall. He also retained Captain A. P. Mason, A. A. & I. General, of General Johnston's staff, who in March, 1863, was at his own request transferred elsewhere, and Major Walter H. Taylor assumed his duties. Colonel Thomas Jordan, A. A. & I. General, who had served as Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Joseph E. Johnston, voluntarily retired with him, and was replaced by Colonel R. H. Chilton, A. A. & I. General, who was promoted Brigadier General in December, 1863, and Colonel Walter H. Taylor then became Adjutant General of the Army of Northern Virginia, which position he held until the surrender, April 9, 1865.

The Chiefs of Departments who served under General Lee were as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel E. Porter Alexander, Chief of Ordnance, June 1, 1862, to November, 1862, Brigadier General Artillery to April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel Briscoe G. Baldwin, Chief of Ordnance, November, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert G. Cole, Chief Commissary, June 1, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel James L. Corley, Chief Q. M., June 1, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

Surgeon Lafayette Guild, Medical Director, June 25, 1862, to April 9, 1865.

Brigadier General W. N. Pendleton, Chief of Artillery, March 6, 1863, to April 9, 1865.

Colonel George W. Lay, A. A. & I. General, March 6, 1863, to April 9, 1865.

Major Henry E. Peyton, A. A. & I. General, November, 1862, to November 4, 1864, Lieutenant Colonel A. A. & I. General to April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel E. Murray, A. A. & I. General, September, 1863, to November 4, 1864.

Major Giles B. Cooke, A. A. & I. General, November 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865.

Captain Henry E. Young, Judge Advocate General, September, 1863, to November 4, 1864, and Major A. A. & I. General to April 9, 1865.

Lieutenant Colonel Wm. P. Smith, Chief of Engineers, September, 1863, to —, 1864.

Colonel W. H. Stevens, Chief of Engineers, —, 1864, and Brigadier General in April, 1865.

Captain Samuel R. Johnston, Engineer Officer, November, 1862, and Lieutenant Colonel in April, 1865.

Others in the Medical Department:

Surgeon Joseph E. Claggett, in charge of Hospital.

Surgeon E. J. Breckinridge, Medical Inspector.

Surgeon T. H. Wingfield.

Surgeon James C. Herndon.

Surgeon Samuel M. Bemiss.

Surgeon E. D. Newton.

Others who served on General Lee's Staff:

Allen, John M., Captain and Assistant Forage Q. M., A. N. V.

Bell, R. S., Assistant Q. M. of Forage.

Bernard, J. T., Captain in charge of Ordnance Train.

Brook, John W., Lieutenant Virginia Navy, A. A. D. C., May, 1861.

Cary, W. M., Captain Assistant Issuing Q. M.

Crenshaw, Joseph R., Lieutenant Colonel A. A. G., June, 1861.

Galize, John, Captain Forage Q. M.

Garnett, R. S., Colonel A. A. G., 1861.

Garber, A. M., Assistant to Forage Q. M.

Harman, John A., Major Forage Q. M.

Harvie, Edmund J., Colonel I. General, 1861.

- Heth, Henry, Lieutenant Colonel Acting Q. M.
Janney, E. H., Major Issuing Q. M., A. N. Va.
Latham, Woodville, Captain A. D. C., September, 1862.
Land, A. L., Major Assistant to Chief Q. M.
Marrow, N. C., Captain Paymaster.
Page, Thos. J., Lieutenant Virginia Navy, A. A. D. C., 1861.
Richardson, W. H., A. A. G., May, 1861.
Smith, P. W., Captain Military Secretary, May, 1861.
Somers, S. M., Captain Q. M. Ordnance Train.
Shell, G. W., Q. M. Army Supply Train.
Thompson, George G., Captain.
Thomas, W. F., Captain Depot Q. M.

DEDICATION OF A BRONZE TABLET IN HONOR OF BOTETOURT BATTERY

In Vicksburg National Park, November 23, 1907

With the Ceremonies Incident, including the Graphic Historical
Address of Miss MARY JOHNSTON.

A bronze tablet in honor of the Botetourt Artillery, which served through the siege of Vicksburg, was dedicated in the Vicksburg National Military Park, November 23, 1907. It was the first Confederate dedication since the establishment of the park. Virginia had but one command at the battle-field in 1863.

There are now only 16 surviving members of the Botetourt Artillery, and several of them were present.

The ceremony was held at night, in the First Baptist Church, and despite inclement weather the edifice was filled.

The audience was called to order by Mr. John T. Anderson, son of the first commander of the battery, who introduced Governor James K. Vardaman, who delivered the address of welcome. Mr. Anderson followed tendering the tablet to the United States Government, and it was received by Captain Wm. T. Rigby, Chairman of the Vicksburg Park Commission.

The tablet bears the following inscription:

"Virginia Botetourt Artillery, Stevenson's Division,
Army of Vicksburg.
Captain John W. Johnston,
Lieutenant Francis G. Obenchain."

It is located on Confederate Avenue, on Virginia Circle, near Stout's Bayou Bridge, and is erected on a granite pedestal.

The touching story of the battery graphically given by Miss Mary Johnston, the distinguished authoress, daughter of the second commander of the battery, was made by General Stephen D. Lee—Miss Johnston and Mr. Anderson had been warmly welcomed at Hotel Carroll the preceding day, the 22nd, by Vicks-

burg ladies of various organizations, the occasion being one highly enjoyable.

Captain J. C. McNeilly, who served gallantly in Lee's Army, in Virginia, the editor of the Vicksburg Herald, in an editorial in his issue of November 23rd, glowingly eulogizes Miss Johnston's address, which he entitles "A Confederate Iliad," an epic with lasting value depicting a type of the action and feeling that characterized the Confederate soldier—to be valued and treasured as a tribute to his courage, constancy, fidelity and fortitude, in facing and enduring peril and privation.

THE ADDRESS.

This is the history of the only Virginia troops engaged in the defense of Vicksburg, upon the battleground preserved in the amber of this great military park. Fighting for the South were many gallant Mississippians, and regiments from Alabama and Georgia, from the Carolinas, Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri, Texas and Louisiana. On the other side, fighting for the North, were Massachusetts and New York, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Minnesota and Michigan. These hundred or more men, this company known as the Botetourt Artillery, were the only Virginians. It is to them that this stone is raised, and it is to their war song that we listen to-day.

They were born, these men, in the State of Virginia, in the County of Botetourt, in a region of wheatfields and orchards, of smiling farms and friendly villages, of high blue mountains and clear flowing rivers. It is a county in which Mississippi should take an interest. Formed just one hundred and thirty-eight years ago, this November, in the tenth year of our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third, it was named Botetourt in honor of Norborne Berkeley, Baron Botetourt, then governor of the colony. The county seat was called Fincastle, after Lord Botetourt's home in England. The county was a frontier one, and included the present state of Kentucky, with a fair claim to Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. You upon the Mississippi should feel a stirring of the heart when the old county of Botetourt is spoken of, for apparently once you belonged to it. In this same month of November, the following act was passed by the General Assembly, sitting in Williamsburg, in Virginia: "And whereas

the people situated on the waters of the Mississippi, in the said county of Botetourt, will be very remote from the court house, and must necessarily become a separate county as soon as their numbers are sufficient, which will probably happen in a short time. Be it enacted, That the inhabitants of that part of the said county of Botetourt which lies on the said waters of the Mississippi, shall be exempted from the payment of any levies to be laid by the said county court for the purpose of building a court-house and prison for the said county of Botetourt."

I think, after all, we must be Virginia cousins.

In the war between the States this county of Botetourt sent out from farm and village, from forge and mill, from lonely cabins in mountain clearings, and goodly houses set in rose gardens; from Craig Creek, and Back Creek, and Mill Creek, and Jennings Creek; from Roaring Run and North Mountain; from Fincastle, Amsterdam and Buchanan; from every nook and corner, twelve full companies to the service of Virginia and the South. The greater number of these, during the four years of the war, fought within the bounds of their mother state. They fought at Manassas and at Seven Pines, at Chancellorsville, and on many another stricken field. They charged with Pickett at Gettysburg. They surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. Others of these Botetourt men, fought, as the saying is, "all over." Like Sir Philip Sidney, when they heard of a good war they went to it. They fought in Virginia, in Kentucky, in Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia and Mississippi. The command known first as the Mountain Rifles, then as Anderson's Battery, and then as the Botetourt Artillery, fought "all over."

On the banks of the James, a few miles from Fincastle, lies the village of Buchanan. Across the river rises abruptly a great and high mountain named Purgatory. Below the town the river forces its way through the Blue Ridge; above, the valley widens into smiling farmlands. To the west the sun sets behind the Alleghenies. From this village and its neighborhood came the majority of the men whose deeds in Mississippi are commemorated by this stone.

On the seventeenth day of April, 1861, Virginia seceded. The Mountain Rifles, an infantry company, organized in 1859, at the time of the John Brown raid, at once offered its services. Its

captain was Joseph Washington Anderson; its first lieutenant, Philip Peters; the senior second, John William Johnston; the junior second, Henry C. Douthatt, and the orderly-sergeant, William H. Norgrove. All were young men, all were friends, all were to face a baptism of fire and blood. Behind them were four score of their neighbors, friends and kindred, bound for the same baptism.

Will you look at these village streets, in the month of May, in the year 1861? Virginia has seceded. We are going to the front. Recruits are hastening in; new companies are forming; all the country is aroused. We drill. We camp. Uniforms and arms are on the way to us from Richmond. In the meantime we wear linsey shirts, and big black hats, tucked up on one side with a rosette of green ribbon. The muskets come. The companies are constantly under arms. We have no parties now; we are all Virginians, we will fight in defense of our mother, and side by side with our brethren of the South! Sermons are preached to the soldiers. The preachers pronounce our cause a just one, and encourage us on to victory or to death. Our people are a unit, our cause is that of liberty, we cannot be overcome. We hear many rumors. The Lexington companies are ordered off. A town meeting is convening. Everything is excitement. Our business is war, and we are attending to it. The ladies give us our flag—it is made of the wedding gown of the captain's wife. Hourly we expect the order to march. There is little sleeping. Our knapsacks are made of oilcloth, and in them are the needle cases that our sweethearts made, and the small New Testaments that mother gave. The fifteenth of May is here, soft, warm and bright. The locust trees are all in bloom; the air is heavy with them. We parade in our new uniforms, and the people weep and cheer. That night we spend in serenading. The spring dawn finds us singing before the old Exchange Hotel, in Main Street. We are singing Annie Laurie. Suddenly, through the morning air, rings out the cry, "Fall in men!"

The Mountain Rifles marched away. The flag blew free in the morning wind. The band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me." When they reached the summit of the Blue Ridge the men turned their heads and looked back to the green hills of old

Botetourt, then, through the May weather, they went marching down the mountain.

On the sixteenth the Mountain Rifles reported at Camp Davis, in Lynchburg, and were mustered in as Company H, 28th Virginia Infantry, Cocke's Brigade. A fortnight's drill, and they marched into Camp Pickens, near Manassas Station. There was battle in the air. The Federal troops were on Virginia soil, possessors of Arlington Heights and Alexandria. Ten thousand Confederates were massing to meet and drive them back. Johnston and Beauregard took command, and Lee came for several days to look things over. Day and night the men were at work, throwing up breastworks. There was poor water, and there was disease, but every soldier was in spirits, and anxious for the fight.

They had what they wanted. McDowell came to Bull Run. Johnston and Beauregard waited for him there, and in the first battle of Manassas, Company H, 28th Virginia, had its baptism of blood and fire. It bivouacked in the wood before Ball's Ford on the 17th of July, and it remained, uncovered, in position until after the battle, on Sunday, July 21st. Its part was to hold this ford, and also the approaches to the Island Ford, and it did its part. "The courage, energy and obedience of the Twenty-eighth," say the reports. All day the battle raged, and it was a battle of two to one. But Jackson stood like a stone wall, and Lee's men listened to their leader, and the 2nd and 11th Mississippi did gallantly, and all the troops as well, and victory was to the South, and Manassas her first trophy of war.

Manassas was won. For the balance of the summer Company H, 28th Virginia, rested on its laurels, observed the enemy, drilled unremittingly, and did heavy picket duty at Munson's and Mason's Hill. In May it had volunteered for the very short time necessary to drive the North from the South; in the autumn it volunteered anew, "for the war." About this time also, it fell in love with the artillery. Upon recommendations of the generals in command, Captain Anderson obtained an order from the War Department, authorizing him to change his arm of the service from infantry to artillery. The Mountain Rifles, now Anderson's Battery, went home on furlough for Christmas.

In January, 1862, Captain Anderson and one hundred and fifty men—the old Mountain Rifles and a number of recruits

gained at Centreville—reported at Camp Lee. “When this young and favorite officer reported,” says the colonel in command, “it was seen at a glance that in Captain Anderson, his lieutenants and men, could be found the most trustworthy auxiliaries in the work of speedily preparing the men under instructions, and the numerous companies that were rapidly reporting. Captain Anderson and his lieutenants were immediately qualified as instructors. Special orders were issued authorizing Captain Anderson to draw a battery of six brass guns with all necessary equipments, and as he was now entitled to four lieutenants, two first and two second, Lieutenants Johnston and Douthatt each went up one step, and William P. Douthatt was elected junior second lieutenant.”

The Tredegar works had nearly completed their armament. Captain and men were in high spirits, anticipating early and brilliant service with that loved Army of Northern Virginia. But upon the chess board, in the field of war, and in the Cosmic Plan, the pawns go, not where they would, but where they are sent. The affairs of the Confederacy in East Tennessee, were not in a satisfactory condition. The department issued an order directing the company in the most forward state of preparation at Camp Lee to move at once, regardless of outfit, to Tennessee. It fell to the lot of Anderson's Battery to go. It was the advanced company; the compliment was great; forth trudged the pawn. Anderson's Battery left behind the guns and equipment it had so fondly counted on; left behind the comrades besides whom it would have liked to fight; left behind its home and its mother State—but took with it the affection and the respect of all with whom it had come in contact. With its flag flying, with drum and fife playing Dixie, it marched away to Tennessee.

In Dixie land I take my stand,
To live and die for Dixie.

Away, away!
Away down South in Dixie!

This is not a history of campaigns. Many a writer upon the war has told the large events of that year of 1862, in the Tennessee mountains. This is but the story of a handful of men,

gathered from the letters they wrote home, and the worn and yellow diaries they kept—meagre records penned by tired men, in the light of camp fires. Let us see a little what they did in 1862.

“April 5th. Arrived in Knoxville at night. Next day the command was equipped with guns and horses. While there the Alabama boys showed us the proper way to cook rice. Here, too, we had our first battery drill with horses in the foreground. Today we marched with Barton’s Brigade, and crossed the Clinch at Clinton. Our camp is on a green side and we have christened it Botetourt. It seems there didn’t any of us have measles and mumps when we were children. Marching nearly all night—very dark, drenching rain. The company in fine spirits. May 1st. Camped in orchard at lower end of Powell’s Valley. Stayed in the valley, guarding the gaps in the Cumberland Mountain until the 7th of June. Left Powell’s Valley (without any regrets) to reinforce General Leadbetter at Chattanooga. On the tenth marched to Bridgeport, to engage gunboat ferrying troops around Battle Creek, but had to march back, gunboat having disappeared down the river. June 19th. Went into position to cover the retreat of General Stevenson from Cumberland Gap. Marched to Rutledge, and camped for a month. Had a fine time there. Captain Anderson gave the company a big Fourth of July barbecue. We baked about sixty pies. The company is entirely destitute of money. On the night of the second we heard that McClellan’s whole force had surrendered. It wasn’t true. There is much sickness among us. William Burkholder and young Allen are dead—both noble fellows. August 9th. Battle of Tazewell fought to-day. The enemy fell back to Cumberland Gap. August 15th. Marched out of camp in the direction of Cumberland Gap. Next day moved up within range of enemy’s siege guns. Considerable firing during the day, but few casualties on our side. Went into camp and remained until Morgan evacuated the Gap, then moved in. August 20th. Left the Gap for Kentucky with General Stevenson’s Division. Next day camped at Muddy Creek. Water scarce. Country mountainous, wild and barren. The march very toilsome. Water not to be found. Men and horses in dreadful suffering. September

26th. Moved at dawn to creek at the foot of Big Hill to get water to cook with. Here was received orders to join General Bragg. On the 28th marched from Lancaster to Danville. Staid over the 29th to allow the men to wash. Passed in review before General Bragg. Marched on to camp at Salt river, near El Dorado. Passed through Salvisa, and camped at Lawrenceburg, where we spent the entire night serenading the ladies. At Rough-and-Ready, we heard that the enemy was moving out of Louisville, and we promised ourselves a fight. But after running the wagons back to the rear, it all turned out to be nothing—a mere cavalry report! We reached Frankfort on the evening of the second of October. This is the blue grass region—a lovely country and everything in the way of food for man and horse very plentiful. The one article of water we found scarce and indifferent everywhere in Kentucky. Our march was an ovation. The people crowded to the roadside. Ladies (and very pretty are the Kentucky ladies) waved flags, huzzaed, took us by the hand, pressed us to go home with them, called us their friends, deliverers, sweethearts! Altogether the march was relieved of much of its tedium. Never was an army in such glorious spirits!”

“Alas! the army’s spirits were short-lived. The army’s retreat from Kentucky was ordered. Letters and journals break into hot protest. Small use in that. Orders are orders—and the army turned its face towards Tennessee. On the fourth of October we left Frankfort. When we had crossed the river the bridge was fired. We marched all night. On reaching Harrodsburg we were immediately thrown into position. Saw all of Kirby Smith’s corps go into line of battle—a very pretty sight. The rain drenched us. Camped in a barn. Expected to meet the enemy next day, but did not as he was trying to flank us. Fell back and again formed line of battle. A long march. Had a goose stew for supper, and bread made up with beer. Three days later camped at Reed’s on the Holstein. It snowed on us all day. Bitter hard marching. . . . At Knoxville we had orders for middle Tennessee. Marched through Kingston and forded the Clinch. Next day to White Creek. Next day to Clear Creek. Next day to top of Waldren’s Ridge. Next day down into the Sequachie valley, where James Mathews was left with

fever and died. Bitter weather, and the men are bare-foot. The new guns from Richmond are two Napoleons and two Howitzers. A six-days march over rough mountains. The most wearisome march we have ever had. Four miles in sixteen hours, over Cumberland mountain. Fourteen horses hitched to each carriage. Caisson in second detachment broke, going down the mountain. Camp late at night. March continued. We have had as hard marching as ever was. Cold and hunger. Bare-foot and ragged men, toiling through wind and snow. Reached Manchester. . . . Stevenson's division is ordered to Mississippi."

Anderson's Battery arrived in Jackson three days after Christmas, 1862. Here its centre rested for a few days, but the right and left sections were at once ordered to Vicksburg with two Napoleons and two Howitzers. They reached Vicksburg at dark, in the midst of the battle of Chickasaw Bayou. Through deep mud and driving rain they were marched at once into position. Their horses were yet upon the road from Tennessee, and so the guns were hauled by mules. The enemy was about three hundred yards away. There was a continual zip, zip, of minies. The negro drivers became demoralized, and left before the guns were in position. The men had to dismount the ammunition chests under fire. It was very dark and cold, and the mud was up to the axletrees. Gunner No. 4, Adam H. Plecker, says: "My gun was the last to start from the city. Only one gun had arrived at the proper point. I think it was No. 1. As I came up Captain Anderson was sitting on the trail of that gun. He said, 'Plecker, where is the balance of the battery?' From his tone I knew that he was much depressed and worn out, there in the drenching rain, and dark as pitch, and mud everywhere. It was the only time I ever saw him in that spirit."

The remaining guns came up. Breast works were hastily raised. At 3 o'clock in the morning the enemy opened fire. All day Anderson's Battery lay still under a storm of shot and shell. On the night of the 30th it moved at dark to a safer and stronger redoubt—named by General Barton the Virginia Redoubt. So closed for Anderson's battery the second year of the war.

It remained at the Virginia Redoubt on Chickasaw Bayou until the 5th of January, then camped for a time in Vicksburg, then, on the 15th, moved with the entire brigade below the city.

In this month Captain Anderson was announced in general orders as Chief of Artillery, Stevenson's Division, and a little later, as Major of Artillery. First Lieutenant Philip Peters declining promotion in favor of Junior First Lieutenant John William Johnston, the latter officer was announced in general orders as captain of Anderson's Battery—henceforward known as the Botetourt Artillery.

In March the Botetourt Artillery moved down to Jett's gin house, and remained there until the middle of April, doing picket duty at Warrenton, at Barton's headquarters, and at Glass gin house. During these spring weeks below Vicksburg life seems to have been sweet to the toil-worn, ragged, hope-on, hope-ever sons of Botetourt. "When the Howitzer section reached Glass' gin house for picket duty, Mr. Glass came in full tilt from his house to tell us not to kill his big snake. Being a Virginian he knew what a Virginian would do with a snake on sight. The snake was one of those large kinds that are kept down here in corn-cribs to kill rats. We had a lot of rabbit hunts—all the men in a circle around a patch of briars, with sticks and stones, and one or two to drive the rabbits out. . . . Here was the place we caught the large fish—seven feet long—and rationed it out to the company. . . . There is an old woman from whom we buy mince pies. . . . The flowers in this country are lovely. . . . Now and then we are waked up by the heavy firing of our siege guns. They are trying to send some Yankee gun boat to the bottom of the Mississippi."

On the 28th came the order to break camp and march with Tracey's Alabama brigade to reinforce General Bowen below Vicksburg. Grant's audacious and consummate generalship had succeeded. From up the river he had run not only gunboat but transports past the Confederate batteries. This done he marched an army down the western bank of the river, crossed it over, and landed at Bruinsburg. If he could not take Vicksburg from the north, the east or the west, he would take it from the south.

General Bowen commanded the Confederate forces at Grand Gulf, and observed the Federal movement down the river and

the landing at Bruinsburg. Upon the instant he sent a dispatch to General Pemberton at Vicksburg, asking aid. Tracy's Brigade took the road for Grand Gulf.

Marching on the evening of April 29th, the Botetourt Artillery reached Big River about midnight. The country was difficult in the extreme. From midnight to daylight they marched a mile. A swamp was crossed in which the guns sank to the axle-tree, and the horses mired so they could not pull. The ammunition chests were taken off and the guns and caissons drawn by hand. By daylight of the 30th the battery was ferried over the Big Black, and the men moved on towards Grand Gulf without stopping to feed the horses. Bayou Pierre was reached at sundown. The order to move into line of battle came at once. There was no time for food. The line was reached at 10 o'clock—the road between Bruinsburg and Port Gibson, four miles from the latter place. Here Green's and Tracy's Brigades were encountered and attacked by the four divisions of McClelland's corps, which had crossed the river in the day and night of the 30th of April, and had at once moved forward. There ensued the battle of Port Gibson, a battle of five to one, fought with determination from dawn till dusk.

At 2 o'clock in the morning of the first of May, the pickets began firing. On the extreme left, commanded by General Green, of Missouri, the artillery of both sides became engaged. The firing was incessant and deadly. Says General Green's report: "The enemy pressing heavily upon me, I sent to General Tracy for reinforcements. He sent me the 23rd Alabama Infantry and a section of Anderson's Battery. They came up under heavy fire, took position, and fought bravely. The opposite force was at least eight to our one, and double our number of pieces. The section of Anderson's Battery stood manfully to its guns until half the men were killed and wounded. All their horses except two were killed, and the guns were lost. . . . They did all that the most sanguine could expect."

Lieutenant Norgrove commanded that detachment of the Botetourt Artillery. The order came at 6 in the morning. They were to support Green's Missourians, and at every hazzard they were to hold their position. They took position under a withering fire from the enemy, a stone's throw away. The first to be

wounded was James Dollman, shot through the breast before the guns were placed. The next was F. Phillips, the next James L. Burks. There was a force, seen dimly through the smoke, that they thought to be Confederate. J. J. Smith, Gunner No. 8, was sent to the roof of a negro cabin to observe these friendly troops. The smoke lifted—and it was only the smoke that was grey. The men in blue fired upon Gunner No. 8, and brought him down desperately wounded, whereupon the Botetourt men gave them a double charge of canister. The firing became general—a thunder of guns beneath a roof of smoke. Men reeled and fell. Never more would they return to their mountains! The shells struck and killed the horses. The men tried to drag the guns back to the next ridge, but could not. The enemy charged, took the guns, and went over the living, the wounded and the dead of that detachment like a wave of the sea. Let us hear Gunner No. 8's relation of Lieutenant Norgrove's death. Gunner No. 8 was himself lying hardby, desperately wounded and waiting for death. He says: "Lieutenant Norgrove often said that he would never be taken prisoner alive. He was taken, but not until he was shot down. The man who shot him repeatedly commanded him to surrender, but he would not. This was when they had charged and taken our guns and turned them on our men. We had no infantry support. It had been drawn off to cover a break in our line to the right. The order was: Move guns to the ridge in your rear! We could not do it—the horses were all killed. We tried to drag the guns ourselves, but there was no time. Norgrove did not seem to know that they had broken our line, and taken our support. He jerked the trail from the gun and started to strike the man who was calling to him to surrender. The man was loading the gun. He had to shoot or be struck. Norgrove fell, mortally wounded. The battle went on over us. . . . When it was all over he and I were found by the Yankces and taken to Magnolia Church, a little way off. We were placed on the outside of the church-yard to die. Norgrove died Monday, three days after he was wounded. He and I were laid on planks, one end on the fence, the other down the hill. There was a space of twelve to eighteen inches between us. When dying he pulled me off my plank, and fell on top of me, crying, 'Come on! Come on!' His one thought till

then had been for me ; felt he wanted to take care of me ; worried because I was neglected. On account of his courage when shot, the Yankee officers were very courteous to him and often brought someone to show the bravest man they had ever seen. The man who shot Norgrove was from Illinois. Doubtless he, too, was a noble soldier, for his words and acts, at the time and afterwards, so impressed me. It was he that helped to take Norgrove from where he fell to the old church-yard. Norgrove told the men to take me first. They promised to come back for me, which they did."

So Gunner No. 8, who wouldn't die, but still lives, I believe, in Kentucky. War is cruel, and not infrequently it is mean ; but from the earliest days, the red light that plays above the battlefield has shown us the generous and the high. That light, I think, dwells upon Lieutenant Norgrove !

While this detachment did its duty upon the left, the remainder of the battery, fighting upon the right, stood to its guns under a most withering fire. The men fought with dogged pertinacity and devotion against overwhelming odds. A shell exploded and killed Lieutenant Peters, a very gallant officer, "the coolest man I have ever seen under fire." Lieutenant Douthatt fell mortally wounded. Orderly-Sergeant David Leips was shot through the head, and, rammer in hand, died beside his gun. Many were killed, and many wounded. The ammunition was exhausted. Above the roar and rattle rose the scream of the war horse. The horses were shot, the gun carriages cut down, and the two Napoleons lost. As with Norgrove's men, so with Johnston's. They tried to drag the piece off the field by hand. Fresh troops were hurled against them, and they went down. Late in the day, Captain Johnston was disabled and borne from the field. Second Sergeant Francis B. Obenchain, afterwards made lieutenant for "valor and skill," took command as ranking officer of the Botetourt Artillery, brought off the two six-pounders, and covered the retreat to the other side of Bayou Pierre. In the battle of Port Gibson the total loss of the Botetourt Artillery, killed, wounded and captured, was forty-five officers and men, fifty-three horses, and four guns. "The bloody encounter in front of Port Gibson," says General Pemberton's report, "nobly illustrated the valour and constancy of our troops, and shed additional lustre

upon the Confederate arms. Confronted by overwhelming numbers, the heroic Bowen and his gallant officers and men maintained the equal contest many hours, with a courage and obstinacy rarely equalled. And though they failed to secure a victory, the world will do them the justice to say they deserved it."

At sunset the Confederates drew off to the other side of Bayou Pierre. Under the cover of the night hasty breast-works were thrown up, and the troops, hungry and exhausted, slept upon their arms. Next day commenced the long march to Vicksburg.

The Botetourt Artillery, with its two six-pounders and its decimated ranks, went into camp between Warrenton and Baldwin's Ferry. On the 12th of May it moved with Stevenson's Division to the support of Generals Loring and Bowen, near Big Black bridge. On the fifteenth General Pemberton, with a column of seventeen thousand men, marched from Vicksburg towards Edwards Depot, his object being to cut the enemy's communication, and to force an attack. That night the troops bivouacked in the order of march, near Edwards Depot. The next morning came a dispatch from General Joseph E. Johnston, then at Benton road, near Jackson. General Johnston's instructions were that General Pemberton should join him at once at Clinton. The countermarch was at once ordered.

The reverse movement had hardly been begun when the Federals attacked, drove in the cavalry pickets, and opened at long range on the head of the column on the Raymond Road. The battle that followed is known as both Baker's Creek and as Champion Hill.

The Confederate line was formed on the cross-road from the Clinton to the Raymond Road—Loring on the right, Bowen in the center, and Stevenson on the left. To Stevenson's men was entrusted the protection of the wagon train, then crossing Baker's Creek. The Federals first attacked the Confederate right, but after an hour's heavy firing this attack was relinquished, and a large force thrown against the Confederate left. At noon the battle began in earnest along Stevenson's entire front—a line, necessarily "single, irregular, divided, and without reserves." The left rested on Baker's Creek, near the bridge. A portion of Waddell's Battery defended the Clinton and Raymond Roads,

and the remainder took position on the left of Cummings Brigade. Here also, to the left of Cumming's was posted Captain J. W. Johnston's Battery, the Botetourt Artillery. To the left of General Barton were Ridley's and Corput's batteries. At about half past ten the Federals attacked Lee and Cumming. They were repulsed. Reinforced, they made an impetuous attack upon the whole front. This was bravely met, and the unequal conflict maintained with stubborn resolution. Finally overwhelmed by numbers, a portion of Cumming's Brigade gave way, and was pressed back upon the regiments covering the Clinton and Raymond Roads. Here they were in part rallied. The fighting became very heavy. At half past two arrived Bowen's Division of Missouri and Arkansas troops, General Green on the right and Colonel Cockrell on the left. Supported by Lee and by a part of Cumming's Brigade, these charged the enemy and drove them back beyond the original line. The enemy, continuing the movement to his left, fell upon Barton in overwhelming numbers. He charged them gallantly, but was forced back and cut off from the rest of the division. "Nothing," continues General Stevenson's report, "could protect the artillery horses from the deadly fire of the enemy. Almost all were killed, and along my whole line the pieces, though fought with desperation on the part of both officers and men which I cannot too highly praise, almost all fell into the hands of the enemy. In this manner the guns of Corput's, Waddell's and Johnston's Batteries were lost. Double-shotted, they were fired until the swarms of the enemy were in upon them. Officers and men stood by them to the latest moment, and to all I desire to return the thanks which their gallantry has made their due. It was in Burton's charge that the lamented Major Anderson, my chief of artillery (formerly commanding the Botetourt Artillery), fell in the fearless discharge of his duty." "The guns were served," says General Pemberton's report, "to the last extremity. Major Anderson, Chief of Artillery, fell in the full and gallant discharge of his duties. Captain Ridley, 1st Mississippi, fell fighting his guns singlehanded and alone. Captain Corput of Corput's Battery, and Captain Johnston of the Botetourt Artillery, fought their batteries to the extreme moment."

The fraction of Virginia in Mississippi stood by those guns

from Richmond, loaded with coolness, and fired them with effect. The battle deepened. Smoke enveloped it, shot with the red fire from the guns and the exploding shells. Sometimes the blue was dimly seen, sometimes the gray, sometimes the blue and the gray locked in a death grapple. Through the cloud the flags looked small and distinct, riddled and blood-stained rags. The voice of war rose in a mighty crescendo. The ammunition became exhausted. The horses were all shot down. The enemy charged impetuously and in overwhelming force. The two Virginia guns, fought to the dying breath, were at last taken.

At this moment Ridley's Battery thundered up from another quarter of the field. Major Anderson and Captain Johnston under a heavy fire, aided to place it in position on Barton's left. Their own guns gone, the gunners of the Botetourt Artillery volunteered to serve with Ridley's men. When the battery was placed, Barton's Brigade, under cover of Ridley's fire, advanced to the charge. The two friends, Major Anderson and Captain Johnston, went down into the charge together. The one came out unhurt, to strive to the uttermost of a nature singularly dauntless, determined and devoted, to rally the broken lines and inspire his men. The other fell, and having fought a good fight, and finished his course, and kept his faith, passed on to victory.

General Barton, writing to Virginia, to the broken-hearted father of a noble son says, "The enemy had forced back the troops to my right, and it became necessary to charge and check his victorious columns, or we were lost. In overwhelming force he came on, three lines deployed, extending far to the right and left of our position. Our little band charged with fury, broke through the first line, throwing it back in confusion; then through the second, which in turn fell back upon the third. Your son, leading with cap in hand my right regiment, the 40th Georgia, cheered them on through the first and second lines to fall at the third. I never saw him after he passed from my sight at the head of the gallant 40th, cap in hand, cheering them on to victory. I like best to think of him thus—the gallant soldier, the noble gentleman, the exalted patriot. Virginia has made sacrifices of no loftier spirit on the altar of liberty."

"He was found by Dr. Vandyke about five in the evening, under the shade of some bushes, and was carried to the field

hospital. He died about two in the morning of May 17th, 1863. Conscious to the last, he said to Dr. Vandyke that he was resigned to his fate and prepared to die. He had been religiously educated from early youth." Thus lived and thus died Major Joseph Washington Anderson, a gallant Virginian, perishing far from home, on a stricken field, for his belief, his flag, his honor and his country. In the December of that year his body was taken from the battleground by his father. He lies among his kindred in the graveyard at Fincastle, in the old county of Botetourt.

About four in the afternoon of that disastrous day Buford's Brigade of Loring's Division arrived to the support of General Stevenson, but too late for effective service. The battle was lost. In the late afternoon the Confederates withdrew in good order, crossed Baker's Creek at sunset and bivouacked near Bovina. The next day saw the march back to Vicksburg. Another day and the siege of Vicksburg had begun.

The Confederate line of defense was five miles in length. Barton occupied the river front and the fortifications on the right centre; Cumming the left centre, and Lee, reinforced by Waul's Texas Legion, the extreme left. The position of the Botetourt Artillery was to the right of Hall's Ferry Road, in a salient angle, on a narrow ridge that sloped to the west. It had two guns—Parrotts, I believe—and the men were armed with Enfield rifles. Captain Johnston, named for marked and distinguished gallantry by Generals Pemberton, Stevenson, Burton and Lee, became chief of artillery, Stevenson's Division, and the Botetourt men served in the trenches under the command of Lieutenant Francis G. Obenchain, a brave and able officer.

In this world-famous siege of Vicksburg; in these forty-seven days and nights of heat, hunger, sleeplessness, disease and death; against continued assault, attack from gunboats and mortars, enfilades from sharpshooters, attempts of sappers, mines, explosions; under a bitter rain of shell, grape and canister from eighty-six batteries, the men of the Botetourt Artillery fought like heroes—and that is to say they fought no better and no worse than their comrades in those trenches. Four redan, lunette, redoubt and riflepit; from behind those ditches, abatis, stockades, entanglements of pickets and telegraph wires, earthen

embankments and rain-washed parapets, they answered, with infinite courage and the scantiest supply of ammunition, the fire from two hundred and twenty siege guns. The trenches were narrow; in the rifle-pits the men could not extend their limbs. There was no relief. The same men labored day and night. The fatigue was unutterable. The midsummer sun of the South fell upon soldiers exhausted with endless watching, endless attack. In every trench there was fever; every day had its list of dead and wounded. At the first the men were on half rations; towards the last on one-fourth. "All the unripe half-grown peaches; all the green berries growing on the briars were carefully gathered, simmered in a little water and used for food." They had maggot-filled water for drinking, and no water at all for cleanliness. They had no change of clothing. When the sun did not bake down upon them, they fought and watched, shelterless in the rain. "Tired, ragged, dirty, barefoot, hungry, covered with vermin, hand to hand with the enemy, beleagured on all sides, with no prospect and but little hope of relief—when I think of their cheerfulness and buoyant courage," says one of their commanders, "it seems to me no commendation of these soldiers can be too great."

The guns of the enemy rarely ceased firing, the smoke never lifted, the uproar was never stilled. The Confederates faced the nightmare of exhausted ammunition; they saved their fire for advancing columns of infantry, or for the new batteries that the enemy ceaselessly planted. At dawn began the thunder of the eighty-six opposing batteries; at dusk the mines were still whirring overhead; under the stars there were alarms, incursions, magnificent and murderous outbursts from the two hundred and twenty guns. The Confederates answered when they could, and stood silent when they must; wore out the long day, ate with equanimity their supper of two ounces of musty meal, and lay down upon their arms. For an hour, perhaps, they might dream of home and loved ones, then the impatient thunder recommenced. Turn out—turn out, men!

Then men neither faltered nor complained. Cramped in the narrow trenches, parched by the sun, chilled by the night dews, without covering, without food, without rest, without ammunition, without hope, they endured with a Roman and Stoic forti-

tude, and they fought not merely with indomitable courage, but with gaiety. They sunk the Cincinnati. They repelled the great assault of May the 22nd, five charges in all, supported by a furious cannonade; and the assault of June the 25th, made through a breach caused by the explosion of a Federal mine. They fought their guns until they were disabled. They fought with rifles, with bayonets, and with hand grenades, and with fire balls. For forty-seven days and nights they fought, until their ammunition was all but spent, until starvation was upon them, until all their strength was gone. They were surrounded and outnumbered, and help was far, far away. On the Fourth of July, the city surrendered.

At ten in the morning the troops marched out of the trenches by battalion, stacked arms, and returned to their old quarters in the town. Men and officers were paroled and permitted to return to the Confederacy. The officers retained their side arms and their personal baggage. "When the 2nd Texas Infantry," says the colonel of that regiment, "marched through the chain of the enemy's sentinels, the spirits of most of the men were even then at the highest pitch of fighting valor. Released from the obligation of their parole, and arms placed in their hands, they would have wheeled about, ready and confident." What was said of the 2nd Texans may be said with truth of each command engaged in that heroic defense.

So ended the siege of Vicksburg. With the long march to Enterprise, the exchange of the troops, their fortunes in the last years of the war, this paper cannot deal. The Botetourt Artillery—all that was left of it—was exchanged at Enterprise. Ragged, worn and cheerful, it marched away to old Virginia. Its Captain, John William Johnston, becoming Major of Artillery, left the company. Through the remainder of the war he commanded Johnston's Battery of light artillery. He fought at Dalton, Resaca, Columbia, Franklin and Nashville, and surrendered at Salisbury, N. C., two days after the surrender of his kinsman, Joseph E. Johnston. He was a soldier all his life, and a much loved man. In this paper I have more than once quoted Gunner No. 4, Adam H. Plecker, who lives now at Lynchburg, in Virginia. Gunner No. 4 has this to say of his old captain: "I have two pictures in my mind. When we camped at Manassas

orders were issued for all the men who wished to do so to assemble just before taps for prayer service. A number gathered. Then while we soldiers stood with bowed heads, the prayer was led by a young lieutenant, straight as an arrow, dressed in his uniform of gray, he raised his hand to heaven and poured forth prayer to his and our God. On the second day's march from Vicksburg, after the surrender, the army was halted at noon to rest, I was lying, very sick, to one side of the road. Major Johnston—he was captain then—came riding up with some officers. He left the company sitting on their horses and came over to me, and asked me how I did, and if I could hold out until we reached the railroad. He was interested in us all. I see him there now, smiling down at me! As long as he lived he loved the old company. The boys called him 'John Billy.' We loved him and he loved his men."

The men of the Botetourt Artillery, under the command of Captain Henry C. Douthatt, fought bravely in Virginia. The war ended, and they went home—that is, some of them went home—to the green hills and flowering waters of old Botetourt. Worn, crippled and impoverished, they entered bravely upon the new order of things, and fought patiently with fate. The old South was gone; they have helped to make the new South. Not many of the company—not many of the Mountain Rifles who marched to war in bounding hope and pride, through the flowers of May, under the streaming flag made of a wedding gown, to the sound of fife and drum playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—not many of them are left in this year of nineteen hundred and seven! They lie beneath Virginia battlefields, In Kentucky, in Tennessee, and on the banks of the Mississippi; and they lie at home in the graveyard above the river, under the shadow of the everlasting hills.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

“By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Their honour comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!”

It is forty-four years since the siege of Vicksburg. The war is dead. The men who fought are going fast, are vanishing from the face of the earth like leaves before the blast of autumn. They were—they are—heroic. We see them so; and through the haze of time and distance, our children's children and all the generations to come will find them still heroic. From the time of Troy to the time of Vicksburg, from the time of Port Arthur to the time of some mighty siege to come, the man of war, no less than the man of peace, has wrought for that great, white peaceful and supreme temple which, above the smoke of all wars, the Infinite in us shall yet raise to greet the Infinite above us. Upon those temple walls, how many friezes of fighting men! The hundred men, to whom we do honor this November day, have their place in those still and deathless ranks, in that procession, vast as is the procession of the stars. “A fragment of antique sculpture,”—Yes, but the past instructs the present, and is the bed rock of the future.

AN INCOMPLETE ROSTER OF THE BOTETOURT BATTERY.

From a Memorandum by Gunner Adam H. Plecker and the
Address of Miss Mary Johnston.

Joseph Washington Anderson, Captain. Killed at Baker's creek.
Philip Peters, First Lieutenant.
John William Johnston, Jr. Second Lieutenant.
Henry C. Douthatt, Jr. Second Lieutenant.
William P. Douthatt, Jr. Second Lieutenant. Killed.
Wm. H. Norgrove, Orderly Sergeant. Promoted Lieutenant,
killed at Port Gibson.
Allen, B. Dead.
Allen, J.
Billew, W.
Biggs, J.
Bevel, G.
Blant, C.
Blunt, J.
Boone, S.
Bringer, H.
Bryant, A.
Bryant, C.
Bryant, J.
Burkholder, W. Dead.
Burks, J. C. Killed.
Burks, T.
Camper, C.
Camper, R.
Coles, J.
Daylong, B.
Deel, J.
Delman, J. Killed.
Dennet, J.
Donohue, F.

Drinkard, J. Killed at Baker's Creek.

Drumming J.

Fagan, J. S.

Fink, G.

Fink, J.

Finney, N.

Finney, W.

Fulniher, R.

Givens, J.

Haney, O.

Hollins, J.

Hooke, G.

Houts, J.

Hunter, A.

Irvin, J.

Kenell, R.

Lemon, P.

Linkenhoger, G.

Lypes, D. Killed at Baker's Creek.

Lypes, J.

Livingston, A. B.

Livingston, C.

McCartney, W.

Markham, J.

Matthews, James. Dead.

Miller, M. S.

Mitchell, J.

Moreley, G. R.

Moeleck, J.

Murset, J.

Newall, R.

Nofsinger, C.

New, J. N.

Nowell, G.

Obenchain, F.

Obenchain, J. Killed.

Painter, F.

Plecker, Adam H., gunner.

Rady, P.

Ribble, L.

Richardson, D.

Richardson, M.

Robertson, P.

Robertson, S.

Shank, ———

Smith, J. J., gunner.

Stennet, H.

Stennet, R.

Thomas, W.

Walkup, A.

Ware, G.

Watson, ———

White, C., color-bearer.

White, G.

Woltze, F.

Zimmerman, J.

A. H. Plecker includes in his list, Wm. Mayo and Albert Anderson, negro servants.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD BURIED IN THE VICKSBURG CEMETERY.

Notes Furnished by Capt. William T. Rigby.

Undertaker J. Q. Arnold buried 1,593 soldiers (nearly all Confederate), from February 15, 1862, to July 4, 1863, as shown by his record book.

Of these, Captain Rigby has made notes of the following, because many of the names furnish information to him, and others he wishes to look up data concerning, and many of which belong to commands which will add materially to his records. They are as follows:

Extracts from the records of Undertaker Arnold, of burials in the Confederate cemetery at Vicksburg, Miss:

1863.

- May 19—Major J. B. Anderson (officers' lot).
- May 20—Soldier of 27th Louisiana, killed at breastworks.
- May 20—J. P. Herndon, of Deboise Battery.
- May 20—Green W. Willis, Company D, 1st Miss. Light Artillery.
- May 20—Sergt. Fatherie, Company D, 1st Miss. Light Artillery.
- May 21—Lieut. W. Lewhart, Company I, 38th Mississippi.
- May 21—W. J. Boyce, Company D, 47th Ohio.
- May 22—Lieut. Fonley (Finley D. Ong), 4th West Virginia.
- May 23—James Owens, Company D, Matthews' Artillery.
- May 31—Capt. Self (Capt. W. A. Selph), 38th Mississippi.
- May 31—H. A. Gilmore, Waul's Texas Legion.
- June 1—Capt. James R. Burge, 5th Regiment Miss. State troops.
- June 1—J. W. Hart, Benton's Battery.
- June 1—Sergt. Oliver C. Campbell, Waddell's Battery.
- June 2—Dr. H. R. Benedict, (was on duty at city hospital).
- June 2—Unknown Federal soldier.
- June 4—Capt. H. M. Walsh, Company E, 35th Mississippi.
- June 4—C. G. Dean, Company I, 21st Ohio (probably 21st Iowa).
- June 4—Lieut. Yancey, Company K, 6th Missouri.
- June 6—J. M. Boyd, of Capt. Tobin's Battery.

June 8—T. Harper, Company B, 22d Ohio, (probably 22d Iowa).

June 8—Lieut. W. W. Dunbarr, Company F, 56th Georgia.

June 9—Major Hoadley, 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery.

June 9—John D. Robertson, interred at Mrs. Roach's residence.

June 10—Lieut. J. Casto, Company A, 47th Ohio.

June 14—Wm. Teracy, Company G, 4th (West) Virginia, a prisoner.

June 14—Lieut. Lace, 17th Louisiana.

June 15—Lieut. Sam Bates, Company I, 22d Iowa.

June 17—Col. Garrott, interred by his friends.

June 19—C. B. Hooper, Company K, 99th Illinois.

June 20—Lieut. J. H. Langston, Company B, 5th Regiment, Mississippi S. T.

June 22—R. Kenell, Botetourt Artillery.

June 24—Lieut. Col. McLaurin, (officers' lot).

June 26—J. J. Banks, Partisan Rangers.

June 27—Major (Brigadier.) Gen. Green, of Missouri. Buried on Geo. Marshall lot.

June 27—Prisoner, unknown.

June 27—Lieut. Col. Griffin, of 31st Louisiana.

June 28—Five soldiers from Washington Hotel.

June 30—G. R. Moreley, Botetourt Artillery.

June 30—Sergt. E. Jones, Company D, 38th Mississippi.

July 2—Lieut. J. Kelsey, Company A, 61st Tennessee.

July 3—J. N. New, Botetourt Artillery.

July 4—Lieut. V. M. Stevenson, Company F, 1st Arkansas.

July 4—J. Brown. Buried by his friends.

From the *Opelika Post*, Ala., January 4, 1908.

YOUNGEST GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Something of the Life of Gen. George Paul Harrison, Jr., as a Citizen and Warrior.

Reading a war story about General George Paul Harrison in a Western paper, the editor of *The Post* called on General Harrison a few days since and had an interesting talk with him on the war and his experiences.

General Harrison was born twelve miles from Savannah, on Monteith plantation, on the Georgia side of the river, and was reared by well-to-do blue-blooded parents, his father being related to Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, whose name was attached to the Declaration of Independence, and whose descendants included the ninth and twenty-ninth Presidents of the United States.

The boyhood days of General Harrison were spent on the plantation, and he became an expert rider and marksman, with a soldierly tendency. This being true, he was sent to the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, where he remained till January 3, 1861, when he laid aside school books and took up the rifle and sword, the South having cut loose from the United States. He took part with the Georgia troops in the seizure of Port Pulaski, a few days later enrolling as second lieutenant in the 1st Georgia Regulars. He made for himself such a record at Port Pulaski that Governor John Brown made him military commandant of his school, the Marietta Institute, where he remained till May, when he graduated and received a diploma. Again he joined his regiment and went with it to Virginia, where he was made adjutant.

(During this time his father, George Paul Harrison, Sr., had joined the army. He served during the war, reaching the distinction of brigadier-general)

[Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., in his "Confederate Roster," gives the "date of appointment" and "date of rank" of George Paul Harrison, Jr., as "February 7, 1865," and to report to G. M. Hardee.]

In the winter of 1861-62, General Harrison was made Colonel of the 5th Georgia Regiment, which he commanded for six months. He then organized and was made Colonel of the 32nd Georgia Infantry, serving in that rank, but commanding a brigade for about fifteen months, in 1863-64, after brilliant service in the battle of Olustree, Fla., where the Federals suffered defeat. In the defense of Charleston he was an important factor, and during the Federal assault upon Fort Wagner, on July 22, 1863, he arrived with his regiment just in time to reinforce the garrison and crush the Federals.

When Fort Wagner later had to be given up, he went to Christ Church Parish with his command and assisted the garrison at Sumter until 1865.

After reaching the rank of Brigadier General, he continued to command a brigade of A. P. Stewart's corps during the campaigns in the Carolinas. At this time he was only 23 years of age, and was the youngest Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army. He was wounded three times, twice at John's Island and once at Olustree, where his horse was shot from under him.

For some time he was in command at Florence, S. C., where he built a stockade for Federal prisoners and had charge of about 25,000. He made many friends among the captives for his humane and kind treatment of them, and on the fall of Savannah, where his family resided, the Federal commander gave orders that they be permitted to remain in the city and their material wants supplied, in appreciation of his kindness to their comrades.

General Harrison was 24 years old at the close of the war, and he returned to Savannah for a short time, moving to Opelika, where he has since resided, living a very active life. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1875, the State Senate from 1876 to 1884, and in Congress at Washington a part of the Fifty-third, and all of the Fifty-fourth Congress.

He is a prominent member of the Methodist denomination,

and ranks high in the Masonic fraternity, and is Major-General of the Alabama Division of the United Confederate Veterans.

General Harrison has a case containing a number of relics of the cruel war, among which are to be seen a well-preserved flag of the 32nd Georgia Regiment, made of the silk dresses of two young ladies, and presented to General Harrison by Miss Fannie Cohen (now Mrs. Taylor, of Savannah). To keep this flag from being captured it was substituted and sewed to the General's saddle blanket and concealed from the enemy.

General Harrison is in perfect health and looks to be a man several years younger, and every indication points to his being among us many years to come, and that such will be the case, The Post and his many friends sincerely trust.

[The merit of General George Paul Harrison, Jr., is cordially conceded, but there may have been other officers with the rank of Brigadier-General as young as he was. It has been claimed that General Thomas M. Logan, of South Carolina, commissioned Brigadier-General of Cavalry, February 23, 1865, to report to General Robert E. Lee, with rank to date from February 15, 1865, was the youngest officer of the rank in the Confederate States Army. Another youthful commander is in evidence, General William R. Johnson Pegram, whose signature was "W. J. Pegram." He was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1841; grandson of General Wm. R. Johnson, "the Napoleon of the turf," son of General James W. Pegram, and nephew of Colonel Geo. H. Pegram, the Confederate commander of the battle of Rich Mountain. W. J. Pegram left the study of law at the University of Virginia in April, 1861, and enlisted as a private in "F" Company, of Richmond, Va. "Willie" Pegram was of small stature and wore glasses, but he was every inch a soldier, and born to command.

While in camp at Fredericksburg, Va., in May, 1861, he was elected a lieutenant of the Purcell Battery of Artillery, commanded by Captain R. Lindsay Walker (subsequently Brigadier-General), and distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry at Manassas, Cedar Run, Chancellorville and Gettysburg, attaining the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery. Under an act of the Congress of the Confederate States he was appointed to the

provisional rank of Brigadier General, in March, 1865, and ordered to report to General R. E. Lee. He was assigned to the command of a brigade, and was killed in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.—EDITOR.]

MISSISSIPPI TROOPS WHO SERVED IN VIRGINIA, 1861-1865.

2nd Mississippi Regiment, 11th Mississippi Regiment, 26th Mississippi Regiment, 42nd Mississippi Regiment, comprising the Brigade commanded by General Reuben Davis, who survived the war—now dead. (A relative of President Davis.)

12th Mississippi Regiment, 16th Mississippi Regiment, 19th Mississippi Regiment, 48th Mississippi Regiment, comprising the Brigade commanded by General W. S. Featherstone, who was transferred to Mississippi, now dead.

General Carnot Posey, killed at Bristow Station.

General N. H. Harris, who survived the war, now dead.

This Brigade suffered severely at the "Bloody Angle," battle of Spotsylvania, but was able to recover it from the enemy.

13th Mississippi Regiment, 17th Mississippi Regiment, 18th Mississippi Regiment, 21st Mississippi Regiment, comprising the Brigade commanded by General Richard Griffith, killed at Savage Station.

General William Barksdale, killed at Gettysburg.

General B. G. Humphries, who survived the war, now dead.

Ward's Madison County Mississippi Battery.

Jeff Davis Legion of six Companies of Cavalry, commanded by General James G. Martin. General Martin is still living at Natchez, Miss.

Another Regiment of Infantry, the 20th Mississippi, served a

short time in West Virginia, under General John B. Floyd, but was transferred to the Southern Department early in the war.

All the above information was furnished by Captain J. C. McNeily, editor of the *Vicksburg Herald*.

The only regimental commanders I am sure of, were those of the 2nd Mississippi Battalion, afterwards the 48th Mississippi, to-wit: Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor (a nephew of President Zachary Taylor), killed at Frazer's Farm; Major Wilson, killed at Sharpsburg, Md.; Lieutenant-Colonel Thos. B. Manlove, who survived the war, now dead, and Colonel Jos. M. Jayne. He was promoted Brigadier General just before the conclusion of the war, which he survived; now dead. The last two were wounded several times.

THOMAS M. FOLKES,

Of the 48th Mississippi Regiment (who served in Virginia from the battle of Williamsburg to the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

From the *N. O. Picayune*, October 13, 1907.

THE NEGROES AS SLAVES.

Paper Prepared by Capt. James Dinkins, of New Orleans.

The following paper by Captain James Dinkins, of New Orleans, was read at the recent Reunion of Confederate Veterans at Shreveport, La.:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES,—I have long thought that I would make record of the character and virtues of the negroes before and during the war, and I take advantage of the opportunity afforded me as a member of the History Committee to do so as far as I am able.

Should I leave the task undone—or rather did I fail to bear testimony in a public way to the fidelity of the negroes to their masters' families at all times, and specially during those dreadful days of the war—I would not fulfill an obligation to a loyal and devoted people. My own experience and that of my father and family and friends was so closely associated with the negroes, and those experiences were so satisfactory and pleasant, I feel impelled by every sense of duty, appreciation and love for my dear old black mammy, as well as for many of the other negroes, old and young, to record such facts as I can. I think it is but simple justice, because I do not believe that any people at any time ever proved themselves more loyal than the negroes did under the temptations that beset and tried them. I do not intend to say that all the negroes were good, but in most cases where they were unfaithful they were either wrought up by harsh and cruel treatment by heartless owners, or were incited by evil-disposed, envious, intermeddling incendiaries from the Northern States.

There was a natural desire, too, upon the part of some of the more intelligent negroes to throw off the yoke of slavery and be free, but as a rule the negroes were loyal to their masters' families and respected and loved them. The masters were, as a rule,

considerate and just to their slaves, and no stronger proof could be desired than was afforded by the conduct of the slaves generally during the war.

For months at a time there were numerous families of women and children wholly dependent on the negroes for support and protection. Those women and children were cut off from their male relations and friends, and yet from the beginning to the end of the war no such thing as an insurrectionary movement was known or heard of, nor the use of any incendiary language whatever charged, reported or hinted against the negroes. As a matter of fact the commands of the smallest child in the master's family were obeyed without a murmur.

True, a number of them left or were carried or enticed away and many who went enlisted in the Federal Army, but on the other hand, a large majority of them remained at home and actually hid themselves and the stock of their masters whenever they heard the cry, "Yankees coming!"

This is positively true. I could cite numerous instances and name parties were it necessary. Not only did a large majority of the negroes remain at their homes, but they took care of the property and families of their masters, raised crops, and did all other customary and necessary work just as they had before the war, when owners and overseers watched over them. I personally know instances where the negro men alternately slept on the gallery or before the door of their master's home in order to protect the family against all harm.

These are facts that flatly contradict and give the lie direct to the oft repeated assertions of the Abolitionist (slanders on the negroes) that the negroes hated the whites of the South and only worked for and obeyed them because they were compelled to do so.

These are facts, and no matter what may be the outcome of the developing of the future, as a race the negroes by their conduct and their fidelity in times and under circumstances that might well have and did put their allegiance and fidelity to the severest test, earned and entitled themselves to the kind consideration, the friendship and love of our people.

True, after the war had ended and they became free their ignorance was imposed upon and many of them allowed them-

selves to be duped and misled into a feeling of distrust and a course of antagonism to their former owners, and the people of the South generally, which came very near causing a rupture that might have resulted in the destruction of all confidence, the severance of all ties and creating a permanent animosity between them.

I do not envy the men, or fiends, who could take advantage of the ignorant negroes and turn them against the white people and expose them to the possible dangers and evils of a bloody race conflict. The infamies practiced by the carpetbagger engendered the feeling of hatred in the negro's breast, and I firmly believe that but for this we would not have felt the horrors of the so-called "Reconstruction," and that we would have no negro question now. I do not believe that the effect those teachings had on the negroes then will ever be eradicated from the present or future generations, but whatever the future may develop, we must remember the loyalty of our good slaves.

I cannot better explain or illustrate what I desire than by repeating a conversation I had just after the great reunion at Richmond with a distinguished citizen and gentleman, whom I met at the Exposition, Dr. W. S. Christian, of Urbana, Va.

Dr. Christian was colonel of the 51st Virginia Infantry, and was captured after the battle of Gettysburg, while the army was crossing "Falling Waters," and sent to Johnson's Island, where the officers from Port Hudson were also imprisoned. Said the Doctor:

"My recollection is that there were thirteen negroes who spent the dreadful winter of 1863-4 with us at Johnson's Island, and not one of them deserted or accepted freedom, though it was urged upon them time and again.

"You remember that Port Hudson was compelled to surrender after Vicksburg had fallen. The officers were notified they would not be paroled as those at Vicksburg had been. They were told, however, they could retain their personal property.

"Some of the officers claimed their negro servants as personal property, and took them along to prison with them.

"Arriving at Johnson's Island, the Federal authorities assured the negroes they were as free as their masters had been, and were not prisoners of war; that they would give them no rations

and no rights as prisoners of war if they went in the prison, but they all elected to go in, and declared to the Yankees they would stick to their young masters to the end of time, if they starved to death by doing so.

"Those Confederate officers, of course, shared their rations and everything else with their servants.

"When we went in prison in August, 1863, there was a sutler's shanty in the grounds, where those who had money could purchase what they wanted to eat. Most of the Port Hudson men had money, and for a time they and their negroes fared well, until late in the fall, when the Yankees shut down on us. They had failed to influence the negroes, and decided to confine us strictly to prison rations, which were very scant.

"It was then that the devotion and fidelity of the negroes was put to a test, but without exception, master and servant clung together in heroic sacrifice, and no more wonderful magnetic tie ever existed than that between those Southern officers and their slaves.

"One of those gentlemen was my intimate friend and companion and roommate, Colonel I. G. W. Steadman, of Alabama. I do not recall his regiment. His brother, a lieutenant in the same regiment, was also a prisoner there. Colonel Steadman's negro was named 'George.' He waited on us and was untiring in his efforts to do anything in his power for our comfort.

"Frequently, to my knowledge, George was sent for to go before the commanding officer outside. We often said: 'We have seen the last of poor George,' but at night George would be escorted back by a guard. I asked George what they said to him. He told us that Mister Pearson (he was the Yankee Major in command of the prison) would tell him he was a free man; that he had but to say the word and he would be taken out and given work at \$2 a day, and good clothes to wear, and go and live anywhere he wanted—told him he was a fool, that his master would never be exchanged or get out of prison—that if he stayed with the Rebel officer he would starve in prison. He said Pearson told him all this and more. I then asked George what he said in reply, and what George said was: 'Sir, what you want me to do is to desert. I ain't no deserter, and down South, sir, where we live, deserters always disgrace their families. I'se

got a family down home, sir, and if I do what you tell me, I will be a deserter and disgrace my family, and I am never going to do that.'

" 'What did Pearson say?' I asked. " "Get out of here, you d—— fool nigger, and rot in prison," and now, master, here I am, and I am going to stay here as long as you stays, if I starve and rot.'

"The officers captured at Port Hudson were from Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, I think.

"There were thirteen negroes, all of whom remained faithful to the end, and although we had barely enough to eat to keep us alive, we divided equally with our servants.

"I am glad to be able to record the name of 'Pen,' who was one of the faithful servants among the thirteen. He belonged to Lieutenant Coleman, of Robert's Mississippi Battery, also Dave Jackson, who belonged to James W. Maddox, of Abbey's Battery. 'Dave Jackson' and 'Pen,' like George, refused numerous offers from the Yankees and returned home with their masters. I have information also of a most devoted servant, who belonged to the Schnexnaydres, of St. James Parish (who were members of Watson's Battery). This negro stated to the Yankees, at the surrender of Port Hudson, 'I love my white folks above the freedom you talk about, and if I am ever free it got to come from them.' "

Dr. Christian was unable to remember the names of the officers from Port Hudson, which is to be regretted, but I submit that no stronger proof of the loyalty of the negroes is needed than is given in the history of the Johnson Island prisoners.

It may not be out of place to relate a few instances which came under my own observation. The first two years of the war I served with Griffith's-Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade. In the company I belonged to was a gallant fellow, Kit Gilmer, who was badly wounded at Sharpsburg. Our wounded were placed in a large stone barn, near the battlefield. When the army recrossed the Potomac, on Friday, September, 19, 1862, I ran into the barn, as we passed by, to see my wounded friends. I bid Kit Gilmer and others good-by, believing I would never see them again.

After remaining a day or so near Shepardstown, we fell back

to Winchester, and among the first to greet us when we reached there was "Ike," Kit Gilmer's "nigger," who said, "Mars Kit is in dat house, I ain't gwine let dem Yankees git Mars Kit." Ike had appropriated a horse belonging to the old farmer, placed Kit on him, and, mounting behind, carried him to safety. Ike is living now, a respected citizen of Madison county, Miss., but poor Kit died many years ago.

My grandmother left me, at her death, a negro boy, "Jim," and stipulated in her will that she wanted him to be my play-fellow, and not to work. Jim was two years older than I, and was my black mammy's eldest child. We were boon companions as boys. While playing near a pond one day (I was about 9 years old), I said to Jim, "Let's go to the watermelon patch." Jim always assented to any proposition I made. We plugged two or three melons, and finally found one to suit us, which we carried into the bushes and ate, reaching the house afterwards just as my father rode up from a round of the plantation. He said: "Jim, tell Tom to take my horse to the barn." Then, turning his attention to me, he discovered a melon seed in the fold of my jacket. With a frown he inquired, "Where did this watermelon seed come from?" Jim heard the question, and, running quickly up to my father, said: "Master, I put that watermelon seed on Bud." "Well," my father said, "I shall whip you for telling me a lie and whip Bud for allowing you to do so." So he switched both of us. As soon as the cloud had passed, Jim and I were the same happy chums, but Jim was curious to know how master found out he told a lie.

Often times when I imagined an injustice had been done me my black mammy, noticing my lip trembling, would take me in her arms to her house. Many, many times I have sobbed myself to sleep with my head on her dear old fat shoulders. I wish so much she could know how now I appreciate her love, and how I revere her memory. It would be such a happiness to be able to tell her, but she died soon after the war. My dear old mammy was a type, there were others like her, and all of them were loved and respected by their master's children.

I remember a circumstance regarding my friend, Captain Sam Henderson, and his servant, Henry, which illustrates also the love for the master the negro always showed.

Captain Henderson commanded the scouts, which were so valuable to General Forrest.

On one occasion he was in camp near Byhalia, Miss., with about twenty of his men, while the others were watching the enemy. Suddenly and unexpectedly a regiment of Yankees surrounded the party and all were made prisoners, except Captain Henderson, who escaped on foot.

They were all taken to Germantown, Tenn., not far distant, and confined in a house. During the night Henry slipped out with both of his master's horses, and the following day rode into the Confederate lines. Of course, Henry was cordially received, and it is needless to say remained faithful to the last.

Another instance among thousands occurred in Bedford County, Va. Judge Micajah Davis, an honored citizen of the county, was Collector of Internal Revenue, under appointment by President Davis. Judge Davis, like all his extensive family, was an ardent Confederate. When the Yankee General Hunter began his march of devastation down the valley, it became necessary for Judge Davis to keep out of his reach in order to preserve the records of his office. After making the necessary preparations for departure he called up one of his faithful old servants, and said: "Billy, I shall be obliged to leave home before the Yankees come, I am sorry to go, but I shall leave everything in your charge with confidence that you will do the best you can. There are some valuables in the house which your mistress will give you to hide; do what you think is best with them, but be sure the Yankees do not find them."

When Judge Davis returned, after Hunter had been hurled back by Early, he found everything safe, due to "Uncle Billy's" diplomacy with the Yankees.

The Judge said: "Billy, I think we may safely bring the silver back now." "Well," said Uncle Billy, "come with me, master, and we will measure for it." A short distance from the house Uncle Billy halted by a tree, to which he tied a line, and asked his master to hold the other end at a certain point; then fastening another line to a sapling he stretched it across the one held by the Judge. "Right there, master, where the lines cross," and

soon Uncle Billy had removed the sod and dirt, and brought forth the big box.

Uncle Billy remained faithful as long as he lived, as a matter of fact not a single negro belonging to Judge Davis ever deserted him.

The first, and so far as I know, the only memorial to the good old negroes was erected in Fort Mill, South Carolina, by Captain Samuel E. White. It is a beautiful shaft and stands near the Confederate Monument in Fort Mill.

It was erected "In memory and in gratitude of those faithful slaves who kept the trust laid upon them to guard the homes, the property and the honor of their masters who were serving the South in the field."

Captain White was a gallant Confederate officer, and is a distinguished citizen, and this work adds to his fame. He also erected the first monument to Southern women.

When I recall to mind how the negroes conducted themselves before and during the war, and how faithful they were, my earnest hope and prayer is that the present and coming generations of negroes will yet try to emulate them, and so regain the confidence of the white people.

It is said that man improves from generation to generation. The negroes' progress since the Confederacy has scarcely borne out the promise of the days of mutual interest when the white master felt his responsibility and was fast christianizing his trusting servant in spirit as well as in name. Schools and all the other civilizing influences cannot overcome the selfishness and suspicion planted in the soul that would have been saved if the South had been left alone.

Love does not grow under the lash. Freedom is and should be evolution, and more than an emancipation proclamation is needed to fit a race for liberty.

These few stories of the war reveal a negro little known to-day, a negro whom fanaticism robbed of the kindest masters the world has held, a negro who found sweet content in the sunshine of God and human nature. A negro who cherished the home of which he knew himself a welcome part until worthy of his own.

A negro whose heart-strings vibrated to the music of duty and devotion.

A tear and a tribute to his memory, for he is lost to us; only out of the shadows comes the old refrain:

“Old missus, she feel mighty sad,
And de tears run down like de rain,
And old massa he feel very bad,
Case he never see old Ned again.”

THE BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE, VA.

The "First Federal Victory South of the Potomac" in the
War Between the States—Fought Before Christmas
1861, Between Five Regiments of Federals and
Four Regiments of Confederate Infantry.

By WILLIAM S. HAMMOND, Lexington, Va.

Dranesville, a small Virginia hamlet, is situated in Fairfax county, about twenty miles from Washington, and about fourteen from Leesburg. On a commanding hill at the eastern edge of the village the Leesburg and Washington and the Leesburg and Alexandria Turnpikes form a junction. The confluent roads form a single highway from this point to Leesburg. From the point of junction this road dips into a small valley and crosses a smaller hill, on which stands the village church in a grove of massive oaks. The view westward from the church towards Leesburg commands a rolling, open country of farm and woodland. The turnpike, crossing this tract, may be plainly seen until lost in a piece of woodland in the distance.

This roadway, before the railroad paralleled it some four miles away, was a main line of travel and commerce. Long caravans of "schooner" wagons with white canvas tops, droves of horses, sheep and cattle, stages well loaded with passengers, gave life to the old highway and brought thrift to every wayside village and hamlet. This was the golden age of the "wagon stand" and "tavern." With the march of progress and the coming of the railroad, wagons, stage coaches and taverns were relegated to the limbo of things that were. The jangling music of the wagon bells, the tootings of the stage-drivers horn, the noisy commotion of the wayside inn are only echoes that faintly survive in the memories of very old men. Progress has her victims no less than grim-visaged war.

Dranesville in other days was a recipient of the bounty that flowed from the old-time commerce. With the passing of the

turnpike traffic an unbroken quiet settled upon the village until the stillness was rudely broken, on a memorable winter afternoon of 1861. The roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry announced to the village and the surrounding country that the tide of war, which had rolled at a distance, was now right at hand.

COMPARATIVE ESTIMATES.

Compared with the mighty engagements of the after conflict, this so-called "battle" of Dranesville is but an insignificant incident in the War Between the States. Measured by the slaughter of such conflicts as Antietam, Gettysburg or Spotsylvania, it assumes little more than the dimensions of a hotly contested skirmish. Yet in that first year of the war it was called a "battle," and to it, at the time, there was attached an importance that at this day scarcely justified.

The press of the North proudly pointed to it as "the first Federal victory south of the Potomac." Secretary of War Simon Cameron wrote General McCall a few days after the battle: "It (the battle of Dranesville) is one of the bright spots that give assurance of the success of coming events, and its effects must be to inspire confidence in the belief that hereafter, as heretofore, the cause of our country will triumph. . . . Other portions of the army will be stimulated by their brave deeds, and men will be proud to say that at Dranesville they served under McCall and Ord."

Small was the victory—if victory it was at all—yet the semblance of success went far towards relieving the gloom of the disastrous rout at Manassas and the bloody repulse at Ball's Bluff, which had occurred earlier in the year. The collision of five regiments of Federal with four of Confederate Infantry December 20, 1861, constitutes this battle.

The first Christmas of the war was approaching, and the joyous memories of this happiest festival of Christendom but emphasized the sorrow in countless homes, North and South, where anxious hearts awaited its coming oppressed by the lengthening shadow of the great national tragedy which had already begun. Already two deadly engagements had claimed their victims, and many a hearth was desolate.

The Federal army, disorganized and routed at Manassas on the 21st of the preceding July, had retreated to the defense of Washington. A line, stretching from the Chain Bridge to Alexandria, along the south bank of the Potomac, formed a living bulwark between the capital and the victorious Confederates encamped at Centreville, some thirty miles away. McClellan, called from West Virginia "to save the capital," had spent the summer and autumn in the task of transforming a uniformed mob of citizens into a well-disciplined army of soldiers. The guns of Manassas had given a quietus to the clamorous cry of "On to Richmond," and the North was awaking to the fact that the road to the Confederate capital, if traveled at all, must be traveled by a well-trained army, and was not to be attempted by a heterogeneous mob.

The Federal right, encamped at Langley, a few miles in advance of the Chain Bridge (three miles above Washington), consisted of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, commanded by Brigadier-General George A. McCall, a West Pointer, who had seen active service in the Mexican War. The Reserves were formed in three brigades—the First, commanded by Brigadier-General J. F. Reynolds; the Second, by Brigadier-General George G. Meade; the Third, by Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord.

The Confederates were at Centreville, a small village in Fairfax, a few miles in advance of the line of Bull Run.

THE ARMY SPIRIT.

The spirit pervading the two armies at this time afforded a striking contrast. The Federal Army, beaten disastrously in July at Bull Run, and even more completely discomfited in October at Ball's Bluff, had no precedents of victory to inspire it as a military organization. However great the bravery of the individual soldier may have been, the lack of confidence in the army as a fighting machine had assumed an all-pervasive form of panicky timidity. The battle of Dranesville did timely service in removing to a degree this feeling of distrust.

Inspired by two signal victories the Confederates were in fine fettle. The men in gray had gone to the front possessed with the idea that the South could "whip the world." Bull Run and Ball's Bluff were but anticipated confirmations of this bold con-

fidence. The successful issue of these initial combats beckoned to greater glories and the final triumph of the newly-established Confederacy. This feeling animated the entire Confederate camp, and the army of Johnston stood boldly and confidently awaiting the first hostile move of McClellan from his entrenchments along the Potomac.

Thus were matters posed when the battle of Dranesville was fought. The tedium of winter quarters was relieved in both camps by the sending out of parties to forage and gather information of the doings of the enemy. The arena of these sporadic operations was that portion of Fairfax lying between Washington and Centreville. This strip of territory for months was debatable ground—a region where terrifying rumors and dire alarms were continually afloat.

The citizens whose homes stood between the lines of the two opposing armies were divided in political sentiment. A few remained "Union" to the core, while the greater majority were heart and soul with the Confederacy. This division of sentiment filled the hours, day and night, with a turmoil of excitement. Credence was given to the most improbable rumors, and accurate information was at a decided discount.

A report, which upon the face of it seemed to bear some degree of probability, reached the ears of General McCall at Camp Pierpoint (Langley, the right of the Federal line) that a considerable body of Confederate cavalry was between Dranesville and the Potomac, menacing the Federal picket line and greatly harassing Union citizens residing in that locality. In fact, it was known that two "loyal" citizens had been arrested and had been sent on to Richmond to enjoy the not overly lavish hospitality of Libby Prison. Stirred to action by this rumor, on December 19th General McCall issued an order to General Ord, commander of the Third Brigade of Pennsylvania Reserves (Sixth, Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth Regiments), to proceed the next morning at 6 o'clock with his brigade on the Leesburg pike, in the direction of Dranesville. Kane's famous "Buck-tail" Regiment, Easton's Battery (Battery A, First Pennsylvania Artillery), and two squadrons of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry were directed to accompany this expedition.

The object of this demonstration as indicated in McCall's

order, was two-fold—"to drive back the enemy's pickets from their advanced position" and "to procure a supply of forage." The latter was to be procured, according to the orders of the day, "at Gunnell's or any other rank secessionist's in the neighborhood." The band of marauders between Dranesville and the river was not to be neglected.

MOVEMENTS OF THE TROOPS.

The First Brigade, commanded by General Reynolds, was ordered to move to Difficult Run, a small stream that crossed the road between Dranesville and Langley, so as to be in supporting distance should Ord need assistance. A touch of humor attaches to McCall's serious caution to Ord that he should bring his troops back to camp before nightfall without fail. It was evidently considered dangerous at this period to leave small bodies of troops out over night.

Pursuant to orders, the expedition started at 6 A. M., December 20th. The day was cold, bright and clear. On the march Ord learned that the Confederate marauders had decamped, but that there was a respectable picket at Dranesville, which might be captured. Moving forward cautiously he entered Dranesville about midday. He was accompanied by his cavalry and artillery, the infantry moving up at some distance in the rear. Upon Ord's approach the Confederate Cavalry picket stationed in the village fled and scattered, but remained in the distance, watching the movements of the Federals.

Ord placed two guns of Easton's Battery on the hill near the church. From this point of vantage he scanned the open country lying before him in the direction of Leesburg. The scurrying of the Confederate pickets along a road in the distance and their return as for observation convinced him that a considerable body of the enemy was near at hand.

Nor was he mistaken in this conjecture. General Johnston had sent out from his camp at Centreville nearly all the wagons of his army into upper Fairfax and lower Loudoun to gather much needed supplies. The protection of this wagon train was entrusted to Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, who afterwards immortalized himself as the Prince Rupert of the South. As a guard for the wagons he had under his command four regiments of

infantry—the 10th Alabama, 6th South Carolina, 11th Virginia, 1st Kentucky; one battery of four guns, the Sumter Flying Artillery, of Georgia, Captain A. S. Cutts, and about 150 cavalry.

The two combatants, thus unexpectedly fronting one another, were both seized with consternation. Ord came to the conclusion that the Confederate force in his front had been sent out to intercept his retreat to camp and capture his command. Stuart, on the other hand, could only interpret the presence of such a large body of the enemy as an attempt of the Federals to capture his wagons and forage.

He fully realized the danger of his position, as his wagons were scattered about the country gathering hay and corn, while the enemy could easily interpose between him and Johnston's camp at Centreville.

Thus both commanders, misconceiving the purpose of the other, immediately took steps to avert the imagined danger. These precautionary measures brought on the collision which is dignified by the name of the battle of Dranesville. After the battle both sides laid claim to the victory. This is now easily understood, for Ord felt that the battle had saved his command and Stuart felt that it had saved all the wagons of Johnston's Army and a valuable amount of supplies. Each accomplished what he conceived to be the main purpose of the battle, which, after all, was a misconception on the part of both, as Ord was not in pursuit of Stuart's wagon train, and Stuart had no designs against Ord's line of retreat.

ORD'S ARTILLERY.

Ord, in entering the village and placing a section of his artillery on the church hill, had passed the junction of the two roads on the higher hill some 600 yards in his rear. This eminence, known as the Drane Hill, is pre-eminently the military key of the situation, as it commands all of the surrounding country. Stuart knew this position well, and immediately started to gain it by a circuitous march through the woods around Ord's flank. Stuart afterward stated that, had he gained this point with his four regiments, he could have held the whole Federal Army in check.

Ord surmised, and surmised correctly, that the Confederates

were moving around to his rear in the hope of seizing this coveted position. He immediately ordered the section of artillery which had taken its position near the church, to withdraw, and, with the other guns of the battery, to take position on the Drane Hill, near the junction of the two roads.

This was done with commendable expedition, the guns went at a sweeping gallop to the top of the hill and took a new position with muzzles pointing south. In this direction the advance of the Confederates was driving in the Federal skirmish line. The Centreville Road enters the Alexandria pike a short distance from the junction of that road with the Washington pike. The Confederate advance was along this Centreville Road, and Easton's Battery arrived in the nick of time to cover this important approach. Ord's foresight and promptness had secured for his troops an overmastering superiority of position. The Confederates, owing to the length and many difficulties of their circuitous march had failed to reach the crest of the hill in advance of the Federals. Finding the enemy in secure possession of the coveted position, Stuart placed his battery in the Centreville Road some five or six hundred yards distant from the Federal Artillery. This battery was placed behind a slight swell of ground, the muzzles of the guns just clearing this slight elevation. It came into action at once and poured a heavy fire into the ranks of the Federals, but this fire did little execution, being aimed too high.

Captain Easton, in command of the Federal battery, had no other target than the rising smoke, yet training his guns on the point where he thought the opposing battery ought to be, at the third fire he completely disabled the enemy's guns. One gun was put out of action, a caisson was exploded, and many men and horses of the battery were killed, while many more were dangerously wounded. General Stuart, in his report of the battle, wrote: "Every shot of the enemy was dealing destruction on either man, limber or horse."

The two batteries thus engaged marked the centres of their respective lines. The 10th Pennsylvania was placed in support of Easton's Battery, and rendered effective aid in protecting the Federal left. The other four regiments were placed in advan-

tageous positions. The famous "Bucktail" Regiment held a position around a brick house, near Easton's Battery, known as the Thornton House. The "Bucktail" sharpshooters took possession of this building, and from every door and window poured a destructive fire into the ranks of the Confederates. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, of this regiment, was a brother of the noted Arctic explorer, Dr. Elisha Kane, and during this engagement was severely wounded.

The ground on either side of the position of the Confederate battery was covered with woods and dense undergrowth.

STUART'S WORK.

Stuart placed two of his regiments on either side of the Centreville Road, facing north. The 6th South Carolina and the 1st Kentucky were to the left, and the 10th Alabama and the 11th Virginia to the right of the road. The South Carolina and the Kentucky regiments, in moving to their assigned positions by different routes, came into collision and through mistake poured a destructive volley into each other—a mistake that occurred with tragic frequency in the first battles of war.

When moving forward to attack the enemy, Stuart sent a few of his cavalymen scurrying about the country to gather the wagons and hurry them towards Centreville. The teamsters needed no further incentive to action than the startling information that the enemy might swoop down upon them at any moment. The fun grew fast and furious. Wagons swept along the roads from every direction, the loads of hay rocking and swaying over the rough frozen ground while the air grew resonant with the vehement cries of the teamsters urging their horses to their utmost speed. Residents now living, who witnessed the event, aver that the driving done that day by the Confederate Jehus was a sight not to be forgotten.

While the teams were heading tumultuously for Centreville, the opposing legions on Drane Hill were becoming more hotly engaged.

The 9th Pennsylvania, as it came into position on the Federal right, was confronted by troops partly concealed by the under-

brush on their front and right. To avoid the fatal mistake of firing into friends, an injudicious member of the 9th called out, "Are you the 'Bucktails'?" "Yes, we are the 'Bucktails'," came the ready response from the brush. Almost instantaneously with the response came a hot volley of musketry. The troops surmised to be "Bucktails" by the Pennsylvanians were "bred in Old Kentucky," being the first Confederate regiment of that State. The confusion caused by this blunder was soon allayed and the 9th held its ground until the end of the fight.

Stuart, seeing his battery partially, if not wholly, disabled by the Federal fire, ordered the 6th South Carolina and the 10th Alabama to charge forward towards the brick house held by the "Bucktails." He hoped, by a vigorous charge upon their centre to dislodge the enemy from their strong position. These two brave regiments responded with alacrity, but the forward movement brought them into the open field where they became an easy target for the sharpshooters in the Thornton House, the battery on the hill, and the opposing lines of infantry.

This destructive fire was too much for the intrepid Southerners, so they retired to their original position near the disabled battery.

About this time a report reached Stuart that a large force was moving on the Washington pike to Ord's assistance. This report was correct, for General Reynolds, with the First Brigade, had started for Dranesville at the sound of the first firing.

Stuart, being outnumbered and hard pressed, and knowing that his wagons were now safely beyond the reach of the enemy, determined to withdraw. This he did without any further loss, his disabled gun being carried off by hand. The enemy made no serious attempt at pursuit, and Stuart went into camp for the night at old Fryingspan Church, about six or seven miles from the field of battle. It is true that Stuart left the field in possession of the enemy, but had he delayed his withdrawal until the arrival of Reynolds, he would have found himself confronted by at least 10,000 troops, and his situation would have been extremely hazardous. Ord and Reynolds, gathering their dead and wounded, returned to Camp Pierpont at night. On the morning of the 21st, Stuart, reinforced by the 9th Georgia and

the 8th Virginia, returned to Dranesville, but, finding the Federals gone, he gathered those of his wounded and dead that remained and returned to Centreville.

The same uncertainty that attaches to the statistics of other battles of the war confronts us when we attempt to sum up the numbers engaged and the killed and wounded at Dranesville.

Ord reported his loss as 7 killed, 61 wounded, and none missing; total, 68.

Stuart reported 43 killed, 143 wounded, 8 missing; total, 194.

The Federal forces must have numbered at least 5,000; the Confederates between 2,000 and 2,500. The engagement lasted about two hours. The colors of the Federal regiments here engaged were taken to Washington, and on each flag "Dranesville, December 20, 1861," was painted in golden letters.

THE CAREER OF GENERAL JACKSON.

Circumstances Under Which He Received His Sobriquet of Stonewall—Disappointed His Critics—Inter- esting Paper Read Before Massachu- setts Historical Society.

In March last, Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, of Virginia, read the following paper before the Massachusetts Historical Society on "Stonewall Jackson, the Soldier:"

I used to hear the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute speak of a grim professor whom they called "Old Jack," who was very eccentric, and upon whom they delighted to play all sorts of pranks. Stories were told of his having greatly distinguished himself when serving in the regular army in the Mexican War, and of his steady promotion for "gallantry and meritorious conduct" from brevet second lieutenant to brevet major. But this gallant record had been overlooked or forgotten in the odd stories that were told of his conduct at the Institute, and when Governor Letcher, his neighbor and friend, nominated him as colonel in the Virginia volunteers in May, 1861, there was very general surprise, and many expressions of regret, especially among old cadets and people about Lexington who knew him. When his confirmation by the Virginia Convention was under consideration, a member arose and inquired, "Who is this Major Jackson anyway? And what are his qualifications for this important position?" It required all of the powers of the Lexington delegation and the influence of Governor Letcher to secure his confirmation by the convention.

He was soon sent to the command of Harper's Ferry, then popularly regarded as one of the strongholds of the Confederacy, and those of us who were stationed there eagerly inquired, "What is this newly made colonel?"

Some of the Lexington soldiers, and some of the old cadets,

sneered at his appointment; made all manner of fun of him, and told various anecdotes of his career at the Virginia Military Institute to disparage him. I remember one of them said to me: "Governor Letcher has made a great mistake in promoting 'Old Jack.' He is no soldier. If he wanted a real soldier, why did he not give the place to Major ——" mentioning the name of a worthy gentleman, who afterwards served in the army, but made no reputation as a soldier.

But when "Old Jack" took command, we were soon made to see the difference between his rule and that of certain militia officers who had been commanding us, and were made to feel and know that a real soldier was now at our head. He soon reduced the high-spirited mob who rushed to the front at the first call of their native Virginia into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to General Joseph E. Johnson when he came to take command of the department.

Jackson won some reputation in several skirmishes in the lower valley, and at this time very small affairs were magnified into brilliant victories.

WHEN HE BECAME FAMOUS.

But it was on the plains of first Manassas, July 21, 1861, that he first became famous.

General McDowell had ably and skilfully outgeneraled Beauregard, and crossing the upped fords of Bull Run, had moved down on the Confederate flank, driving before him the small Confederate force stationed there.

General Bee, in the agony of being driven back, galloped up to Jackson, who, in command of a Virginia brigade, was stationed on the Henry House hill, and exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back!"

Jackson's eyes glittered beneath the rim of his old cadet cap, as he almost fiercely replied: "Sir, we will not be beaten back. We will give them the bayonet."

Bee rushed to his own decimated ranks and rallied them by exclaiming: "Look! there stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally on the Virginians! Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer!"

Jackson not only stood the shock of the heavy attack made

on him, but did "give them the bayonet," checked the onward tide of McDowell's victory, and held his position until Kirby Smith and Early came up on the flank. "Jeb" Stuart made a successful cavalry charge, Johnston and Beauregard had time to hurry up other troops, and a great Confederate victory was snatched from impending disaster.

The name which the gallant Bee, about to yield up his noble life, gave Jackson that day, clung to him ever afterwards, and he will be known in history not by the name Thomas Jonathan Jackson, which his parents gave him, but as "Stonewall" Jackson. And yet the name was a misnomer. "Thunderbolt," "Tornado" or "Cyclone" would be more appropriate to Jackson's character as a soldier.

I cannot, within the proper limits of this paper, give even an outline of Jackson's subsequent career as a soldier—that would be to sketch the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, while he remained in it. But I propose rather to give and illustrate several salient points in his character as a soldier.

First, I notice Jackson's rapidity of movement.

N. B. Forrest, "the wizard of the saddle," when asked the secret of his wonderful success, replied: "I am there first with most men." Stonewall Jackson always got there first, and while his force was always inferior in numbers to the enemy, he not infrequently had "the most men" at the point of contact.

When General Banks reported that Jackson was "in full retreat up the Valley," started a column to join McClellan east of the Blue Ridge, and was on his own way to report at Washington, Jackson (on a mistaken report of the number left in the Valley) suddenly wheeled, made a rapid march and struck at Kernstown a blow, which, while the only defeat he ever sustained, brought back the column which was crossing the mountains, and disarranged McClellan's plan of campaign.

He then moved up the Valley, took a strong position in Swift Run Gap, and after Ewell's Division joined him, he left Ewell to watch Banks, made a rapid march to unite with Edward Johnson, and sent (May the 9th) his famous dispatch: "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday." Ordering Ewell to join him at Luray, he pushed down the Valley, drove in Bank's flank at Front Royal, cut his retreating column

at Middletown, marched all night by the light of the burning wagons of the enemy, and early the next morning drove Banks from Winchester and pursued him to the Potomac.

Learning that Shields, from McDowell's column at Fredericksburg, and Fremont, from the West, were hurrying to form a junction in his rear, he marched his old brigade thirty-five miles, and one of the regiments, the 2nd Virginia, forty-two miles a day, and safely passed the point of danger at Strasburg, carrying his immense wagon train loaded with captured stores, his prisoners and everything, "not leaving behind so much as a broken wagon wheel." He then moved leisurely up the Valley until at Cross Keys and Port Republic he suffered himself to be "caught," and proved beyond question that the man who caught Stonewall Jackson had indeed "caught a Tartar."

THE VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

Here is a brief summary of this Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson: In thirty-two days he had marched nearly 400 miles, skirmishing almost daily, fought five battles, defeated three armies, two of which were completely routed, captured 26 pieces of artillery, 4,000 prisoners, and immense stores of all kinds, and had accomplished all of this with a loss of less than 1,000 men killed, wounded and missing, and with a total force of only 15,000 men, while there were at least 60,000 men opposed to him. No wonder that this campaign is studied in the Military Academies of England and Germany as an example of able strategy, rapid marching, and heroic fighting.

In his march from the Valley to seven days around Richmond, his flank movement to Pope's rear at Second Manassas—his capture of Harper's Ferry, and march to Sharpsburg—his march from the Valley to Fredericksburg—and his last great flank movement to Hooker's rear at Chancellorsville, Jackson showed the same rapidity of movement.

An able critic said of him, "he moved infantry with the celerity of cavalry." His men won the soubriquet of "Foot Cavalry," and it was glorious to see the cheerful alacrity with which they responded to every call of their loved and honored chief. Many of them with bare, and bleeding feet, would limp along the

march, with song and jest, when the word was passed back: "Old Stonewall says that it is necessary for us to march further to-day." I remember one brave fellow—an old college-mate of mine—who, when I tried to persuade him to fall out of ranks, and let me get him a place in an ambulance, or wagon, replied: "No! I cannot do that, there are poor fellows worse off than I am, who need all of the transportation that can be had. Besides, I think from appearances, we are going to have a fight up yonder presently, and if I can't march I can shoot, and I am in good condition now to go into line of battle; I would be obliged not to run if I wished to do so."

And thus the gallant fellow limped to the front to "take his place in the picture near the flashing of the guns."

He was afterwards killed, bravely doing his duty, and sleeps in the cemetery at Lexington, Va., hard by the grave of his chief, Stonewall Jackson.

Second, Jackson was noted for the secrecy with which he made and executed his plans. He is reported to have said: "If my coat knew my plans, I would burn it at once."

He concealed his plans from even his staff officers and subordinate generals, and was accustomed to say, "If I can keep my movements secret from our own people, I will have little difficulty in concealing them from the enemy."

COLONEL WALKER'S STORY.

My old Colonel, J. A. Walker, afterwards made brigadier-general and put in command of the Stonewall Brigade, told me this incident: While Ewell's Division was occupying Swift Run Gap, and Jackson had gone to meet Milroy at McDowell, Walker went up to Ewell's headquarters one morning to see him on some important matter, when Ewell passed him, and merely gave him the "military salute," and went on to the front of the yard, where he spent some time walking back and forth in evident impatience. The chief of staff told Walker that he had better not say anything to Ewell about his business then, as "the general was in a very bad humor that morning." After a time Walker started back to his own quarters, when Ewell stalked across the yard, planted himself in his front, and e -

claimed: "Colonel Walker, did it never occur to you that General Jackson is 'crazy?'" "No," replied Walker, "we cadets at the Virginia Military Institute used to call him 'Fool Tom Jackson,' but I never thought that he was crazy." "Yes, he is sir!" rejoined Ewell, "he is as mad as a March hare; here he has gone off, I don't know where, and left me here with no instructions except to watch Banks, and wait until he returns, and when that will be I have not the most remote idea. Now, Banks is moving up the Valley with a large force, and I do not purpose to remain here and have my division cut to pieces at the behest of a crazy man. I will march my people back to Gordonsville, if I do not hear from him very soon." That afternoon Ewell received from Jackson the famous message I have given in reference to his victory at McDowell, with the additional order: "Move down the Luray Valley, and I'll join you at Luray."

It may be added that Ewell afterwards became Jackson's enthusiastic admirer; was accustomed to say: "I know nothing of this movement, but Jackson knows, and if the enemy are as ignorant of it as I am, then old Stonewall has them." He said at this time, "I once thought he was crazy, now I know he is inspired!"

He became Jackson's "right arm" in his famous campaigns, until he lost a leg at Second Manassas.

Not long after the close of the Valley Campaign, when we were resting in the beautiful region around Port Republic, I got a short furlough to go to Nelson County to see my family, and my uncle. Colonel John Marshall Jones, Ewell's Chief of Staff, told me that if I would come by headquarters he would ride with me as far as Staunton. Accordingly, I rode by Ewell's headquarters, and just before we left the grounds, General Ewell came out and said to us in a confidential tone: "If you gentlemen wish to stay a little longer than your leave it will make no difference; we are going to move down the Valley to beat up Banks' quarters again."

I did not overstay my brief furlough, for I was hurrying back in hope that our rest near Port Republic would give the chaplains especially good opportunities for preaching to the men, but when I reached Charlottesville, I found Jackson's troops marching through the town. Asking Colonel Jones afterwards

"Why General Ewell wished to deceive us," he replied: "General Ewell did not mean to deceive us, he was deceived himself. He never knows what Jackson is going to do."

Jackson was anxious to be reinforced and move down the Valley again, but General Lee wrote him, "I would be glad for you to make that move, and will give you needed reinforcements; but you must first come down here and help me drive these people from before Richmond."

Reinforcements were sent Jackson, and pains taken to let the enemy know, and Jackson so completely deceived them as to his plans that at the time he was thundering on McClellan's flank before Richmond, they were entrenching at Strasburg, some two hundred miles away, against an expected attack from him.

I remember that on this march we were in profound ignorance as to our destination. At Charlottesville we expected to move into Madison County, at Gordonsville we expected to move towards Washington, at Louisa we expected to move on to Fredericksburg, at Hanover Junction we expected to move up the railway to meet McDowell's Column, and it was only on the afternoon of June 26th, when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, that we fully realized where we were going.

DISCLOSED BY A PREACHER.

I remember that at Gordonsville, Rev. Dr. Ewing, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with whom Jackson passed the night, told me as a profound secret, not to be breathed, that we would move at early dawn the next morning on Culpeper, and intimated that he "had gotten his information from headquarters."

We did not move at "early dawn"—the men used to say that "Old Stonewall" always moved at "early dawn" except when he started the evening before—but instead of moving on Culpeper, we moved on Louisa.

At Frederick's Hall Depot, General Jackson had his headquarters near the beautiful home of Mr. Nat Harris. Mrs. Harris sent to invite the general to take breakfast with her the next morning, and he replied: "If I can, I will be glad to do so." Being asked what hour would suit him, he said: "Let not

Mrs. Harris change her usual hour for me, but send for me when her breakfast is ready, and if I am here I will be glad to breakfast with her."

When she sent the next morning to call him to breakfast, Jim, his servant, said: "Surely you did not spec to find de ginerall here at dis hour. He left 'bout 12 o'clock last night, and I spec he is on his way to fight General Banks in the Valley again."

He had really started, accompanied by a single staff officer, to ride 53 miles to Richmond, have an interview with General Lee, and receive instructions on his part in the proposed attack on McClellan. On this ride he rode up before day to the home of Mr. Matthew Hope, in the lower part of Louisa County, and arousing him from his bed, asked if he had two good saddle horses, saying that they were going to Richmond on very important business, and as their horses were exhausted, they wished to leave them in the place of his, and would send them back on their return.

Mr. Hope replied: "Yes, I have two good horses, I always keep good horses, but I am not green enough to let them go off with any stragglng cavalymen, who may represent themselves as being on important business."

Jackson cut the colloquy short by saying in emphatic tone: "It is a case of necessity, sir, we must have the horses, and you had as well saddle them up at once." Mr. Hope indignantly replied: "I will not do it. I am not in the habit of saddling horses, I keep servants for that purpose, and I will certainly not saddle them for you. If you will take them, you must saddle them yourselves."

Thereupon Jackson and his staff officer saddled the horses and were soon galloping on their way. When several days later the horses were sent back, with General Jackson's compliments," Mr. Hope exclaimed: "Why did he not tell me that he was General Jackson, I would have let him have every horse on the place, and saddled them myself."

But Jackson did not mean for anyone to recognize him on that ride, which was made so secretly that he had his interview with General Lee, and returned to his command before any of us suspected his absence.

It was reported that on this march Jackson met a Texas

soldier straggling from his command, and the following conversation ensued:

"What command do you belong to, sir?"

"I do not know."

"What State are you from?"

"I do not know, sir."

"What do you know, then, sir?"

"Nothing at all, sir, at this time. Old Stonewall says that we must be know-nothing until the next battle, and I am not going to violate orders."

On the campaign against Pope, General Ewell rode up one day to the house of a friend of mine and asked: "Doctor, can you tell me where we are going?"

"I should like to ask you that question, general, if it were a proper one," was the reply.

"Oh! it is perfectly proper to ask the question, but I would like to see you get the answer. General Jackson ordered me to be ready to move at 'early dawn,' and my people, as you see, have been lying there in the road ever since, but I pledge you my word I do not know whether we are to march north, south, east or west, or whether we are going to march at all. And that is as much as I generally know about General Jackson's movements."

In the second Manassas campaign, Jackson conducted his movements to Pope's flank and rear so secretly that just before he captured Manassas Junction, with its immense stores, Pope reported to Washington that Jackson was in "full retreat to the mountains."

So at Chancellorsville he moved to Hooker's flank and rear so secretly that he struck Howard's corps entirely unprepared for his attack.

My accomplished friend, Rev. James Power Smith, D. D., the only surviving member of Jackson's staff, gave me an incident the other day, illustrating how he concealed his plans from even his staff.

After the return of Lee from the first Maryland campaign, Jackson and his corps were left for a time in the Valley, while the rest of the army crossed the mountains to Eastern Virginia.

After lingering around Winchester for a time, Jackson's whole

command was moved one day on Berryville, and it seemed very evident that they were about to ford the Shenandoah, and cross the mountains to join Lee.

Captain Smith went to his general and said: "As we are going to cross the mountains, general, I should like very much to ride back to Winchester to attend to some matters of importance to me personally, if you can give me a permit."

"Certainly I will give you the permit," was the reply, "and if we cross the mountains you will be able to overtake us to-morrow."

Captain Smith rode into Winchester, and started early the next morning to overtake, as he supposed, the moving column. He had only ridden several miles when he met Jackson at the head of his corps moving back to Winchester, and was greeted by the salutation, "I suppose Mr. Smith that you are on your way to cross the mountains."

It was then currently believed that Jackson would spend the winter in the Valley, with headquarters at Winchester, and a vacant house was selected for the general and his staff. After a day or two, Captain Smith and Colonel Pendleton, as a committee of the staff, waited on the general, and said: "As it is understood that we are to spend the winter here, we called to ask permission to get some necessary furniture."

"That would add very much to our comfort, but I think we had better wait until to-morrow, and decide definitely on what we need," was the reply. The next day Jackson started on his famous march to join Lee in time for the battle of First Fredericksburg.

Secrecy was a strong element in his character as a soldier.

Third. His stern discipline was another important element in Jackson's character as a soldier. He put General Garnett under arrest at Kernstown for ordering a retreat of his brigade when they were out of ammunition, and almost surrounded, saying, "He ought to have held his position with the bayonet."

Garnett was still under arrest when Jackson died, when General Lee released him, and put him in command of one of Pickett's Brigades, the gallant gentleman being killed in the charge at Gettysburg, while leading his men.

On the Valley campaign I chanced to witness a scene in which

Jackson rode up to a gallant colonel, commanding a brigade, and said: "Colonel, the orders were for you to move in the rear of General —— to-day."

The colonel replied in a rather rollicking tone: "Yes, I knew that General, but my fellows were ready to march, and General —— was not, and I thought that it would make no difference which moved first, as we are not going to fight to-day. But if you prefer it, I can halt my brigade, and let General —— pass us." Jackson replied, almost fiercely: "How do you know that we are not going to fight to-day? Besides, colonel, I want you to distinctly understand that you must obey my orders first, and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march in the rear of your brigade."

In one of his battles, a brigadier rode up to him and asked: "General, did you order me to move my brigade across that plane, and charge that battery?" "Yes, sir, I sent you that order," said Jackson, "Have you obeyed it?"

"Why, no! General, the enemy's artillery will sweep that field, and my brigade would be literally annihilated if I move across it."

Jackson replied, in tones not to be mistaken: "General, I always try to take care of my wounded and bury my dead. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once."

It is needless to add that the order was obeyed, and the battery captured.

At one time he put every commander of a battery in A. P. Hill's Light Division under arrest for some slight disobedience of orders.

He put A. P. Hill under arrest several times, and there were charges and countercharges between these accomplished soldiers, until General Lee intervened to effect a compromise.

THIS STRICT DISCIPLINE.

Jackson probably put more officers under arrest than all other Confederate generals combined. He was probably sometimes too severe. I have reason to believe that General Lee thought that he was too severe both on Garnett and A. P. Hill. But there can be little doubt that if there had been more stern dis-

cipline in the Confederate Army, it would have been more efficient:

But Jackson was always ready to obey himself orders from his superiors. General Lee once said of him: "I have only to intimate to him what I wish done, and he promptly obeys my wishes."

My friend, Dr. James Power Smith, who served so heroically on Jackson's staff and has twice appeared before this society, gives a striking incident illustrating this: General Lee sent Jackson, by Captain Smith, a message to the effect that he would be glad if he would call at his headquarters the first time he rode in that direction, but that it was a matter of no pressing importance, and he must not trouble himself about it.

When Jackson received this message he said: "I will go early in the morning, Captain Smith, and I wish you to go with me."

The next morning when Captain Smith looked out he saw that a fearful snowstorm was raging, and took it for granted that Jackson would not undertake to ride fourteen miles to General Lee's quarters through that blizzard.

Very soon, however, Captain Smith's servant came to say, "The general done got his breakfast, and is almost ready to start."

Hurrying his preparations, the young aid galloped after his chief through the raging storm. On reaching Lee's quarters, the general greeted him with, "Why, what is the matter, general; have those people crossed the river again?"

"No, sir; but you sent me word that you wished to see me."

"But I hope that Captain Smith told you that I said it was not a matter of pressing importance, and that you must not trouble yourself about it. I had no idea of your coming such weather as this."

Bowing his head, Jackson gave the emphatic reply:

"General Lee's slightest wish is a supreme order to me, and I always try to obey it promptly."

He certainly acted upon this principle.

Fourth. Attention to minute details was very characteristic of Jackson. He had an interview with his quartermaster, commissary, chief of ordnance and surgeon-general every day, and

kept minutely posted as to the condition of their departments. This was so well understood throughout the army, that I once heard a quartermaster say to his sergeant: "Have that horse shod immediately, or there will come an order down here from 'Old Jack' wanting to know why the gray mare is allowed to go with a shoe off of her left hind foot."

He kept the most minute knowledge of the topography of the country in which he was campaigning, and the roads over which he might move, and often when his men were asleep in their bivouack, he was riding to and fro inspecting the country and the roads.

But when he began to ask me which side of certain creeks was the highest, and whether there was not a "blind road" turning off at this point or that, and showed the most perfect familiarity with the country, and the roads, I had to interrupt him by saying: "Excuse me, General, I thought I knew not only every road, but every footpath in that region, but I find that you really know more about them than I do, and I can give you no information that would be valuable to you."

I can never forget another interview I had with him on the Second Manassas campaign. His corps had crossed the South Fork of the Rappahannock River, General Ewell's Division had been formed on the bank of the North Fork, and the rest of the corps were marching up between the two rivers to Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, where it was General Lee's purpose to cross his whole army, and plant it in General Pope's rear at Warrenton. In bringing a wounded man of my regiment—the 13th Virginia—back from Ewell's Division to our surgeon, and returning, I saw a skirmish line of the boys in Blue who had crossed at the forks of the river below, and were moving up in General Ewell's rear between him and the moving column of Hill's Division. I waited to satisfy myself that they were real Blue Coats, and becoming fully satisfied by their firing at me, one of the bullets cutting off the extreme end of my horse's ear, I had, of course, important business elsewhere, and was galloping to find General Hill, who commanded that part of our column, when I ran up against old Stonewall himself; I approached him, trying to be as calm as possible, and the following colloquy ensued:

"General, are you aware that the enemy have crossed at the forks of the river, and are now moving up in the rear of General Ewell, and between him and A. P. Hill's column?"

"No! have they?"

"Yes, sir, I have seen them."

"Are you certain they are the enemy?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"How close did you get to them?"

"I suppose about 1,000 yards, I could plainly see their blue uniforms and the United States flag which they carried. They shot at me, and cut the ear of my horse, as you see, and then I got away from there as fast as my horse would bring me." I expected that he would now send staff officers in every direction with orders to meet this new movement, but Jackson coolly replied: "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for the information you have given me, but General Trimble will attend to them. I expected this movement, and ordered Trimble posted there to meet it."

He rode off, seemingly as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. Trimble did "attend to them," and after a severe fight drove them back.

General Lee was prevented by a sudden rise of the river from a severe storm from crossing at Warrenton White Sulphur Springs, but the next day Jackson forded the river higher up, and made his famous movement to Pope's flank and rear.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

I have noted other illustrations of this point, but I find I am in danger of making this paper too long, and must omit much that I might say.

Fifth. Jackson was noted for the quickness of his decisions, and his short orders on the battlefield.

At Winchester on the Valley campaign he said to Colonel Patton, who commanded a brigade: "The enemy will presently plant a battery on that hill, when they do you must seize it at once; clamp it immediately, sir!"

During one of the battles around Richmond a staff officer galloped up to him and reported: "General Ewell says, sir, that he cannot well advance until that battery over there is silenced."

Turning to one of his staff, he said: "Gallop as hard as you can, and tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen guns to bear on that battery, and silence it immediately."

Soon Andrews was in position; his guns opened, and before long the battery was silenced. When this was reported to Jackson, he said, with a quiet smile: "Now, tell General Ewell to drive them."

In the afternoon at Gains' Mill, June 27th, 1862, the progress seemed not to have been as rapid as he expected, as gallant Fitz John Porter made a heroic defense, and Jackson exclaimed to one of his staff: "This thing has hung fire too long; go rapidly to every brigade commander in my corps and tell him that if the enemy stands at sundown he must advance his brigade regardless of others, and sweep the field with the bayonet."

It was this order that won the day despite the gallant defense. I chanced to be near and heard the order he gave General Early at Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain) in the fight with our old friend, General Banks ("Stonewall Jackson's quartermaster," our men facetiously called him), who commanded the advance of General Pope's Army. We had been skirmishing all of the morning, and Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to General Early and said quietly: "General Jackson's compliments to General Early, and says that he must advance on the enemy, and he will be supported by General Winder."

Grim old Early replied in his curtest tones: "Give my compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it."

It was on this field that several of Jackson's Brigades were broken, and it looked as if Banks was about to win, when Jackson dashed in among them, and rallied the confused ranks by exclaiming, "Rally on your colors, and let your general lead you to victory. Jackson will lead you." His presence acted like magic, the broken troops were rallied, the lines restored and the victory won.

FITZ LEE'S STORY.

General Fitz Lee gives an exceedingly interesting account of an interview he had with Jackson on his flank movement at Chancellorsville. Fitz Lee had been covering the movement

with his cavalry, when he discovered that from a certain hill a full view of Hooker's flank and rear could be seen. He galloped back until he met Jackson, and conducted him to the spot, accompanied by a single courier. Jackson swept the scene with his glasses, decided at once that he should move further on the flank and rear than he had intended, and turning to his courier said: "Tell the head of my column to cross that road, and I'll meet them there."

Fitz Lee said that he made no reply to his remarks, but after gazing intently for a few moments longer at the enemy's exposed flank, he lifted his hand in that position which indicated that he was engaged in prayer, and then galloped rapidly down the hill to hurl his column like a thunderbolt on Hooker's flank and rear.

Fitz Lee facetiously said that Hooker was in imminent peril when the "Blue-light Presbyterian" was praying on his flank and rear.

I might quote at length the opinions of many distinguished men as to Jackson's ability as a soldier, but I give only that of Colonel Henderson, of the British Army, Professor of Military Art and History in the Staff College. In his able "Memoir of Stonewall Jackson" he gives the highest estimate of his ability as a soldier all through his history of his campaigns, but I quote only from his comparison of Jackson and Wellington. He says:

"If his military characteristics are compared with those of so great a soldier as Wellington, it will be seen that in many respects they run on parallel lines. Both had perfect confidence in their own capacity. 'I can do,' said Jackson, 'whatever I will to do,' while the Duke, when a young general in India, congratulated himself that he had learned not to be deterred by apparent impossibilities. Both were patient, fighting on their own terms, or fighting not at all. Both were prudent, and yet when audacity was justified by the character of their opponent and the condition of his troops, they took no counsel of their fears. They were not enamored of the defensive, for they knew the value of the initiative, and that offensive strategy is the strategy which annihilates. Yet, when their enemy remained concentrated, they were content to wait until they could induce him to disperse. Both were masters of ruse and stratagem, and the Virginian was as industrious as the Englishman. And in

yet another respect they were alike. In issuing orders or giving verbal instructions Jackson's words were few and simple, but they were so clear, so comprehensive and direct that no officer could possibly misunderstand, and none dared to disobey. Exactly the same terms might be applied to Wellington. Again, although naturally impetuous, glorying in war, they had no belief in a 'lucky star'; their imagination was always controlled by common sense, and, unlike Napoleon, their ambition to succeed was always subordinate to their judgment. Yet both, when circumstances were imperative, were greatly daring. On the field of battle the one was not more vigilant nor imperturbable than the other, and both possessed a due sense of proportion. They knew exactly how much they could effect themselves, and how much must be left to others. Recognizing that when once the action had opened the sphere in which their authority could be exercised was very limited, they gave their subordinates a free hand, issuing few orders, and encouraging their men rather by example than by words. Both, too, had that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions in sudden emergencies—the certain mark of a master-spirit in war. At Bull Run Jackson was ordered to support Evans at the Stone Bridge. Learning that the left was compromised, without a moment's hesitation he turned aside and placed his brigade in the only position where it could have held its ground. At Groveton, when he received the news that the Federal left wing was retreating on Centreville, across his front the order for attack was issued almost before he had read the dispatch. At Chancellorsville, when General Fitzhugh Lee showed him the enemy's left wing dispersed, and unsuspecting, he simply turned to his courier, and said: 'Let the column cross the road,' and his plan of battle was designed with the rapidity as Wellington's at Salamanca."

Lee called Jackson his "right arm," and wrote him when he was wounded at Chancellorsville:

"Could I have dictated events I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead."

I had the privilege once of hearing General Lee, in his office in Lexington, Va., pronounce a glowing eulogy on Jackson, in which he said, with far more than his accustomed warmth of

feeling: "He never failed me. Why, if I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won that battle; and if I had won a decided victory there we would have established the independence of the Confederacy."

It was, on the other hand, beautiful to see how Jackson reciprocated Lee's high opinion. He said: "General Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man whom I would be willing to follow blindfolded." And it was glorious to see the cheerful alacrity, the splendid skill and the terrific energy with which he executed the orders, or even the slightest wish, of his chief.

GENERAL LEE'S ORDER.

On Jackson's death, Lee issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"May 11, 1863.

"General Orders No. 61:

"With deep grief the commanding general announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th instant, at 3 P. M. The daring, skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let his officers and soldiers emulate his invincible determination to do everything in the defense of our beloved country.

R. E. LEE,

General."

General Lee wrote Mrs. Lee from camp near Fredericksburg, May 11, 1863:

"In addition to the death of friends and officers consequent upon the late battle, you will see we have to mourn the loss of the good and great Jackson. Any victory would be dear at such a price. His remains go to Richmond to-day. I know not

how to replace him, but God's will be done. I trust He will raise up some one in his place."

To his son Custis he wrote:

"You will have heard the death of General Jackson. It is a terrible loss. I do not know how to replace him. Any victory would be dear at such a cost. But God's will be done."

I have confined myself to speaking of "Jackson, the Soldier," and have not spoken of him as the humble, active Christian, whose life in Lexington and in the army was "a living epistle and read of all men."

I cannot go into that now, except to say the negro Sunday school, which he taught with such devotion, exerted an influence on the negroes of Lexington which is felt to this day among the negroes of that whole region.

The first contribution made to the fund which has placed at his grave the beautiful statue, which is the work of Edward Valentine, and is a veritable Stonewall Jackson in bronze, was made by the negro Baptist Church at Lexington, Va., whose pastor had been a pupil at the negro Sunday school.

And there has been placed recently a beautiful Stonewall Jackson memorial window in the new negro Presbyterian Church in the city of Roanoke, through the influence of the negro pastor, who was a member of Jackson's Sunday school.

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

After a prayer there followed the other exercises—an able oration on Jackson, by General Fitzhugh Lee, an eloquent eulogy by ex-President Jefferson Davis, who was unquestionably one of the greatest orators of this land of orators; the unveiling of the monument by little Julia Jackson, the only child of the great soldier; the firing of artillery and small arms, and the enthusiastic cheers of the vast crowd. Father Hubert being now called on to pronounce the benediction uttered a few sentences of eloquent eulogy on Confederate soldiers in general and, Jackson in particular, and made this his climax: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that Stonewall Jackson was the greatest sol-

dier of the century, always and all the time excepting our peerless leader, Robert Edward Lee."

There are many old Confederates who believe that with Lee to plan, and Jackson to execute, that the Army of Northern Virginia was simply invincible. And it was beautiful to behold the mutual confidence which these great leaders had in each other. They were, indeed, *par nobile fratum*, and it seems very appropriate that in their graves they would sleep so near each other—Lee beneath the chapel he builded at Washington and Lee University; Jackson in Lexington's beautiful cemetery, hard by.

They were born, Lee on the 19th of January, and Jackson on the 31st of the same month. Cavalier and Puritan, but brothers in arms, brothers in faith, and brothers in glory, they will shine forever in the world's galaxy of true patriotism, stainless gentlemen, great soldiers and model Christians. "They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions; they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

From all parts of the world pilgrims come to visit their tombs, and loving hands bring them fresh flowers, immortelles and evergreens, fit emblems of the fadeless wreaths which now deck their brows. The blue mountains of their loved Virginia sentinel their graves, and young men from every section throng the classic shades of Washington and Lee University and the Virginia Military Institute, and delight to keep watch and ward at which flow along their emerald streams that seem to murmur their praise and roll on their fame to the ocean.

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSE.

A Sketch of Traveller by the Man who Formerly Owned Him.

It has been incorrectly stated some time ago that General Lee's famous war-horse "Traveller," was formerly owned by Captain "John S. Brown." He was owned by Major Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va., and the following sketch of the horse, written by that gentleman for the Richmond Dispatch, in 1886, is worthy of reproduction:

GEN. R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSE.

In view of the fact that great interest is felt in the monument about to be erected to General Lee, and many are desirous that his war-horse should be represented in the monument, and as I once owned this horse, I herewith give you some items respecting this now famous war-horse, "Traveller."

He was raised by Mr. Johnson, near the Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia); was of the "Gray Eagle" stock, and, as a colt, took the premium under the name of "Jeff Davis" at the Lewisburg Fair for each of the years 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861.

When the "Wise Legion" was encamped on Sewell Mountain, opposing the advance of the Federal Army, under General Rosecrans, in the fall of 1861, I was major of the 3rd Regiment of Infantry in that Legion, and my brother, Captain Joseph M. Broun, was quartermaster to the same regiment. I authorized my brother to purchase a good, serviceable horse of the best Greenbrier stock for our use during the war. After much inquiry and search he came across the horse above mentioned, and I purchased him for \$175 (gold value) in the fall of 1861, of Captain James W. Johnson, son of Mr. Johnson first above mentioned. When the Wise Legion was encamped about Meadow Bluff and Big Sewell Mountain, I rode this horse, which was then greatly admired in the camp for his rapid, springy walk,

his high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of West Virginia, with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead soon as he was mounted.

When General Lee took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd Brigade that were encamped at and near Big Sewell Mountain in the fall of 1861, he first saw this horse and took a great fancy to it. He called it his colt, and said he would need it before the war was over. When the general saw my brother on this horse he had something pleasant to say to him about "my colt," as he designated this horse.

As the winter approached, the climate in West Virginia mountains caused Rosecrans' Army to abandon its position on Big Sewell and retreat westward. General Lee was thereupon ordered to South Carolina. The 3rd Regiment of the Wise Legion was subsequently detached from the army in Western Virginia and ordered to the South Carolina coast, where it was known as the 60th Virginia Regiment under Colonel Starke. Upon seeing my brother on this horse, near Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, General Lee at once recognized the horse, and again inquired of him pleasantly about his colt. My brother then offered him the horse as a gift, which the general promptly declined, and at the same time remarked: "If you will willingly sell me the horse I will gladly use it for a week or so to learn its qualities." Thereupon my brother had the horse sent to General Lee's stable. In about a month the horse was returned to my brother, with a note from General Lee stating that the animal suited him, but that he could no longer use so valuable a horse in such times unless it were his own; that if he (my brother) would not sell, please keep the horse, with many thanks. This was in February, 1862. At that time I was in Virginia on the sick list from a long and severe attack of camp fever, contracted in the campaign on Big Sewell Mountain. My brother wrote me of General Lee's desire to have the horse and asked me what he should do. I replied at once: "If he will not accept it, then sell it to him at what it cost me." He then sold the horse to General Lee for \$200 in currency, the sum of \$25 having been

added by General Lee to the price I gave for the horse in September, 1861, to make up for the depreciation in our currency from September, 1861, to February, 1862.

In 1868 General Lee wrote to my brother stating that his horse had survived the war and was "known as 'Traveller'" (spelling the word with a double 'l' in good English style), and asking for its pedigree, which was obtained as above mentioned and sent by my brother to General Lee.

THOMAS L. BROUN.

CHARLESTON, W. VA., August, 1886.

FROM GEN. FITZHUGH LEE'S BOOK ON GEN. ROBERT E. LEE. 1894.

"Traveller," the most distinguished of the General's war-horses, was born near Blue Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, and was purchased by General Lee from Major Thomas L. Broun, who bought him from Captain James W. Johnson, the son of the gentleman who reared him. General Lee saw him first in West Virginia and afterwards in South Carolina, and was greatly pleased with his appearance. As soon as Major Broun ascertained that fact the horse was offered the general as a gift, but he declined, and Major Broun then sold him. He was four years old in the spring of 1861, and therefore only eight when the war closed. He was "greatly admired for his rapid, springy walk, high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength." When a colt he took the first premium at the Greenbrier Fair, under the name of Jeff Davis. The General changed his name to Traveller. He often rode him in Lexington after the war, and at his funeral Traveller followed the hearse. He was appraised by a board in August, 1864, at \$4,600 in Confederate currency.

From the Jackson *Clarion-Leidger*, December, 1907.

SEED COVER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

**The Famous Boy Company of Richmond, Commanded by
Captain W. W. Parker—The Confederate Women—
Their Encouragement and Efforts Were Behind
the Movements of the Men in the Field.**

In the Great War Between the States, from 1861 to 1865, the Confederate States, because of the great odds in numbers and resources of every kind, including recruits from Europe entering the armies of the Union, had to have in the Confederate armies every musket available in its defense. It was a common remark during the war that the South was "robbing the cradle if not the grave," and this was nearer true than is commonly believed, when we consider what is generally recognized as the "arms-bearing population of the country," from eighteen to forty or forty-five years of age, even when in extremity the greatest drafts are made to fill the ranks of armies in wars. The Confederate armies had in its ranks many boys from fourteen to sixteen, and men as old as sixty-five in great numbers before the close of the war.

This condition of affairs necessarily brings out the fact that the women of the South were so patriotic that their encouragement, and indeed, their efforts, was behind such movements in ours, the most bloody and costly war of the centuries. In my reading of history I learn that in all great and patriotic upheavals "women have always risen to the highest ideals of courage and devotion," and perform their duty and part in equal earnestness and sacrifice as the men who fill the ranks of the armies of war. This was the case in ancient Judea, in Sparta, in the Netherlands, in Spain and Germany, in our own Revolutionary War, and, in fact, with women all over the world. Their courage and moral heroism generally surpasses that which animated the soldiers in the front; but none in any age, in no

country, surpassed the patriotism, sufferings, sacrifice, devotion and long suffering of the women of the South during the Civil War. These splendid traits were more conspicuous immediately after the war, amid the ruin, desolation and despoiling legislation which followed its close.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

At the recent reunion at Richmond, Va., of the United Confederate Veterans, the writer had vividly recalled to his memory and met many of the young Confederate soldiers, whose heads were just beginning to grow gray, belonging to a company of artillery from Richmond, composed nearly entirely of beardless boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age. The company was known as the "Parker Battery," commanded by Captain W. W. Parker, a very religious member of one of the leading Methodist Churches of Richmond, Va. It was also known as the "boy company" because only the officers were of age, and possibly a few other members. It was organized in the late spring or summer of 1862, when General McClellan with the Union Army was hammering at the very gates of the city. At the time the conscript law was being agitated, and parents could scarcely hold the boys in hand. To meet the situation several churches asked Dr. Parker to form a company of boys, and when he consented nearly every boy who could, or felt he could, be a soldier tried to enlist, and this, too, generally with the consent of their parents, for otherwise the boys would have been likely to have run off and enlisted anyway. The company was a pretty green one, including the captain, lieutenants, drivers and all the members of the battery; they had had little or no experience in drilling, in caring for the horses attached to the guns, and in every respect was a very crude organization.

After General Lee had driven General McClellan from the gates of Richmond and began to move towards Maryland in the first campaign of invasion across the Potomac, the "boy company" reported to Colonel S. D. Lee, who had a battalion of three batteries of artillery, all of whom had seen service in battle. When on the march towards the battlefield of Second Manassas the "boy company" reported to make the fourth battery of the

battalion. When the battery reported Colonel Lee was shocked that such a company of immature boys should be sent to him while on the march against the enemy. He, however, took the situation in at once, took hold of the company and drilled and disciplined it in season and out of season, nearly exhausting officers, men, drivers and horses in whipping them into shape for service. The strictest discipline was continuously enforced, and the colonel soon saw he was not very popular with the new company—in fact, he saw he was greatly condemned by officers and the entire company; but there was no let-up in his effort to prepare the company for the battle to take place in the near future. In ten or twelve days after the “boy company” joined the battalion it was facing the army of General Pope on the battlefield of Second Manassas, but the strenuous attention given the company had fitted them by drill in the handling of their guns. The colonel nursed them all the time; his post of duty was with them as much as he could spare the time. On August 30, 1862, the battalion of artillery was in the centre of the Confederate line of battle, General Longstreet’s corps being on its right and General Jackson’s on the left. The eighteen guns were all together during the battle, and the “boy company” was carried by the colonel close up to the enemy, firing on the flank of the troops attacking General Jackson in the famous railroad cut. The company of boys acted splendidly and did as well as any veteran battery in General Lee’s army, but only a few of them were wounded in the battle.

CAPTAIN PARKER’S PIETY.

As stated, Captain Parker was a very religious man, and he often held prayer-meeting in the camp at night after a day’s march. In the great roar of the battle of Second Manassas, when every gun on both sides, artillery and infantry, were being fired rapidly by the contending forces, the columns of the enemy upon which the battalion of artillery was playing began to waver, and to retreat, and finally were driven routed off the field. As the enemy broke, a little fourteen-year-old boy in the “boy company” was in the act of ramming a shell down his gun. The sight of the fleeing enemy was too much for him; he stopped pushing

the cartridge home, and ran up to Captain Parker exclaiming: "Captain, the Yankees are running, let us give thanks." The Captain replied: "No, ram that shell down and let 'em have it, and we will thank God after awhile." The colonel, who was near the gun, and who was at that time a religious man, went up to the Captain and putting his hand on the Captain's shoulder said, "Captain,, was not that remark rather disrespectful to God?" He replied, "You wicked man, I would rather have had any man in the Southern Confederacy have heard me make that remark than you." I was proud of my "boy company," but did not relax in my drilling or discipline on the march; and while I could see a partial change toward their commander, I could see that I still had their dislike and that they thought I was too partial to their company, and would prefer that I would be more attentive to the other three batteries of the battalion. President Davis said of Colonel Lee in this battle: "I have reason to believe that at the last great conflict on the field of Manassas, he served to turn the tide of battle and consummate the victory." It was not of Colonel Lee, but his splendid battalion of artillery, including the "boy company," that turned the tide of battle.

Not long after the battle of the Second Manassas came Sharpsburg, for one day the bloodiest battle of the entire war. Here, as at the battle of the Second Manassas, the battalion of artillery was in the thickest of the battle, near the Dunker Church, close to the bloody cornfield and the "bloody angle." The artillery was in the open field, and besides facing the battle of the enemy in front, was enfiladed by heavy Parrott guns far across Antietam Creek. The battalion of five batteries was almost wrecked on the bloody field, fully one-third of the men and horses were killed and wounded; over 85 men and 100 horses lying around the guns. The "boy company" were real heroes; notwithstanding 30 of their number were dead or wounded around their guns, they never flinched. With difficulty the battalion of artillery was relieved early in the morning of September 17th, and moved a short distance to the rear to refit and replenish with ammunition. While refitting, my heart went out to the brave boys, whose nerves I could see could not be otherwise than shocked and rattled; after refitting I found that only two guns out of the four carried into battle in the morning could

be carried into battle again. I addressed the "boy company" as follows: "You are boys, but you have this day been where men only dare to go! Some of your company have been killed and many have been wounded, but recollect, that it is a soldier's fate to die! Now, every man of you who is willing to return to the field, step two paces to the front!" The brave boys responded at once, described by another as follows: "Weak, almost dazed by the scenes of horror through which we had passed, stern duty calls and we obey. The significant 'two paces' is stepped and a volunteer section, led by Lieutenant J. Thompson Brown, return and moves to confront the now exultant enemy."

LASTING TIES.

After the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, Colonel Lee let up on the "boy company." He and they were ever afterwards friends. The little fellows loved their commander, and never failed to divide with him anything they had gathered in foraging which they might have on hand; he was the recipient of fruit, eggs, and even more substantial luxuries when there was any among the boys of Parker's Battery. Now he treasures the precious memory of that noble company of boys, and the survivors love him, and he also loves them as only men can love each other who have been through the scenes in battle of a great war. Recently at the Richmond reunion he met six or eight of the "boy company," who live in Richmond, and he was deeply touched as they came around him, and put their hands and arms about him and recalled the scenes and incidents of the great battles of Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. Not long after this Colonel Lee was promoted and moved for service to the West. He was assigned to duty at Vicksburg in November, 1862, but he ever afterward followed with pride the gallant and true "boy company" (Parker's Battery) which served to the close of the war and surrendered at the general collapse at Appomattox.

The "boy company" (Parker's Battery) was but one of many such companies of boys organized during the great war, and I will now mention one company, composed entirely of Mississippi boys, the captain of which was Captain W. A. Montgomery, now of Edwards, Miss., who was only about eighteen years of

age. This company, after the fall of Vicksburg, served under my command for a long time. Captain Montgomery had about thirty dare-devil boys who lived almost all the time inside of the lines of the enemy. They were invaluable as scouts. The only trouble with them was that they were always too anxious to fight and follow their dare-devil captain in a charge. They never counted the odds as a rule, but were as reckless as reckless boys could be. During the war I learned to trust boys as soldiers as reliably as men in battle. In fact, there was scarcely a regiment or company in the Confederate Army towards the close of the war that did not have nearly a score of boys under eighteen years of age in their ranks. I glory in the boys of our Southland, for I learned this during the great war, and they stand only second to my love and veneration for the women of the South. Our splendid Southern women, Confederate women and their daughters, never tire in their patriotism. They are now all over the territory of the ex-Confederate States, placing monuments at every county seat to commemorate the valor, patriotism and sacrifice of the Confederate soldier. In overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties they have erected and have lately unveiled the splendid monument in Richmond to our beloved President Davis. It did my heart good when the veterans of Mississippi recently in reunion at Meridian passed a resolution to ask the Legislature of Mississippi to erect a monument to commemorate the unsurpassed patriotism of the Confederate women during the bloody Civil War.

From the *N. O. Picayune*, September 15, 1907.

BOY SOLDIERS.

Captain Dinkins Asks Each State to Count Her Young Heroes—Lads Who Went from Schoolroom and Playground to the Grim Work of War.

Having read a statement recently that one county in Virginia gave nine boys under seventeen years of age to the Confederate cause, I am induced by every feeling of pride and patriotism for my native (Madison) County, State of Mississippi, to make record, as well as comparison of the boys who volunteered from that county, and I tender my thanks to the Canton Picket and Canton Times for kindly aiding in the matter.

It will be noted that six entered the service at fifteen, twenty-nine at sixteen, and five at seventeen years of age.

It is almost certain the list is incomplete, but I am only able to give the following:

Richard Courtney, fifteen; Landon C. Cheek, fifteen; Mat Chambers, fifteen; W. L. McKee, fifteen; Joseph Tucker, fifteen; Charles Vanhouten, fifteen; Leon Bailey, sixteen; A. B. Coleman, sixteen; Horace Coleman, sixteen; W. F. Dancy, sixteen; Addison Dancy, sixteen; James Dancy, sixteen; James Dinkins, sixteen; W. Scott Field, sixteen; Wesley Drane, sixteen; Richard Denson, sixteen; David Galtney, sixteen; J. M. Grafton, sixteen; W. H. Howcott, sixteen; J. P. Hickman, sixteen; Charles Handy, sixteen; Junius Mahoon, sixteen; Robert M. Mosby, sixteen; H. D. Priestley, sixteen; Wm. Priestley, sixteen; John H. Rogers, sixteen; Winter Shipp, sixteen; Samuel Shipp, sixteen; P. R. Sutherland, sixteen; Ludlow Smith, sixteen; Alonzo Sims, sixteen; Theophrastus Sims, sixteen; Jacob Troutman, sixteen; John Willis, sixteen; Wallace Wood, sixteen; James L. Finley, seventeen; Harry Field, seventeen; George Harvey, seventeen; V. H. Kyle, seventeen; David Sadler, seventeen.

Doubtless there are counties or parishes which can show as good a record, and I beg to suggest that it would be a graceful act on the part of each State historian to compile the names of the boys and file them in their State rooms, Confederate Museum, at Richmond, and in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, where it is my purpose to place this paper. I would like to see as much truthful history written as can be done, and full credit should be given to the boys for their courage, endurance, patriotism and soldiery qualities. No matter from what county or State he hails, his record is a proud heritage for the South and should be preserved. As time passes, people, even in the North, begin to wonder at the character of those boys, and I believe the time is not far distant when all the people will join in doing justice to their virtues.

I urge every newspaper in the South, and those of Mississippi in particular, to record the names of the boys, and let the banner county have the glory and distinction of having furnished the greatest number in proportion to population.

JAMES DINKINS.

From the *N. O. Picayune*, October 13, 1907.

FOLLOWING MORGAN'S PLUME THROUGH INDIANA AND OHIO.

Recollections of the Last and Greatest Campaign of the
Famous Confederate Chieftain.

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSGROVE.

"There lived a knight, when knighthood was in flower,
Who charmed alike the tilt-yard and the bower."

Gen. Basil W. Duke.

The soldiers of the Civil War are ever ready to recite reminiscences of camp and field. They forgive, but they cannot forget. Fresh in memory are scenes of life and light, of courage and death, of rollicking gayety and abject despair, of music and dancing, of the piteous cry of the wounded, the exultant shout of the victor and the imprecation of the vanquished.

A mere boy, I left my old Kentucky home to follow the plume of General John H. Morgan, the beau sabreur who rode far into the enemy's country, greeting the sons of the morning with a strange new flag.

In person General Morgan was notably graceful and handsome. Six feet in height, his form was perfect, a rare combination of grace, activity and strength. The prince of Kentucky cavaliers, Morgan was the peer of the immortals—Stuart and Hampton, Forrest and Wheeler. Associated with him, always second in command, was Basil W. Duke, the Baron Henry of the youthful cavalrymen—the flower of "old Kentucky."

TACTICS AND STRATEGETICS.

While Morgan was bold in thought and action, he neglected no precaution that would insure success or avert disaster. His rapidly formed plans, promptly and brilliantly executed, surprised his friends and confounded his foes. He was the origi-

nator of the far-reaching raid, and the author of a system of tactics and strategy that was novel and effective. When invading a "far country," preferably when

"The bloom was on the alder
And the tassel on the corn,"

he marched swiftly and continuously, much of his success being due to his possession of a faculty that enabled him to move with as great facility and confidence without maps and guides as with them. When advancing he rarely declined to fight, believing that then a concentration of superior forces against him was more difficult, the vigor of his enemy being somewhat paralyzed by the celerity of his own movements and the mystery that involved them. When retreating, however, he would resort to every stratagem to avoid battle, fearing that while fighting one enemy another might overtake and assail him.

THE OHIO RAID.

Lee was marching toward Pennsylvania and Bragg, in danger of being overwhelmed by Rosecrans, directed Morgan to create a diversion by marching into Kentucky and threatening Louisville. Being essentially a free lance, accustomed to independent action, Morgan determined to cross the Ohio River, General Bragg's order to the contrary notwithstanding. Hitherto the career of the cavalry chieftain had been brilliantly successful but the contemplated long ride from the sunny hills of Tennessee through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio was to end in grave and almost irreparable disaster.

In high feather and in full song Morgan's gallant young cavalymen formed in column, looking toward Kentucky. There were two brigades, the one commanded by Colonel Basil W. Duke, the other by Colonel Adam R. Johnson. Following the cavalry were four pieces of artillery—a section of three-inch Parrott guns and two twelve-pound Howitzers. When General Morgan, tastefully dressed and superbly mounted, rode along the column, going to the front, the men cheered and sang their song:

"Here's the health to Duke and Morgan,
Drink it down;
"Here's the health to Duke and Morgan,
Drink it down;
"Here's the health to Duke and Morgan,
Down, boys, down, drink it down."

To this ovation General Morgan, hat in hand, smilingly bowed his acknowledgement and appreciation. When Colonel Duke, with flashing eye and flowing plume, appeared there were more cheers and another song, "My Old Kentucky Home." When the bugles again sounded the cavaliers, two thousand four hundred and sixty effective men,

"With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,"

moved from Alexandria, Tenn., June 11, 1863, toward the Cumberland River.

THROUGH KENTUCKY.

When the raiders arrived at Burkesville, on the Cumberland River, the river was at flood tide, and a detachment of Judah's formidable cavalry was on the opposite shore. No commander less resolute or more timorous than Morgan would have attempted to cross the swollen stream in the face of a threatening enemy. As usual, however, he deceived the Federals by doing what was least expected of him. Having crossed the river and dispersed the opposing troopers, he boldly and swiftly marched due north, leaving a strong force of Federal cavalry in his rear. Adhering to his policy of fighting, instead of avoiding, all troops that opposed him when advancing, Morgan was unfortunate on this great raid, even in Kentucky, where on former occasions he had been signally successful. On the Fourth of July he undertook to capture a small force of Michigan infantry occupying a naturally strong and skillfully-fortified position in a bend of the Green River. Replying to a demand for his surrender, the Commander, Colonel H. Moore, said: "This is Independence Day. I shall not lower my flag without a fight." Having repeatedly assaulted the position, and lost in killed and wounded

nearly one hundred of his most gallant men, the discomfited Morgan made a detour and marched away, leaving his dead and wounded comrades to the tender mercies of the Federal Commander, who was no less humane than he was brave.

Marching to Lebanon, the raiders captured the garrison, about three hundred men, but not without the loss of fifty of their comrades, among the killed being Lieutenant Tom Morgan, the general's brother, a mere boy, the idol of the command.

At Springfield Morgan began to send detachments in various directions, and to further mystify the pursuing and envying Federals he resorted to the telegraph, a resource that had often served him on former daring expeditions. Attached to his staff was an expert telegraph operator named George A. Ellsworth, whom the men called "Lightning." Having cut a wire, Ellsworth would connect his own instrument with the line and take off the dispatches. If none of interest came his way he would place himself in communication with the Federal commanders. If Morgan had 1,000 men, "Lightning" would gravely inform them that he had 2,000. Locating the detachments promiscuously, he would have the main column and detached squadrons marching in directions contrary to their objective points.

Leaving Springfield, Morgan deflected from the straight northward route, hitherto pursued, and marched westward to Bardstown, threatening Louisville. By this time the "rough riders" had become weary and sleepy. While the column was making the night march from Springfield to Bardstown, the brilliant Colonel Alston, Chief of Staff, sought "nature's sweet restorer" on the veranda of a roadside residence, and awoke to find himself in the hands of the pursuing Federal cavalry.

From Bardstown the Confederates marched rapidly to Brandenburg, on the Ohio River, forty miles below Louisville.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

When the column reached Brandenburg, early in the morning of July 8, General Morgan was delighted to find two good steamboats lying at the wharf, the transports having been secured by two of his most adventuresome captains, Sam Taylor and Clay Meriwether, who had been sent in advance for that purpose.

Impatient of delay, Morgan made immediate preparations to cross the river. A dense fog prevented his seeing what was on the other side, but he knew that a strong force of determined Federal cavalry was close upon his rear. A shot from a rifled cannon and a volley of musketry announced the presence of an unseen enemy on the Indiana shore.

The disappearing mist, however, soon revealed a small force of combatants, presumably militia, and one piece of artillery, mounted upon two wheels of an ordinary road wagon. The first shot from one of the Parrott guns made the patriotic Indians, unused to war's alarms, nervous, and the second induced them to abandon their "battery" and flee to the wooded hills, six hundred yards from the river.

When two dismounted regiments had been transferred to the opposite shore, a small gunboat appeared and viciously threw shells at the Confederates on both sides of the river. For about an hour there was an interesting duel between the bellicose steamer and the Parrott guns planted on a high bluff on the Kentucky shore. To General Morgan it was a supreme moment—a time to try his soul. Two of his best regiments were separated from their comrades by the intervening river, and General Hobson's strong column of fine cavalry was closely pressing his rear. To his great relief, however, the saucy and disquieting little gunboat suddenly and unexpectedly withdrew from the combat, and, standing up the river, disappeared from view. By midnight Morgan's entire command had crossed to the Indiana shore. Duke's merry cavaliers, strangers in a strange land, singing

"Here's the health to Duke and Morgan,
Drink it down,"

marched to a point six miles from the river and went into camp for a brief rest. The rear guard of Johnson's Brigade, the last to cross the river, stopped on the margin of the stream long enough to burn the transports and to wave their hats, bidding Hobson's pursuing cavalry, then on the other shore, good-by. Then, following the column, they sang:

"The race is not to them that's got
The longest legs to run,
Nor the battle to that people
That shoots the biggest gun."

At Corydon, fifteen miles north of the river, a force of militia, or home guards, formidable in numbers only, attempted to delay the march, but when the advance guard charged their barricade of fence rails in front and a regiment threatened their flank, they unhesitatingly fled.

At Salem, thirty miles further north, there was a similar occurrence. Apparently the whole of Indiana was in arms, one blast upon a native's horn being worth a thousand men. The home guards were patriotic and commendably brave, but their inexperience and lack of discipline rendered them ineffective when opposing the march of Morgan's veteran cavaliers.

From Salem the column moved eastward to Vienna, where Ellsworth captured the telegraph operator and put himself in communication with Louisville and Indianapolis, sending the usual fiction regarding Morgan's movements and receiving desirable information as to those of the enemy.

As the invaders advanced, marching rapidly day and night, the needlessly alarmed people fled from their homes, leaving doors wide open and cooked "rations" invitingly displayed in kitchen and dining hall, the quantity being great and the quality good. If the fleeting horsemen from Dixie fared sumptuously every day and night in a land where they had no friends, what must have been the abundance that greeted the swiftly pursuing cavalry, composed largely of Kentuckians, Ohioans and "Michiganders."

At Vernon Morgan found himself confronted by the usual hostile multitude. Having thrown out detachments to threaten and deceive, he sent a truce flag to the commandant, courteously requesting him to capitulate. This overture the Federal officer declined, asking, however, for an armistice of two hours that the non-combatants might be removed beyond the zone of danger. Always humane, the Confederate chieftain readily granted the request. While the non-bellicose people were being removed from the town, the wily Morgan adroitly aban-

doned the siege, and, making a detour, marched away, leaving the warlike force at Vernon unmolested.

What especially impressed the thoughtful men of Morgan's raiders was the dense population, apparently untouched by the demands of the war. In one day they encountered at least ten thousand home guards. Plainly the invaders were facing a condition, not a theory. The Morgan men, pardonably I think, point with pride to the fact that in a land swarming with their enemies, they burned only one private dwelling, and even that one would have been left uninjured had not a hostile band made a fortress of it. Their sins were many, but burning houses, making war on women and children and mistreating prisoners were not among them.

THE MARCH AROUND CINCINNATI.

Dispersing or eluding all hostile forces, cutting telegraph wires and throwing out detachments to deceive the Federal officers, Morgan marched swiftly on and on, day and night, night and day, until he reached Harrison, Ohio, where he began to maneuver to mystify the commanding officer at Cincinnati. He had reason to believe that the city was garrisoned by a strong force under General Burnside, and that a supreme effort would be made to intercept and capture him when he should attempt to cross the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

After two or three hours' halt at Harrison the column moved directly toward Cincinnati, all detachments coming in before nightfall. Hoping that his previous demonstrations would induce a concentration of Federal troops up the railroad, and that if any were left at Cincinnati his subsequent threatening movements would cause them to withdraw into the city and remain on the defensive, permitting him to march around it without attacking him, General Morgan sought to approach as near the city as possible, without actually entering it, and involving his command in a conflict with any garrison that might be there. Having started that morning, July 13, from a point fifty miles from Cincinnati, and reaching the vicinity of the city in the night, he had found it impossible to obtain any definite information as to the location or strength of the enemy. Moreover, of the two thousand four hundred and sixty effective

troopers with which he had started from far-away Tennessee, he had scarcely two thousand left. He could find sufficiently strenuous employment for this force without running into a labyrinth of unfamiliar streets and among houses, every one of which might be made a fortress from which an unseen enemy, soldier or citizen, could shoot his men from their horses, causing confusion, if not irretrievable disaster.

The men in the ranks and the officers as well, were worn and demoralized by the fatigue of continuous marching and the loss of sleep. Besides, General Morgan had given himself a particular work to perform. He was going to Buffington Island before attempting to re-cross the river—as planned before starting on the long raid.

The night march around the city was extremely difficult and hazzardous. The many suburban roads were confusing, especially as the night was intensely dark. Small bonfires of paper and such inflammable material as could be found were used to light the way. The danger of taking the wrong road was always imminent, the rear battalions often being at a loss to ascertain which one of the many roads had been taken by those in advance, from whom they had been separated by reason of much straggling and the confusion incident to the darkness of the night, the horses' tracks on the much-traveled roads furnishing no clew as to the route taken by General Morgan, who rode in front. The direction in which the dust "settled or floated" was the most reliable guide, as when the night is calm, as on this occasion, the dust stirred up by a column of cavalry will remain suspended in the air for a time, moving slowly in the same direction that the horses which have disturbed it are traveling.

Strong men fell from their saddles, and at every halt the officers, themselves exhausted, were compelled to use heroic measures to arouse the men who, having fallen from their horses, were sleeping in the road. Not a few crept off into the fields and slept until they awoke to find themselves in the hands of the enemy. When day dawned the column had passed through Glendale, a beautiful suburban village, within sight of the city's spires, and was near the Little Miami Railroad, the last point where Morgan thought he would encounter serious

opposition. Having crossed the railroad unopposed the column halted, and the horses were fed within sight of Camp Dennison. That evening the weary Southerners were at Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati, having marched more than ninety miles in thirty-five hours, the greatest march that even Morgan had ever made.

EXCHANGING HORSES.

On an expedition such as the "Ohio Raid" the exchanging, or impressment, of horses is a military necessity. When Morgan crossed the Ohio River his men were riding fine Kentucky horses, many of them thoroughbred, peculiarly adapted to service on a long and exhausting raid into an enemy's country, but they had their limitations. Traveling rapidly and continuously a distance of a thousand miles was too much, even for horses that were "bred in Old Kentucky, where the meadow grass is blue." When the Kentucky cavalryman exchanged his faithful equine friend for an Indiana or Ohio farm horse, he did so reluctantly, even tearfully, and felt that he had made a bad "trade." Some of the raiders necessarily "swapped horses" three or four times within twenty-four hours. To the cavalryman who is far from his base, and dismounted, visions of prison life appear, and if a horse is anywhere within reach he will "capture" it, peacefully if he can, forcibly if he must.

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

Relieved of the depressing suspense incident to the march around Cincinnati, and having enjoyed a night's rest at Williamsburg, the invaders resumed their merry ways. Looking toward the bordering little hills beyond the river they began to sing, "The Old Kentucky Home." Among them were many musicians, white and colored. Somewhere, en route, they had "confiscated" two violins, a guitar and a banjo. The sentimental guitarist was softly singing "Juanita," when he was interrupted by a rollicking fiddler who played "The Hills of Tennessee." Simultaneously another gay violinist broke one of his three strings in an attempt to play "The Arkansaw Traveler," and then

inconsiderately threw away the fiddle and the bow. A homesick little darky took possession of the banjo and sang:

"All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home."

TO CAPTIVITY LED.

Bugle sounds interrupted the inharmonic musicale, and soon the cavaliers were in their saddles, bound for the ford at Buffington Island. On this march the fighting was almost continuous, not only with the militia that industriously barricaded the roads, but with encompassing regular troops. Even the women frowned, their voluble speech being uncomplimentary. Neither in Indiana nor in Ohio did Morgan's "Rough Riders" see any "bright smiles to haunt them still."

Unfortunately for Morgan his column did not reach Buffington Island until after nightfall, July 18, too late to attempt the crossing of the river, especially as the night was very dark. His scouts informed him that the ford was guarded by three hundred infantry, protected by an earthwork, and two heavy guns. The delay was fatal. Early on the following morning, however, about five hundred men succeeded in crossing the river, despite the dense fog and the rising tide, unprecedented at that time of the year. Unknown to Morgan, the infantry guard at the ford had abandoned the earthwork some time in the night. At an early hour the troops that had not crossed the river were attacked simultaneously by Hobson's pursuing column and by Judah's forces that had come up the river. At the same time the gunboats appeared and promptly began to throw shells and grapeshot into the ranks of the Confederates who, for a very short time, made a gallant but hopeless fight. The ensuing melee and demoralization I cannot describe. It is sufficient to say that the combat ended in the dispersion and capture of nearly the whole of Morgan's command.

In the early morning General Morgan rode into the river, but when about half way across, seeing that the greater number of

his men would be forced to remain on the Ohio shore, he turned and rode back to that side of the stream, resolved to share the fate of his men.

Accompanying the raiders were a number of active and intelligent colored boys serving their young masters, to whom they were singularly devoted. Among them was a little fellow named "Box," a privileged character, whose impudent airs were condoned by the cavaliers in consideration of his uniform cheerfulness and enlivening plantation melodies. When General Morgan had returned to the Ohio shore he saw Box plunge into the river and boldly swim toward the other side. Fearing the little fellow would be drowned, the General called to him to return. "No, Marse John," cried Box, "if dey ketch you dey may parole you, but if dey ketch dis nigger in a free State he ain't a-gwine ter git away while de wah lasts." Narrowly missing collision with a gunboat, Box crossed the river all right and escaped southward to the old plantation.

With about one thousand gallant but hopeless men, General Morgan withdrew from the melee at Buffington Island and rode eastward, closely pursued by Hobson's indefatigable cavalry. Weary and harassed, the Confederate chieftain continued to elude his relentless pursuers for six days, when, his followers reduced to two hundred men, he surrendered, July 26, to a detachment of Hobson's Kentucky Cavalrymen—Greek against Greek. The sensational escape of Morgan and six of his captains from the Ohio prison is another story.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 13, 1907.

MALVERN HILL.

Some Reminiscences of One of the Survivors of That Famous Engagement.

All that the survivors of the "Lost Cause" have left are our memories and our monuments. Our memories perish with us. Soon our campfires will die out, the last reveille be sounded, as one by one we answer the final roll-call. Our monuments we bequeath to posterity as a perpetual legacy to commemorate the sacrifices made to principles that are imperishable—constitutional government!

As one of the survivors I read with interest the reminiscences of the veterans of the late Civil War. The perusal of the recent articles in your Confederate Column has brought to mind my experience at the battle of Malvern Hill, the culmination of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. General Stephen D. Lee, then Colonel of Artillery, in his report to General Magruder, says: "The enemy's artillery was admirably handled in this action, and is admitted to have been the most terrible artillery fire during the war."

Some conception of this terrible fire may be formed when it is stated that the captain of one of the Federal batteries engaged reports that his battery alone exploded four hundred rounds of shell, five hundred and fifteen rounds of spherical case and sixty-six rounds of canister, add to this the fire of other batteries and the thousands of muskets engaged and the fire from the gun-boats, some idea of the din may be formed. This famous battle occurred over forty-five years ago, and yet the impressions made on that fateful day were so impressible that the lapse of time has failed to erase them.

This battle occurred July 1, 1862. Our regiment, the 15th Virginia, was encamped within about two miles of Richmond. The night before my old comrade, C. A. Richardson, who has contributed so much interesting matter to your columns, and the

writer, "ran the block" to attend a "starvation party" given by some ladies in our honor in the city. We reached camp in the wee hours of the next morning. We found the camp deserted, but our blankets and rifles were in our brush tents and only a few sick and lame comrades to point out to us the route the regiment had taken. We knew that if we did not catch up and get in line before the battle began we would be liable to arrest and court-martial for being absent without leave, so we struck out before the sun was up, in the direction indicated, and marched through the hot sun and the clouds of dust raised by the wagons and artillery that thronged and obstructed the roads to Malvern Hill.

We caught up with our comrades just before they reached the battlefield of the day before—Frazier's Farm—and were appalled by the sights, sounds and odors of that fearful contest. Hundreds of dead Federal and Confederate, as well as horses, were mingled together just as they fell, and under the fervid heat of the summer sun began to emit most sickening odors; the wounded were groaning in temporary hospitals. We were with Semmes' Brigade, consisting of the 15th and 32nd Virginia, 5th and 10th Louisiana, 10th and 53rd Georgia, moved up within 1,200 yards of the enemy's batteries and held in reserve in a ravine, and were subjected to a shelling unsurpassed for severity in any conflict during the war. The concentration of our forces was not completed until late in the day, and it was between 3 and 4 P. M. before the advance was made by Mahone's and Wright's Brigades, which met with a terrible repulse. Such was the accuracy of the fire of the enemy that the field was swept clean. One of our batteries that went in with the above named brigades did not have an opportunity to unlimber; the horses being killed and the caissons blown up and guns dismounted before they could get into action.

Soon the reserve was called for. We moved towards the right and were ordered to charge with fixed bayonets through a meadow, at a distance of about 500 yards, in full view of the guns of the enemy. Before attaining the meadow we moved through a body of woods and over a fence, the limbs from the trees cut by the shells dropping on us and the rails of the fence knocked from under us as we got over. In this body of woods

were trees as large as a telegraph pole cut almost in two by musket balls. On debouching into the meadow General Semmes' coat was cut by a fragment of a shell and our colonel (Thos. P. August) was severely wounded in his leg, but the colonel was plucky. When the stretcher-bearers were about to bear him from the field he made them halt, and amidst the storm of lead and the shriek of shells, delivered this impassioned address: "Boys, remember you belong to the old 15th Virginia, remember you are fighting for your homes and your firesides. Give them h—l, d—n 'em." The words were scarcely out of the colonel's mouth before the stretcher-bearers were struck down and the colonel, still bleeding, was tumbled ingloriously into a ditch.

We continued to move obliquely until we reached the base of the hill upon which was concentrated probably fifty or sixty of the enemy's guns, belching grape and canister from their livid mouths into our very faces, it being not over two hundred yards from the base to the crest of the hill. The sun was nearly down. Had the Rev. John Jasper been present at this point, his celebrated sermon "the sun do move" would never have been preached, for, notwithstanding we prayed most fervently that it would set, it hung in the heavens and seemed perfectly stationary for what appeared under the circumstances and excitement of the occasion to be hours. About one hundred and fifty of our regiment reached the base of the hill, in command of Major John Stewart Walker, formerly captain of the Virginia Life Guard, of Richmond (Company B), who assumed command as soon as Colonel August was placed hors de combat. Here we rested, under severe and continuous fire that did not admit of our raising our heads from the ground. As twilight was deepening into the shades of night, the word was passed down the line to prepare to charge the crest of the hill. Major Walker stood up with drawn sword and flashing eye and gave the command, "Forward, charge!" It was the last word this gallant officer ever uttered. He fell, and was dragged into the little branch which flowed at the foot of the hill and expired in the arms of his brother, Captain Norman Walker. Thus perished as brave a soldier as ever flashed his sword in any cause!

It was now quite dark, the sky clouded by the coming storm,

and the muttering of thunder and the flash of lightning added to the wildness of the scene, which was grand and terrific. The fire of musketry and artillery now raged with great fury. The hill was clothed in smoke and darkness, relieved only by the flashes of the guns. Complete darkness soon settled upon this bloody field, but once in a while the hill would again become a living flame, to which there was no reply from our side, for those who were on the field had to hug Mother Earth to escape death. Soon the storm of wind and rain was upon us, adding to our discomforts, until about 9 o'clock the firing on both sides ceased, the enemy having retreated to their gunboats, and we retired to the woods to seek such shelter as the protecting branches afforded. The Federal loss in this battle was, killed, wounded and missing, three thousand. The Confederate loss was fully double this.

The battle of Malvern Hill was a disaster of a serious nature. The demoralization of the brigades engaged was beyond conception; regiments and companies were so mixed, mingled and scattered that it took a day or two to get them together. The loss of this battle was doubtless due to lack of concert of action, misconception of orders and refusal in some instances to obey them. What ought to have been the grand Confederate sequel to the Seven Days' fights was a Federal victory, due to the consummate skill shown by McClellan in concentrating a last stand, upon an almost impregnable position.

A portion of Semmes' Brigade (5th and 10th Louisiana), who were to the left of the 15th Virginia Regiment, charged through the enemy's lines, and some of them were found dead fifteen or twenty yards within the Federal lines the next morning. The lines of the contending forces the next day could be traced and defined by the dead who fell on each side as they stood in battle array. Thus ended one of the fiercest battles of the war.

J. STAUNTON MOORE,
Company B, 15th Virginia Infantry.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 7, 1907.

BATTLEFLAG OF THE SOUTH FLIES ON ENGLISH LAWN.

**Singular Devotion of a Foreigner to Lost Cause Arouses
Interest of Veterans—Wished to Serve in War —
Banner Has Been Raised and Lowered
Every Day for Nearly Forty Years.**

To Gerald Smythe, Esq., of England, Lee Camp, of this city, has paid merited tribute in recognition of singular devotion on the part of a foreigner to the Lost Cause, so dear to the hearts of the veterans of the South. The appreciation of the camp is expressed in a letter to Mr. Smythe informing him of his election as an honorary member of the body—a signal honor, rarely bestowed.

The matter was brought to the attention of the camp in a letter from Captain W. Gordon McCabe to Judge George L. Christian. During the summer Captain McCabe spent several months abroad, and while in England he became acquainted with a most unusual circumstance, which he communicated to the veterans at length through the letter to Judge Christian. The incident is best described in the words of Captain McCabe himself.

A writer in the London Times, in reviewing, in October, Sir George Trevelyan's 'American Revolution,' had made a bad blunder touching the ancestry of General Charles Lee, confounding the Cheshire family with that from which sprung 'the Lees of Virginia.'

THE DAYS OF OLD.

"I wrote a letter to the Times correcting the blunder, and, fortunately, dated it from my London club, 'The Athenaeum.' On the afternoon of the day on which it was published came to me a most cordial letter from Gerald Smythe, Esq., one of the solicitors for the London and Northwest Railway, stating that he would greatly like to meet me, and proposing that I should

at once come to his home at Putney for luncheon or dinner, or, as they say in England, to 'dine and sleep.'

"He wrote me that he was an ardent 'Confederate'; had long been a correspondent of Captain Robert E. Lee, of 'Roman-coke,' and added that, if I would come he could promise me a sight that would vividly recall to me 'the days of old.'

"Within a few days I accepted his invitation, and you can imagine my immense surprise, when, after a hearty hand-shake, he led me on to his lawn and pointed to a tall flagpole from which dallied the old 'battleflag' consecrated to us by so many fond memories. He told me that his family had been soldiers for generations; that his father had been a captain in the English Army, and that he had longed as a boy to quit school, cross the ocean, and share the fortunes of the Confederacy. But from that time he had remained a sturdy and steadfast 'Confederate,' and every day for nearly forty years has flown the Confederate flag on his lawn. The flag is regularly raised at sunrise, lowered at sunset, and placed at half-mast on April 9th, October 12th, the anniversaries of the surrender and of General Lee's death.

"I found his library full of books relating to our war, and was amazed at his minute knowledge of our Virginia campaign.

"Such invincible and romantic devotion to the 'Lost Cause' merits, I think, proper recognition on the part of us old Confederates, and it has occurred to me that it would be eminently fitting that Lee Camp should honor him with honorary membership in that veteran organization.

"I need not say that not in the remotest manner did I ever hint to Mr. Smythe that I should propose such a thing, and if he is so elected the honor will come to him as a complete surprise. But I know that it would also prove an immense gratification to him."

The letter aroused the greatest interest among the veterans, and the camp, as stated, unanimously elected Mr. Smythe an honorary member, and a letter was at once drafted by the secretary, to be mailed to him in England.

From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, October 27, 1907.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

J. U. Payne, of New Orleans, La.—His Devotion to, and Sacrifices for, the Cause.

By C. H. COFFIN.

In the year 1892 I bought from Mr. J. U. Payne, of New Orleans, his summer home, Roschart, Pass Christian, Miss. It had been closed for some years. The grounds were grown up with cane and weeds to a colossal height and were impenetrable. The place fronts 250 feet on the Shell Beach Boulevard, from which a beach lot sloped down to the Gulf of Mexico. From this lot a pier 1,080 feet long extended to the channels in the gulf. At the end of it was an octagon house containing eight rooms, for tearooms and bathrooms, surrounded by a gallery. About fifty yards beyond the bath-house was a dance platform in the lake. In the olden times a negro band played on the platform. In the evening the boats rowed up to the pier, which was lighted, and guests were received and entertained there. During the yachting season yachts were anchored along the channels off the pier. On the shore was an old boathouse, with some decayed boats as relics.

The house itself was built in three sections, having pavilions around an open square called the "Plazita." The central section was copied exactly in the building of Beauvoir, which was for years the home of ex-President Davis, and about sixteen miles east of Rosehart. The gallery, about fifteen feet wide and fifteen feet high, extended around the central pavilion, which was on elevated pillars above the ground. The two side pavilions contained bedrooms, kitchen, etc., a two-story gallery extending around them. In the rear were a windmill and deep well, a laundry cottage and a bachelors' cottage, which was used for housing bachelors over Sunday, and for card games at night.

Between the plazita and the bachelors' cottage was an orange grove containing seventy-five trees, from twenty to thirty feet high, yielding the luscious Louisiana oranges, now nearly extinct, yet they were certainly the best oranges in the world. These trees were in bloom nearly all the time, and we bitterly lamented their loss by the great freeze of 1896. Back of these were the vegetable gardens and stables, and on Second Street, or Rear Road, were the long negro quarters. Behind these quarters we owned a broad stretch of pine forest, extending back beyond a beautiful bayou. We set the bayou in aquatic plants, and built among the solemn pines a log resthouse for our many invalid guests who needed "pine air." It took a large force of men many months to dig out, replant and put this place in order; but it made us a beautiful home for fourteen years and was beloved by us all. It had been built by educated slaves owned by Mr. Payne, out of timber cut on his ground and thoroughly dried, in the year 1846, and the main part of the house remains as sound to-day as then, although, owing to the extremely damp climate, the life of lumber and timber there is short.

Mr. Payne had used this house as a summer house; I bought it for a winter home. He was at that time eighty-four years old, and one of the most charming men I ever met. He told me it would require seventeen servants to properly run the place, as it had seventeen bedrooms. We got along, however, very nicely with from seven to nine. His winter home in New Orleans was one of the largest houses on this side of the ocean, containing a great number of large rooms, and was built of brick with ample grounds.

Prior to the war Mr. Payne was a strong Union man. His most intimate and valued personal friend was Jefferson Davis. They disagreed as to secession. Mr. Payne at that time owned many sugar plantations in Louisiana and cotton plantations in Mississippi. He also had offices and warehouses in New Orleans, and was the largest exporter of cotton and sugar and the greatest creator of foreign exchange. He owned 300 or 400 slaves, who were well cared for, contented and happy. He had a large capital invested in business, and hundreds of planters

were indebted to him for the supply of corn, bacon and household articles, it being the custom to obtain these in advance from their merchants and to pay when they sold their crops of cotton and sugar. Nearly all the great planters were thus in debt. Mr. Payne himself carried a considerable debt, and also carried a very large cash balance.

When the seven States which first formed the Confederacy at Montgomery, Ala., had passed their secession ordinances and organized their Government by electing Jefferson Davis President, they seem for the first time to have thought about finances. There is nothing more astonishing now than to look back and see with what utter disregard of consequences and lack of plans for the future that war was entered upon by the South. The South had no store of arms and ammunition, except as nearly every individual was the owner of a rifle or shotgun. They had few small factories capable of making cannons, guns or powder, and almost no clothing or shoe factories, and practically the Southern States were given over to the growth of cotton. Their leaders were highly intelligent people and held the "free trade" doctrines taught by Mill and others, and in forming their Constitution inserted a free trade clause, thus depriving themselves of the benefit of custom revenues. They also, of course, maintained the doctrine of "State rights," and, therefore, did not authorize their newly-created Government to collect the direct tax necessary for carrying on the war; and when they had created a president and cabinet, these officers found themselves without any money or any provisions for setting in motion the wheels of the new Government.

Mr. Davis telegraphed from Montgomery to Mr. J. U. Payne, at New Orleans, announcing the formation of the Government and saying: "Your State calls upon you to do your duty and to come at once to Montgomery and bring with you all the money you can raise." Mr. Payne had been fortifying himself, owing to the ominous outlook, and succeeded in raising and took with him to Montgomery a large sum in gold coin, which he turned over to Mr. Davis. The latter insisted that he should have Government bonds for it, and there were accordingly printed at the old printing office in Montgomery 750 bonds of \$1,000 each, roughly gotten up and promising "to pay sixty days

after the declaration of peace or recognition of the Southern Confederacy." These bonds remained in Mr. Payne's hands, becoming, of course, entirely worthless, and long after the war he gave to his favorite granddaughter enough of them to paper her bedroom or boudoir. What became of the rest I do not know. Mr. Payne's export business was, of course, stopped at once by the Federal blockade. The planters who owed him were unable to pay. The Federal troops later on seized his plantations and destroyed most of the sugar, cotton press houses, and even the fences. His great home in New Orleans, which was crowded with works of art and vertu accumulated by years of traveling and careful selections in Europe, was seized by the Federals and used as a residence by some of the officers. Much of the silver, paintings and bric-a-brac was shipped to New England by Butler and other officers to their homes. This is probably the origin of the story of General Butler and the spoons. They were never recovered, and it was many years before Mr. Payne regained possession of his home in New Orleans.

Within the two years after the beginning of the war Mr. Payne found himself stripped of every earthly possession of value and in debt over \$700,000. He bravely went to work to pay this debt off, and after some sixteen or eighteen years of hard work he succeeded in paying it all. When I last saw him he was ninety-four or ninety-six years old, and was at his office and dealing in cotton every day. I went in to pay my respects, and told him I had come to New Orleans to buy a team of horses. He at once jumped up and took his cane and, with the beautiful manner which he had, insisted on going with me to see that I fell into the hands of the right man and was properly treated. He was a man of the purest life and most beautiful spirit, and his manners were quite perfect. He died quietly in his own home in the care of his daughter at the age of ninety-seven, and out of debt. He was probably at the outbreak of the war the second richest man in America, certainly the richest man in the Southern States, his slave property alone having been valued at \$4,000,000.

Rosehart was named from a great heart-shaped rose bed between the house and the boulevard some seventy-eight feet in diameter and containing 300 rosebuds, in which we took great

pride. My wife, being a botanist, by extensively corresponding and exchanging with other rose-lovers in Florida, California, and even Europe, contrived to restore and keep up the reputation of the place for roses, so that we had at one time 700 or 800 bushes in bloom. The roses there are fragile and cannot be shipped, but are beautiful in texture, form and color, and all fragrant, quite in contrast to the California roses. Some of the rare roses we brought from California, which were without fragrance in California, later assumed that quality in Rosehart.

Mr. Payne retained his friendship for Mr. Davis, who died in his New Orleans home; but, of course, like all other old Southerners, would have made great sacrifices for the old flag long before he died.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, January 5, 1908.

FITZHUGH LEE.

An Address Delivered on Fitzhugh Lee Day at the Jamestown Exposition.

By Major ROBERT W. HUNTER.

On account of the insistent demand from people in the North, South, and abroad, The Times-Dispatch prints in full the speech delivered by Major R. W. Hunter at the Jamestown Exposition on General Fitzhugh Lee upon the occasion of the day set apart to honor the first president of the exposition. The address was received with the greatest enthusiasm by those who had the privilege of listening to it, competent critics have declared that nothing that has so far been written about General Lee approaches the masterly paper presented, as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition, Mr.
President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

In an address at a memorial meeting when General Fitz Lee died, I said: "He fell with his harness on, overtaxed by the strenuous work he had done to make the coming Jamestown celebration a grand success.

"Ulysses has gone to the Hesperides and there is none left in Ithaca to bend his matchless bow."

There is reason to suppose if General Albert Sidney Johnston had not been mortally wounded as he was riding forward victoriously at Shiloh, that with the setting sun Grant would have been crushed before Buell's reinforcements could have saved him.

With a magnanimity unknown to smaller souls, General Robert E. Lee assumed the entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg, although he knew, and the records remain to prove it, that the fault was not his. Nothing that can fairly be construed as criticism of his subordinates ever escaped his noble

lips, except what may be implied from his remark, made after the war: "If General Jackson had been with me I would have won a victory."

There was a time during the Revolutionary War when its fate seemed to depend upon a single man—George Washington. Fortunately, he survived to see the independence of his country.

The fall of the commanding general after the opening of the battle—assuming that he has all the requisites of leadership—has a paralyzing effect, from which it is hard, and generally impossible, entirely to recover. This is true, not only of contests of hostile armies, but also of the great enterprises of peace in the commercial and social world.

When, therefore, I express the opinion, very generally entertained, that if Fitz Lee had lived this exposition would have been more largely attended, and its financial results more satisfactory, it must not be understood as in any wise a reflection upon the able, devoted and public-spirited men who have administered its affairs since his untimely death. Nay, more! When all the delays, difficulties and discouragements—for which they were not responsible, but with which they had to contend—are considered, their achievement is marvelous.

An entertainment has been given to the country and the world of greater educational and historic value, and upon a more elevated plane, than has been afforded by any of the great exhibitions of the past.

The strangers who have come within your gates have been most cordially welcomed by the exposition officials, and the courtesies which were extended to them at the Virginia and other buildings will ever be a delightful recollection. What they saw and learned here enlightened their minds, broadened their views and expanded their patriotism, and impressed them "not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with the pleasing thought that in their visit there was life and food for future years."

For those who did not come we have profoundest pity, because they have lost the opportunity of their lives, so graciously offered by the mother Commonwealth, of visiting, under the most favorable and attractive conditions, the sacred places within her borders, which ought to be dear to all our country-

men, where the fires of liberty were first lighted and the foundations of free representative government first laid upon this continent.

But why all this prologue? Why talk of "what might have been"? To some, perhaps, the contemplation may not be one of unalloyed satisfaction. But this is "Fitz Lee Day," and his name and connection with this memorable exhibition can never be dissociated.

Then, again, it affords the opportunity of grouping the constituent elements of his splendid equipment—"elements so mixed in him" as to proclaim him the man of all others for the great work to which he was called.

His selection as president of the Exposition Company was an inspiration. It could not have been successfully launched without him. There was no man then living in all the broad land with such magnetic qualities—none who blended so harmoniously the essentials of success in a somewhat hazardous enterprise whereof patriotic sentiment was so large a factor.

Fitz Lee's prestige was unique. In his veins ran the blood of heroes and statesmen who were among the foremost and most famous in the Colonial Revolutionary and constructive periods of our history. He bore a name—dearest and most inspiring of all names to the heart of our Southland, which had then become recognized the world over as the synonym of the highest and noblest attributes of humanity—as exemplified in his near kinsman—the greatest general of the English speaking race.

His military career had been exceptionally resplendent. In nominating him for Governor, General William H. Payne, a kindred spirit and devoted friend, in an address as classic and elegant of its kind as I have ever heard, said of Fitz Lee: "As a soldier he can stand unbonnetted to as proud a claim as the most enthusiastic friendship dares assert for others.

"From the rising of the sun at Manassas even unto the going down of the same at Appomattox, his place in every picture was near the flashing of the guns.

"For four years his life was a battle and a march, and never ending, restless, he drove across the war-convulsed land. He was like the Knights of Branksome Hall—

“Who always wore their armor bright
During the day and through the night;
Who carved at their meals
In gloves of steel,
And drank red wine through the helmet barred.”

When the shattered remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia—the goodliest fellowship of famous men whereof this world holds record since the round table was broken, and its knights were dispersed—was dragging its slow length to Appomattox, the post of honor, the post ever assigned to the bravest of the brave, was allotted by our great hero to Fitz Lee, and here upon this floor are living witnesses to the fidelity and skill with which he discharged his perilous task.

And when the curtain fell at Appomattox upon the last act of our splendid tragedy; when the flags were all furled and the was drums ceased to throb along the broken line, under the leadership of the gallant Gordon, he illuminated that dark hour by one act of splendid chivalry, which soothed its anguish and effaced its shame; the flag of truce had entered the Confederate line, and passing down the ranks was quenching the firing as it came.

The men in wrath were breaking their muskets, or in tears were parting their old battle flags among themselves. Turning their backs upon the approaching messenger, as Nelson turned his blind eye upon the retreat signal at Copenhagen, they rushed down upon a still spiteful battery of the enemy and swept it from the field. The messenger of peace found them standing over their conquered spoil. The weapons they surrendered that day were those they had just wrenched from the enemy—

“It was not war, but it was splendid
As a dream of old romance.”

Later on, in another connection, if I have the time, I will state briefly the battles and operations under General Fitz Lee's direction, which fix his place in our military annals—not only with the bravest and most dashing of our generals, but also among the ablest and most skillful.

As farmer, fisherman and dairyman, he had made himself dear

to the agricultural heart, and also to that of the working man; but these pursuits were too tame for his ardent, enterprising spirit, and he sought the excitement and prizes of the political arena.

His ambition was gratified by his elevation to the highest office of the gift of our people—the governorship of our grand old Commonwealth—which had once been filled by his grandfather, “Light Horse Harry,” a special favorite of Washington, whose brilliant exploits in command of his Partizan Legion, and splendid gifts as orator, author and statesman invest his memory with enduring lustre.

Fitz Lee was one of the very best of our Governors. He proved himself wise in counsel, upright and tactful in civil administration, as he had been among the bravest of the brave in those terrible days “when the grapes were of iron and the vintage was of blood.” This civic renown supplanted his firmly established military fame.

No one who saw the grand procession down Pennsylvania Avenue, or rode on the staff of General Fitz Lee, as I did, when Cleveland was first inaugurated, need be told that there was that indescribable magnetism in our Fitz, which captivated the crowding thousands who lined the sidewalks and stirred the multitudes there gathered from all parts of the country with wildest enthusiasm.

President Cleveland jocularly called him to account for taking the largest share of the cake, which had been baked for himself.

What a glorious thing it would be if the Jamestown Exposition Company could issue a clearing-house certificate, pay off the paltry million or so that remain unsatisfied, sell the plant to the government for a grand naval station, and then erect a magnificent equestrian statue upon the parade ground named in honor of its first president. It would be “a thing of beauty,” of inspiration “and a joy forever.” Then, indeed—when the taps are sounded and its lights put out—it could well be said, “*Tinis coronat opus.*”

Passing over minor matters we come now to the time, in the career of Fitz Lee, when the eyes of the world were focused upon him.

He was appointed consul-general at Havana by President

Cleveland. Yellow fever was prevailing there, and the prospect uninviting. Some of his friends and family were apprehensive, and to satisfy them he called a council of those closest to him. When it met it was known at once that his mind was already made up. With that quick apprehension—the genius of far discernment, characteristic alike of prophet, poet and great soldier—he had mentally reconnoitered the situation, and saw the exposed flank of a rare opportunity. We wished him God-speed, and drank with him ‘a stirrup-cup.’

So clear had he been in his great office. With such consummate tact, wisdom and firmness had he discharged the delicate, diplomatic functions devolved upon him, in the then highly inflamed state of the Spanish mind, that President McKinley, recognizing the eternal fitness of things, and the unanimous sentiment of the country, kept him at the post of duty, which also at that time, when treachery and conspiracy not only did their dark deeds in the nighttime, but brazenly stalked abroad at noonday, was emphatically the post of danger.

As he stood there, calm and resolute, *mens equa in arduis*, “as far from rashness as from fear,” with the fate of nations in his hand for the time, and the world’s gaze upon him, he was indeed “a sight for gods and men.” Gloriously did he rise to the height of the great argument, and meet the full demands of the crisis.

I never felt so glad and so proud in all my life that “the right man was in the right place,” to uphold the country’s highest ideals and most sacred traditions, and that that man was a Virginian and Confederate soldier.

At length a point was reached when forbearance ceased to be a virtue. Treaty obligations were scornfully violated, and our country’s honor was at stake. The circumstances were these: Consul-General Lee called on Governor-General Weyler to ask the release of an American citizen, who had been thrown into jail on some trivial charge. Lee was courteous, and then, as always, the gentleman. Weyler was the braggart, arrogant, contemptuous in tone and manner, and said to Lee: “You must understand, sir, that Cuba is now under martial law, and my word is the supreme law of the land.” The lion-heart of Lee was aroused by his insolence, and looking him straight in the

eyes, said: "I want you to understand, sir, that, martial law or no martial law, the rights of American citizens must be and shall be respected, and I demand the immediate release of this American citizen, whom you have no right to hold."

Lee immediately returned to his office, put his demand in writing, cabled the situation to Washington, and asked for a war vessel to enforce it, if necessary. Our State Department cabled him to know "why he had changed his policy." Lee replied: "I have made no change of policy."

"I am simply demanding that the rights of American citizens shall be respected. If you approve of my course, send me a war vessel. If you do not, accept my resignation, which goes by to-day's mail."

Weyler reconsidered, released the prisoner, and Lee cabled that the vessel was not needed.

Some time afterward the department informed him that the *Maine* would be ordered to make a friendly visit to Havana. Lee remonstrated; his common sense convincing him that the visit of a war vessel to Havana, in its then excited state, would probably be disastrous. Unfortunately, the war vessel had sailed, and was beyond the reach of recall. You know the result. What was left of the *Maine*, after it was blown up, lies undisturbed in the harbor of Havana, but still remains a vivid memory. I recall this matter because of the erroneous, popular belief at the time, and to some extent since, that the *Maine* was sent at the request of General Lee.

The war soon came on, and General Fitz Lee returned to headquarters at Washington, where, upon arrival, he received the most genuinely spontaneous and heartfelt ovation ever accorded, I believe, to an American citizen by the rather blaze residents of our capital city.

He had fairly won the hearts of the country, and from that time became its most popular citizen, and so remained until death cut short his brilliant career, to which, I firmly believe, fresh laurels would have been added if he had been spared to gather them.

So manfully and triumphantly had he maintained the rights and interests of American citizens on foreign soil, as the representative of the United States, that all prejudice against him as

a Confederate had vanished. And if a primary election could have been held, or there had been an initiative and referendum, Fitz Lee would have been chosen the commanding general for the Spanish War. As it was, he was made major-general of volunteers, and commanded the 7th Corps, which was made up of regiments from North and South, and East and West, and Blue and Gray (our friend, William Jennings Bryan at the head of one of them)—all of whom, “in mutual, well-beseeming ranks, marched proudly all one way to the music of the Union, under the old flag, and Fitz Lee, whose fame as a fighter surpassed that of any other general in the army.

Applications poured in upon him from all parts of the country for places upon his staff. One of them, I have heard, came from the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, who thought General Fitz would certainly be where the fighting would be fiercest and most glory would be won.

President McKinley had promised General Fitz if Havana was attacked he should lead the forces, but the politicians feared if such a chance was given him that the presidency would follow in the wake of the glory he would gain as the hero of the war, and he was side-tracked in Florida.

Shafer was chosen for the chief command because it was thought perhaps he would probably be even less formidable in peace than in war.

The scene shifted to Santiago, which became the chief seat of war. Mr. Roosevelt, we remark in passing, with that quick penetration for which he is so noted, foresaw the plans of the politicians, and sought glory with the Rough Riders from the ranches of the West. If these same politicians had known all (*esse et posse*) that there was in that young man, they would have switched him off long before he ever reached the famous hill of San Juan.

As it was, he only got there, as a smart paragrapher told us at the time, by swimming his horse from Key West to Cuba, with his sword in his mouth.

What followed you all know. What remains to be administered (*de bonis non*) of the spoils of that Spanish War is known only to Him, who understandest man's thoughts afar off.

I fear I am too fond of episode for an occasion like this, where

compression is so essential for even a passing glance at the rich and varied materials which our dear friend's life so amply furnish.

My idea is that General Fitz Lee, by reason of his brilliant reputation as a soldier, both at home and abroad; his eclat as the representative of the United States in Cuba, when the hearts of the people went out to him with enthusiastic admiration and warmest approval; his widespread popularity, coextensive with the bounds of the country; his extraordinary personal magnetism, which drew all hearts to him; and the fact, perhaps the most important of all, that through his agency and the epoch-making events in our recent history with which he was so closely connected, and was so large a part, the relations between the sections became more cordial, and the people more united by the bonds of mutual respect and friendship than they had been for more than half a century.

These were the considerations and factors which made him "the man of the hour" for Jamestown. His bugle-call would have been heard along the mountain sides, through the valleys, across the vast plains, along the rivers and by the sounding sea. It would have been "as the shout of Achilles from the ramparts."

Fitz Lee was rather a lively youth—he never was "good enough to go in the missionary box." While a cadet at West Point, unlike his distinguished uncle who never received a demerit, Fitz managed to get the maximum allowance just short of dismissal. His name was not very near the head of the list of graduates, but he was the most popular cadet at the Academy, and took first honors in horsemanship, which secured him a commission in the famous 2nd Cavalry, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was colonel, Robert E. Lee, lieutenant-colonel, and Hardee and George H. Thomas, majors—nearly every one of the officers of that regiment became distinguished soldiers in the Confederate or Union Army.

He was quick and bright as a dollar, and while never what may be strictly termed a student, he absorbed information intuitively, and could read men and things "like a book." He became a captivating public speaker and lecturer, and his "Life and Campaigns of General Lee" is exceedingly interesting and valuable, not only to the student of military affairs, but to the general reader.

His address on "Chancellorsville," a battle the most illustrative of what the highest military genius and audacity can accomplish with greatly inferior numbers and resources, is an admirable contribution to history.

He was a born soldier. Early became famous in conflicts with the Indians. General Scott, in published orders, says: "Major Van Dorn notices the conspicuous gallantry and energy of Second Lieutenant Fitzhugh Lee, adjutant of the expedition, who was dangerously wounded." Contrary to the expectations of his physicians, he recovered, and we find him mentioned again the next year by General Scott as having, in command of a part of his company, had a fight with the Indians, in which rapid pursuit, recovery of stolen property, and a personal combat with one of the chiefs, are all highly commended.

In 1860 Fitz Lee was at West Point as an instructor of cavalry. Promptly resigning his commission when Virginia seceded, he served first as staff officer of General Ewell, and shortly after was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, and at the reorganization in April, 1862, was elected its colonel. His regiment was with Stuart in the famous raid around McClellan, which blazed the way for Jackson's subsequent flank movement. After the battles around Richmond Stuart was made major-general, and Fitz Lee succeeded to the command of his brigade, consisting of the 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 9th Regiments of Cavalry and Breathed's Battery of horse artillery.

His services in the campaign against Pope were recognized in highly complimentary terms by the commanding general. Just before the second battle of Manassas a chivalrous incident occurred. General Fitz Lee had surprised and captured a squadron of the 2nd United States Cavalry (regulars), and discovering some old comrades among the officers, he merely took their word that they would not escape, and kept them at his headquarters as guests. They rode with his staff and himself during a few days' subsequent operations, and were occasionally under the fire of their own men. Through the intercession of General Lee these captives were made an exception to the retaliatory rule against the officers of Pope's Army, and were paroled and furnished with horses to ride to their own lines.

His relief of D. H. Hill's pickets at South Mountain Pass,

then in close proximity to the enemy, so that Hill, who was being hard pressed, might withdraw undiscovered, was a very difficult and dangerous operation, and the bold strokes by which he retarded the advance of the enemy until Hill's Infantry could get south of the Antietam elicited the highest commendation,

But, perhaps, the most difficult and hazardous service in that line he ever rendered, was in relieving, after the battle of Sharpsburg, the pickets of our army, which was withdrawn across the Potomac under cover of night. When day dawned on the 19th of September, 1862, Fitz Lee's Brigade of Cavalry was the only force confronting the whole army of McClellan. It was soon in the saddle, and before McClellan recovered from his surprise, it had safely crossed the river, after a parting salute to the enemy's advance. One must visit that battleground to appreciate how important, from a military standpoint, this service was. The commanding general, in his official report, says: "The vigilance, activity and courage of the cavalry were conspicuous, and to its assistance is due in a great measure some of the most important and delicate operations of the campaign."

One of the hardest fought cavalry battles of the war, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was that between General Averill's Division of nearly 3,000 men, and Fitz Lee's Brigade of not more than 800 (many having been sent home to recruit their horses) at Kelly Ford on the 17th of March, 1863. The Confederates were victorious, and Averill recrossed the Rappahannock. Breathed's horse artillery covered itself with glory. It was here that the "gallant Pelham," as General Lee spoke of him, in his report of Fredericksburg, was killed, a loss deeply deplored by the whole army.

I refer again to Chancellorsville only to say that I do not think the value of Fitz Lee's service in screening and protecting Jackson's great flank movement, and by his quick and close reconnoissance, ascertaining and pointing out to Jackson where his lines could be formed to strike the enemy's rear and flank at the greatest advantage, is generally appreciated.

With Stuart in the Pennsylvania campaign he saved the day in the fierce fight at Hanover, Pa., by coming in on the enemy's rear and routing Kilpatrick's Division, and did good work at Gettysburg, and on our withdrawal into Virginia.

In 1863, he was promoted to major-general, Stuart having been advanced to the command of the corps. By this time his skill, activity and brilliant courage had won for him one of the first reputations in the army. General R. E. Lee, writing to him, said: "Your admirable conduct, devotion to the cause of your country and devotion to duty, fill me with pleasure."

The importance of Spotsylvania Courthouse in the campaign of 1864 was vital, and it was Fitz Lee's Cavalry that held the ground against the advances of Grant's Army, until the Confederate Infantry arrived.

"Yellow Tavern," which saved Richmond, where our superb Stuart fought his last battle, was won by his old and favorite division, now commanded by Fitz Lee. The dying chieftain said, while his life was ebbing away: "Go ahead, Fitz, old fellow, I know you will do what is right," which Fitz ever regarded a "most precious legacy." General Bragg, in a letter to him, after the battle, said: "The resistance there had enabled him to withdraw troops from Drewry's Bluff to man the works on that side of the city."

Stuart and Fitz Lee were very like in temperament, and devoted as brothers. Both were full of fun, and their gaiety never forsook them even amid the darkest and most trying ordeals. On the march they generally rode together, and their songs and peals of laughter could often be heard far down the column, above the trampling of the horses and the clanking of the sabres, and were a solace to many weary and homesick hearts.

Ream's Station was one of General Fitz's best fights, when his division, with two of Mahone's Brigades, struck Wilson's two Divisions of Federal Cavalry, stripped them of their spoils and put them to ignominious rout, capturing all their wagons, eighteen pieces of artillery, their ambulances and 800 negroes, who had been abducted from their homes.

In the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, Sheridan's first success over Early in the Valley, Fitz Lee did all that was possible to stem the adverse tide. Three horses were shot under him—one his favorite, Nellie Gray—and then he himself was brought to the ground by a minie ball in the thigh.

In the spring of 1865 he was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the army, and followed its fortunes till the end came

at Appomattox, fighting daily and desperately. The self-sacrificing, heroic and faithful body of men—infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers—who composed the remnant of that glorious army, and fought constantly and courageously to the last, furnish to the world an example of devotion to right, duty and country, which has few, if any, parallels in history.

General Fitz was always free-handed and ready to divide his last dollar. On the morning of the 9th of April, 1865, when what was left of Gordon's 2nd Corps of Infantry and Fitz Lee's Corps of Cavalry had driven back Sheridan, and Ord's Infantry came up to his support, and it was seen that surrender was inevitable, General Fitz escaped with his cavalry towards Lynchburg, but becoming convinced that the war was virtually over, he rode to Farmville, and reported to General Meade, who advised him to return to Appomattox and be paroled. This he did and became the guest of General John Gibbon of the United States Army, under whom he had been at West Point, and whose family he knew well. In his "Personal Reminiscences of Appomattox," General Gibbon says: "That night Fitz, lying on the floor, slept as soundly as a child after, he said, having had no sleep for a week. Nothing could dampen his high spirits. With grim humor, he took from his pocket a \$5 Confederate note and writing across its face, 'For Mrs. Gibbon, with the compliments of Fitz Lee,' he said: "Send that to your wife and tell her it's the last cent I have in the world."

"His was no hard, ascetic temper, which substituted harshness for courage, and reserve for wisdom, but a light and buoyant spirit," a warm and merry heart that spread sunshine all around.

Mr. President, you will believe, I know, when I express my sincerest regret that I have not been able to pay the tribute to our dear friend that my heart prompts and the occasion demands.

His life was so full of great and brilliant exploits in the outer world, so brimful of all that was charming in the inner social world, where heart goes out to heart and smile answers smile, and the sweet offices of genial humor and heartfelt sympathy prevail, that the task was impossible within appropriate limits and upon so short a notice. A volume of no small dimensions would be needed for a career so eventful and so picturesque.

Let me say, in conclusion, that it was not because of Fitz Lee's fame as soldier, diplomat or eminent civillian, not because of his high birth and rare distinction that we love him most, but because his noble life and nature gave new meaning to noblesse oblige and the finest illustration that—

“Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than norman blood.”

From the *New York Herald*, Dec. 29, 1907.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

Explanation of Causes Which Led the Soldier-Governor To Forsake the Three-Months' Bride to Live With Cherokee Indian Tribe.

AUSTIN, TEX., Saturday, December 28, 1907.

The mystery of that chapter in General Sam Houston's life which caused him to suddenly resign as Governor of the State of Tennessee and go into the wilds of the West, where he joined the Cherokee Indians, leaving behind a bride of three months, has been an ever fruitful subject of discussion among the people who are familiar with the life of that strange man, who did so much in later years to win for Texas her independence.

That there was a romance behind his mysterious withdrawal from civilization is well known and many have been the surmises as to the details. Thomas Boyers, an aged resident of Gallatin, Tenn., who was a friend of both Houston and his bride, has just thrown new light on the romance. He says:

"In the life of the celebrated Sam Houston, which is as romantic as any in the annals of fiction, there is no event of deeper interest than his first marriage.

"In every man's history there is a time when woman's influence is the determining force that makes or mars it. And in the life of Houston his meeting with Miss Allen and his subsequent marriage with her are the influences that turned the whole course of after events. At first the change brought the lawyer and statesman to the condition of a barbarian living in forest wilds, but finally the liberty loving barbarian became the patriot who devoted his best energies to obtaining the freedom of Texas and the upbuilding of this great State.

MARRIAGE CAUSE OF FLIGHT.

"From facts in my own memory and others obtained from

contemporaries now long dead I believe that this marriage and the mysterious separation that followed are easily explained by a single analysis of the physical and spiritual natures of Houston and his bride, rather than the wild rumors and exaggerations current at the time it occurred.

"General Houston, as I remember him, was a man powerfully built, wonderful in animal strength and vitality and of an ardent and romantic temperament, revelling in the ideal. He idolized his wife extravagantly; to him she was the fairest woman that ever the sun shone on. He gave her admiration and devotion and expected the same from her.

"Their courtship reads like an old romance. There was a stately house three miles from Gallatin, Tenn., on the bluffs of the Cumberland River. Here lived John Allen, an old fashioned country gentleman, whose daughter was at once the delight and despair of the young cavaliers. Beautiful and queenly, the lily was not purer nor marble colder than this stately lady. She was a Greek in her repose, perfect in feature and figure, but with a spiritual something that the Greeks never possessed.

ALL ARE TURNED AWAY.

"The wooers came from far to woo. She listened to them patiently; said 'no' gently, but decidedly, and then turned away unmoved by their entreaties, never even looking around as they galloped off. She was well educated and her conversation, like herself, was at once sensible, graceful and dignified.

"In her train was one who never spoke of his love, feeling that his suit was hopeless. And him she loved, as she confessed to one of her bridesmaids on the eve of her wedding. Who the unknown suitor was, why he never spoke, there are only conjectures; his name never passed her lips.

"Meanwhile Houston came to Gallatin—Houston the soldier, friend and comrade of General Andrew Jackson; Houston the Governor, and always Houston the cavalier, booted and spurred, 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form.'

"Surely there was never a lover whose honors clustered as thick around him; no wonder the unknown suitor hung back

when such a gallant entered the list. He wooed and won and wedded the beautiful Miss Allen in January, 1820.

One of the bridesmaids, who died only a few years ago, described to me all the details of the wedding. For weeks before she said, the bride was in a state of melancholy, openly acknowledging that she acceded to the Governor's suit only at her parents' solicitation. But it was not until the wedding day came, and they were decking her in her bridal finery, that she confessed that although many had addressed her, the one whom she loved had never spoken, yet she knew he loved her.

"It was too late then, for soon there was a clatter of hoofs, and the Governor and his cavalcade of friends came galloping up on gayly caparisoned horses, with spurs jingling. The Governor, the bridesmaid told me, was faultlessly arrayed in a magnificent suit of black over which was thrown a voluminous Spanish cloak lined with scarlet. Shortly afterward the marriage ceremony was performed.

"The Governor took his bride to the capital, and there the honeymoon was passed amid great festivities. The citizens of every rank vied in attention to the distinguished couple; never before had the executive mansion been so graced.

PART AT MANOR HOUSE.

"After three months of what was to outward appearances a happy honeymoon, the bride went home on a visit. The Governor followed in a few days, and there at the manor house, where they were married, husband and wife parted forever. What passed no one knows, as the lips of both were ever afterward sealed on the subject.

"Governor Houston returned to Nashville and sent his resignation as Governor to his old comrade, General William Hall, Speaker of the Senate, who succeeded him. After resigning he went into the forest, and, forsaking civilization, lived with his old friends, the Cherokee Indians. The nation was startled to learn that in a day the Governor of a flourishing commonwealth had been transformed into an Indian brave.

" 'Eliza stands acquitted by me,' General Houston said in a

letter to a friend. 'I received her as a virtuous and chaste wife, and as such I pray God I may ever regard her; and I trust I ever shall. She was cold to me, and I thought did not love me.'

"This is the true explanation of the seeming mystery. To a man like Houston, all fire and passion, the constant rebuffs of a cold nature like his wife's were unbearable.

"After the Governor had abandoned civilization many wild rumors were rife, and to repel any blame that might attach to his wife, a public meeting of prominent citizens of the town and county was held, at which strong resolutions were unanimously adopted upholding the good name of his wife.

CALLED IN DISGUISE.

"Here I wish to present a chapter in the narrative that has not before been known to the world, which was given to me by the bridesmaid mentioned before, who received it from Mrs. Houston herself. One day, while in the garden of the manor house on the river bluff, the housemaid came and announced to Mrs. Houston that a stranger, tall man, was in the reception room, asking to see her.

"On entering the room, with her woman's instinct, she saw at a glance that the stranger was the late Governor Houston, artfully disguised. He arose and made his old time courtly salutation, which alone might have betrayed him to a less shrewd person than his wife. She requested him to be seated.

"He did not suspect that his disguise was detected, nor did he during the interview give any explanation of the object of his visit. He conversed in a commonplace manner about the weather and condition of the river. Neither did she in any way hint that she knew him, but all the time the visitor was gazing intently at her as if to fasten her features more surely in his memory. Then he arose, made another profound bow and passed out, going down the river by a difficult passage in the high bluff.

"There he entered a canoe, which had been tied by his own hands, paddled to the opposite bank, and disappeared in the thick forest.

“General Houston’s subsequent career, his life among the Indians, leading him finally to the West; his eventful course in Texas, fighting for the independence of the State; rising to the rank of commander-in-chief, and driving out the Mexicans; his election to the Presidency of Texas, and, after the annexation to the United States, his serving as Governor, and later as United States Senator, are all matters of history.

“In the early months of 1853 I met him at Washington, and was invited to his room at his boarding house. Very adroitly, after more than one interview, he led me to speak of his wife, and then succeeded question after question, many of them of the most trivial character, in regard to her.

“Mrs. Houston finally obtained a divorce on grounds of abandonment, and was afterward married to Dr. Elmore Douglas, of Gallatin. She met her death in the winter of 1862 in the opera house at Gallatin. She was there with her children, who were rehearsing for private theatricals. A trapdoor, having been carelessly left open, Mrs. Houston fell through it, suffering a fracture of the hip. She died shortly afterward.”

REMARKABLE RECORD OF THE HASKELLS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

(T. C. DE LEON, IN "TOWN TOPICS," November, 1907.)

The South Carolinians were notable during all the war, in the field, the council and in society. Tall Jim Fraser and classic Sam Shannon divided the vote feminine for "the handsomest man in the army," and cultured Frank Parker, adjutant-general to that unfortunate commander, Braxton Bragg, was no bad second. At dances and theatricals, as in the red sport of war, all three were in the front rank. All have passed across the border, the first two years ago, and Shannon wasting intellect and elegance in a new home in the far West. Parker settled in Mobile, married Miss Troost, of the old Battle family, and has grown children. One year ago all representative classes of his adopted city followed the bier of this true old cavalier.

It was Barnard E. Bee who christened Stonewall on Manassas field, just before his brave spirit went upward "in the arms of the white-winged angels of glory." And Wade Hampton, wounded at Bull Run, and again severely on the retreat from Gettysburg, he was the same high-natured patriot in war and peace. One battle sadly proved the mettle of that race. Both of the general's boys were in his legion. Wade, his first-born, and handsome, sunny-hearted Preston, his very Benjamin. The latter rushed recklessly into the hottest of the charge, far in advance of the line. The father called to Wade: "Bring the boy back!" The elder brother spurred to the front, saw the other reel in the saddle and caught him as he fell, mortally wounded. At the moment a bullet tore through his shoulder and the father rode up to find one son dead and his bleeding brother supporting him.

The general took the body tenderly in his arms, kissed the white face, and handed it to Tom Taylor.

"Care for Wade's wound," he called. "Forward, men!" All through that long and bitter day the soldier fought with lead

whirring by his ears and lead in his heart. It was not until the doubtful fight was ended that he knew that the other son still lived. Brutus of old was no more true than Hampton.

The women of the Prestons, the Chestnuts, and many another Carolina family proved the truth of good old blood. One gentle old Carolina lady, calm and tender of heart, was as heroic as Hampton. A veritable "mother in Israel," she was as Roman as he. What one in Judea or the seven-hilled city sent seven spears to victory for Joshua or David—for Scipio or Caesar? Yet this Christian mother of the South hear the thunder of hostile guns without one tremor, nursed her children, torn by their shells, without repining, but with perfect trust in the hand of the One Dispenser.

Mrs. Charles Thompson Haskell (Sophia Langdon Cheves, daughter of Colonel Langdon Cheves) had seven sons in the army around Richmond when I met her at Mrs. Stanard's, in one of the several visits she made to tend their wounds. All of them had been privates in the army before the firing on Sumter. She was ever quiet, but genial, hiding what suspense and anguish held her, making, unknowingly, great history for her State and for all time.

The eldest son was Langdon Cheves Haskell, who served on the staff of General Maxey Gregg, later on the staff of General A. P. Hill, and surrendered at Appomattox as captain on the staff of "Fighting Dick" Anderson, of his own State. He married Miss Ella Wardlaw, of Abbeville, dying in 1886, and leaving three sons and one daughter, all adults.

Charles Thompson Haskell was the second son, a captain in the First Carolina Regulars, and was killed on Morris Island when Gilmore landed to attack Charleston in July, 1863. He, happily, left no widow.

The next was William Thompson Haskell. He was captain of Company H, First South Carolina volunteers, and died at the charge of that corps at Gettysburg while commanding under A. P. Hill.

Alexander Cheves Haskell lived through the day of Appomattox. He was colonel of the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry,

of ruddy record, and still lives at Columbia. His first marriage was one of the most touching romances of the war. Miss Rebecca Singleton was a dainty and lovely, but high spirited, daughter of that famed old name. In the still hopeful June of 1861 Mrs. Singleton and her daughter were at the hospital at Charlottesville, crowded so that Mrs. Chestnut (as her diary tells) took the young girl for her room-mate. "She was the free chronicler of records. Miss Singleton and Captain Haskell were engaged, and he wrote urgently for her consent to marry him at once. All was so uncertain in war, and he wished to have all his own while he lived. He got leave, came up to the hospital, and the wedding took place amid bright anticipations and showers of April tears. There was no single vacant space in the house. So Mrs. Chestnut gave up her room to the bridal pair. Duty called; the groom hurried back to it the day after the wedding. That day one year later the husband was a widower, with only the news from his far-away baby girl to solace the solitude of his tent. After the war Colonel Haskell married Miss Alice Alexander, sister of General E. P. Alexander. She died after becoming the mother of ten children, six of whom are daughters.

A very marked favorite in society and a gallant officer was John Cleves Haskell, lieutenant-colonel of light artillery when he surrendered with Lee. He married Miss Stella Hampton, who died two decades ago, leaving one daughter and three sons, all now grown up.

About seven years ago Colonel Haskell married Miss Lucy Hampton, daughter of Colonel Frank Hampton, who was killed at Brandy Station. They now live in Columbia.

Very much alive is the sixth brother, Joseph Cleves Haskell, now a resident of busy Atlanta and popular in his new home. When he gave up his sword at Appomattox he was captain and adjutant-general of the First Artillery Corps, on the staff of General E. P. Alexander. He married Miss Mary Elizabeth Cheves and the pair have a grown family of three sons and a daughter.

Last in this remarkable family roster comes Lewis Wardlaw Haskell. He was but a youth when paroled with the remnant

of the Army of Northern Virginia, having already served one year as lieutenant of reserves on the South Carolina coast. This he gave up to go to the front and serve as a private soldier and later as a courier to Colonel John C. Haskell.

Such were the exceptional sextet of brothers, whose noble mother sent them to the field and hid her parting tears. The good old blood of the noted strains that course through the veins of all her name made them stalwart, loyal and leal, and ready when duty called. They had but one sister, her mother's namesake. She is now Mrs. Langdon Cheves, of Charlotte.

From the *Confederate Veteran*, Dec., 1907.

THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, VA.

Account of the Famous Engagement by the Captain Who
Witnessed It—Took Note of the Cadets—Never
Saw Veterans Show Greater Courage
Or Do Better Fighting.

By D. H. BRUCE, of Joppa, Tenn.

Having seen a few articles about the battle of New Market, Va., fought in May, 1864, written by those who claim to have seen it, some of which I believe to be erroneous, I give my version as I saw it, believing that history should be correct. As the captain of an infantry company—A, Fifty-first Virginia—I could not see all the field of battle, of course, and can give only part of it.

We were stationed about the centre of the line of battle on the left of the pike and some little distance from it. When we got our lines formed after our regiment had run in the rain through a field freshly planted in corn and tramped it into a "loblolly" of mud, we were on level land in a wheat field, where the growing grain was about knee-high. The Yankees were in a meadow, from seventy-five to one hundred yards off, without protection to either side. Our regiment was in or near the centre. Next to us on our right was the Cadet Corps from the Virginia Military Academy; on their right was Imboden's Brigade. On our left I recall Edgar's, Clark's, and Derrick's Battalions. There were others, but I cannot recall them.

Our regiment lay down and the Yankees stood up. We were facing down the valley to the east, and we stayed in that position and fired as fast as we could load for one hour and fifteen minutes, according to a man who was not in the battle and noted the time.

THE ARTILLERY.

In front of the left wing of our regiment, a little over a hundred yards from us, was a battery of artillery, which played on us with shell, grape, canister, and shrapnel. After we had fought for a considerable time I saw Imboden's men giving way, and also saw that the cadet boys were confused and giving way. I had been noticing the cadet boys (and boys they were at that time) on the right of our regiment, right out of school, and we were old veterans. I was curious to see how they would stand fire, and I saw them stand and fight like regulars. I never saw soldiers fight better than they did. They stood up and took it in military style, while we, who had been there three years in many battles and knew the danger of Yankee lead, lay as flat on the ground as we could get.

When the cadets gave way, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe, commanding our regiment, standing behind me, said: "Captain, what had we better do?" I answered, "You are the colonel," meaning that he was my superior and it was his place to command the regiment. I did not think our regiment would run, as I had never seen it driven off a field in three years. I didn't see Colonel Wolfe any more in the battle; suppose he went to the head of the regiment. My company was doing fine work. It was made up of boys out of the mountains of Wise county, Va.—all good shots and not excitable. I could see the Yankees in front of us falling right and left. I said to the boys: "Draw low and fire at their knees; don't overshoot; keep steady; we will whip them." I seemed to feel that we would whip them.

THE FOUR COMPANIES.

There were four companies of our regiment on our right. My company was A, and belonged at the head of the regiment; but when on the march we walked so fast that the command could not keep up, and General Wharton put us back in the right centre. Those companies on our right gave way one at a time, slowly falling back; they dropped down to try to stay under the shot and shell from the enemy that seemed to keep the air blue. I called to the company next to mine to stand firm,

as I was not going to run. My men always told me they never would run until I did, and I believed them. The officer tried to hold his company, but could not. I saw something had to be done, and saw no officer of higher rank than myself. The time had come for no foolishness; at least half our command was giving way.

A few steps behind us there was a little lane with low fencing—an old worn rail fence. Behind this lane was the cornfield, tramped into a “loblolly.” I thought that if I undertook to run my company through that muddy field we would all get killed, so I concluded to fall back in the lane and get behind the fence and the right would rally on us. I dropped my company back and tried it, but the other men failed to rally. Corporal John Wampler, of my company, a six-footer, got up and looked over the field and exclaimed: “Captain, the Yánkees are running on the left.” I saw some two or three hundred yards off Derrick’s Battalion going toward the enemy. I gave the command, “Attention!” which brought my company to their feet; then I told them to “Forward! Double-quick! Charge!” My company and the whole left raised that old rebel yell, and at them we went. The right, when they saw us going forward, turned and came back with a yell. When we got half-way to them, I saw they had their horses to the artillery and were starting. I gave the command to “Fire left oblique into that artillery!” It seems that I can still see the guns of my company turned in a left oblique direction and firing. All the riders on the artillery horses who were not hit jumped off and struck the ground on a run. They turned everything loose. My company went straight forward to the right of the artillery. By the time we got half-way to the Yankee line they were running, going their best, but shooting back and hitting a good many of our men. They had a reserve line behind, but the first line ran through it and tangled it so badly that it went too.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

After we had run them a good way, Sergeant Wampler, than whom a better soldier never fought, now a Southern Methodist preacher, threw his hand to his shoulder and said: “Captain, I

am wounded." I answered, after placing my hand on my right thigh: "I am wounded, too; both of us are badly wounded." I told my first lieutenant, Kennedy, to take charge of the company, and I stood and watched them go out of sight on a run. Our men captured, so I understood, about 1,500 prisoners.

Our regiment went into battle with about 500 men, 5 per cent. of whom were killed and wounded. I have seen it stated in papers that the Cadet Corps captured that artillery. If they captured any artillery, it was not the six pieces that my company fired left oblique into. That battery was left oblique from my company, and the cadets were beyond four companies to our right. I have thought that maybe after we had run the Yankees off they came across the artillery and took possession of it and, like boys, thought they had captured it. I would not take any honor from them, for they were brave.

An article sometime ago in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, I understood, stated that Edgar's Battalion ran over our regiment and captured the artillery. No battalion or regiment ever ran over our regiment and took our front in any battle.

The cadets and Edgar's Battalion did not both capture it. I have given this account as I saw and understood the battle.

THE SURRENDER OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

He Did Not Offer His Sword to General Grant.

During my sojourn at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, Virginia, last summer, as resident physician, I interviewed a number of our Southern people, both young and old, as well as a few Northern and Western people, as to whether General Robert E. Lee offered to surrender his sword to General U. S. Grant on the 9th day of April, 1865, at Appomattox, Va., and have been surprised to find that nine out of ten, including some old Confederate veterans, positively state that Lee did offer his sword to Grant, and that the latter was magnanimous enough to refuse it. The following, taken from the *Confederate Veteran*, Vol. VIII, May, 1900, page 204. J. F. J. Caldwell, of Greenwood, S. C., says :

"I wish to call attention to the story of General Grant's refusal to accept the surrender of General Lee's sword at Appomattox, a story without a particle of foundation in fact and utterly unreasonable, yet widely circulated by Northern speakers and writers, and credited by a good many people in the South.

"The account of the ceremonies attending the return of the flag of the Eighth Texas Cavalry, in the *Veteran* of December, 1899, reports Governor Sayers as saying: 'And finally Appomattox came and General Lee surrendered; the great, heroic, magnanimous Grant refuses to take his sword.'

"Colonel Charles Marshall, who was, I believe, the only officer accompanying General Lee on the occasion, has disclaimed that anything of the kind occurred.

"Dr. J. William Jones, in 'Personal Reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee,' at page 303, reports General Lee as making a similar statement during a conversation with a company of friends, as follows :

"'General Grant returned your sword, did he not?' asked

one of the company. The old hero straightened himself up and replied: 'No, sir, he did not. I was determined that the side-arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of the surrender, and, of course, I did not offer him mine. All that was said about swords was that General Grant apologized to me for not having his own sword, saying that it had been taken off in his baggage, and he had been unable to get it in time.'

"General John B. Gordon, in his 'Reminiscences of the Civil War,' page 462, says, in speaking of General Grant:

"In his 'Memoirs' he has given a quietus to that widely-circulated romance that he returned to Lee his proffered sword. I do not doubt that he would have done so; but there was no occasion for Lee's offering it, because in the terms agreed upon it was stipulated that the Confederate officers retain their side-arms.'"

I have seen a Northern history in which Lee was represented as presenting his sword to Grant. Correct history is all we ask for—no prevaricating on either side. And I would ask that our young people especially be taught the truth of this matter.

Respectfully,

W. B. CONWAY, M. D.,

Late Corporal Co. C, 4th Va. Cav.

Atlanta, Ga.

From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, Sep. 15, 1907.

COMPANY G OF THE 18th VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Roll of a Company That Did Valiant Service In the Dark Days.

The following is the roll of Company G, Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry:

W. D. Ervin, captain. Captured at McConnellsburg, Pa. Now dead.

W. C. S. Jordan, lieutenant. Captured at McConnellsburg, Pa. Now dead.

George H. Payne, lieutenant. Dead.

John T. Byrd, first lieutenant. Living; address, Williams-ville, Va.

J. N. Potts, lieutenant. Living; address, Huntington, W. Va.

Drumright, Richard-Ord, sergeant. Know nothing of him now.

Pullin, George W., sergeant. Dead.

Hodge, Joseph, sergeant. Kansas City, Mo.

Lange, John A., sergeant.

Moore, Brice, sergeant. Killed in battle at McConnellsburg, Pa.

Clark, Adam, corporal. Know nothing of him.

Wallace, John S., corporal. Living at Highland county, Va.

Wood, Frank M., sergeant. Dead.

Armtrout, J. C., private. Know nothing of him now.

Anthony, D. B., private. Know nothing of him now.

Anthony, James, private. Know nothing of him now.

Alestock, Simon, private. Dead.

Angus, Z. P., private. Know nothing of him now.

Airheart, C., private. Dead.

Beaty, John, private. Dead.

Beaty, George, private. Living at Mingo, W. Va.

Bright, John E., private. Know nothing of him now.

- Bright, D. F., private. Know nothing of him now.
Burns, J. W., private. Dead.
Burns, W. W., private. Killed in battle, December 23, 1864.
Burns, Muggart M., private. Living; Bath county.
Burns, Crawford, private. Living; Bath county.
Brent, J. W., private. Know nothing of him.
Blagg, J. H., private. Living; Doe Hill, Highland county, Va.
Bishop, J. A., private. Dead.
Beck, Alex., private. Living; Marble Valley, Va.
Bennett, Jonathan, private. Know nothing of him; think he was killed.
Corbet, Muscoe, private. Living; Highland county, Va.
Coyner, William, private. Living; Clifton Forge, Va.
Coyner, R. A., private. Living; Clifton Forge, Va.
Coff, J. B., private. Living; Beverly, W. Va.
Cupp, Henry, private.
Cupp, J. B., private. Not known.
Carpenter, J. W., private. Living; Burnsville, Va.
Carpenter, George D. A., private. Died in prison 1863.
Carpenter, John M., private. Died in prison.
Caricoff, John, private. Dead.
Chandler, S. W., private. Living.
Chandler, Sam., private. Living; West Virginia.
Carter, Mark, private. Dead.
Carter, Thomas, private. Dead.
Courtney, Thomas, private. Pocahontas, W. Va.
Curry, Amos, private. Dead.
Cobb, John, private. Dead.
Campbell, Charles, private. Living.
Cobb, John, private. Dead.
Clark, Addison, private. Dead.
Daggy, D. B., private. Dead.
Dever, Jasper, private. Western Hospital, Staunton.
Douglas, Cal., private. Killed in battle.
Douglas, R. B., private. Living; Sittington, Va.
Dunlap, R. B., private. Living; Augusta county.
Drumright, R. C., private. Know nothing of him.
Edmond, J. J., private. Know nothing of him.
Evick, Michael, private. Dead.

Ervin, J. S., private. Dead.
Ervin, James, private. Not known.
Ervin, Milton, private. Not known.
Ervin, T. C., private. Not known.
Erwin, J. W., Private. Not known.
Ervin, Dr. James, private. Dead.
Eubank, John T., private. Dead.
Forbes, J. A., private. Know nothing.
Fry, James, private. Know nothing.
Gillet, Thomas, private. Know nothing.
Gilliland, Sydney, private. Dead.
Gibson, Stephen, private. Dead.
Ginger, Sam, private. Living; Hively, Va.
Greever, James, private. Living; Staunton, Va.
Griner, George, private. Know nothing.
Gay, Paul, private. Know nothing.
Garrison, John, private. Died in prison 1863.
Hive, Peter J., private. Dead.
Hoover, Henry, private. Know nothing.
Hoover, Jacob A., private. Know nothing.
Harrouff, James H., private. Living; West Virginia.
Hiner, Byrd, private. Dead.
Hickman, William A., private. Know nothing.
Hicks, John, private. Dead.
Hicks, David, private. Know nothing.
Hepler, Sam, private. Living; Goshen, Va.
Hook, Newton, private. Dead.
Hodge, William, private. Living; Williamsville, Va.
Hodge, Joseph, private. Dead.
Hodge, Ruben, private. Dead.
Jack, David, private. Know nothing.
Johns, Dave, private. Killed in battle.
Jordan, John, private. Living; Highland county, Va.
Jack, John, private. Died in prison 1864.
Kramer, Philip, private. Know nothing.
Kirkpatrick, Charles, private. Living; Bath county.
Kincaid, Floyd, private. Living; Williamsville, Va.
Kyle, David, private. Dead.
Kyle, George, private. Dead.

- Lindsey, William H., private. Dead.
Lindsey, Robert D., private. Living; Green Valley, Va.
Lindsey, Paul, private. Not known.
Lysle, James, private. Died in prison, 1863, with fever.
Lysle, Thomas, private. Died in prison.
Lysle, Ben, private. Living; Bath county, Va.
Leach, Sylvester, private. Not known.
Lawrence, William, private. Dead.
Lair, John, color-bearer. Living; Bath county, Va.
Lange, William. Living; Augusta County, Va.
Lange, John S. Living; West Virginia.
McElwee, William D., private. Living; Elkins, W. Va.
McClung, John A., private. Died in prison 1863.
McAllister, J. W., private. Living; McClung, Va.
McCray, Thomas, private. Dead.
Matheng, O. P., private. Dead.
McInian, James M., private. Dead.
Nott, Markwood, private. Dead.
Potts, L. G., private. Living; Elkins, W. Va. A minister now.
Propps, James, private. Dead.
Pritt, Jim, private. Died in prison, 1864, of smallpox.
Pulle, G. W. D., private. Died in prison, 1864.
Powell, Wash., private. Know nothing.
Rhea, J. S., private. Living; Millboro, Va.
Robson, John, private. Dead.
Right, Tyler, private. Dead.
Right, James, private. Dead.
Syple, Samuel, private. Living; Pendleton county, W. Va.
Shelton, Thomas, private. Killed in battle.
Shelton, Dave, private. Know nothing.
Shelton, Jim, private. Know nothing.
Swearingin, John, private. Not known.
Stinespring, Henry, private. Dead.
Siple, Sam, private. Living; West Virginia.
Stewart, Fred., private. Know nothing.
Stewart, Ned, private. Dead.
Stewart, Henry D., private. Living; Huntington, W. Va.
Stewart, Ferdinand, private. Died in prison, 1864.
Sheetz, Andrew, private. Not known.

- Swearingin, William, private. Not known.
Tuning, B. F., private. Died in prison, 1863.
Tuning, A. W., private. Living in Illinois.
Thomas, John, private. Not known.
Vint, Josiah, private. Know nothing.
Vint, Esau, private. Know nothing.
Vint, George, private. Living; Doe Hill, Va.
Vint, Hamilton, private. Dead.
Vance, John, private. Know nothing; was dangerously wounded.
Wallace, John S., private. Highland county, Va.
Wallace, William H., private. Williamsville, Va.
Wallace, C. R., private. Living; Williamsville, Va.
Williams, James T., private. Know nothing.
Williams, Jeff, private. Know nothing.
Williams, Erastus, private. Living; Bath county, Va.
Williams, Robert, private. Dead.
Wright, James H., private. Dead.
Wright, Tyler, private. Dead.
Woods, F. M., private. Died in prison, 1863.
Whitmore, James, private. Parnassus, Va.
Walton, John, private. Living.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 20-27, 1907.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION—A REVIEW OF BLED SOE'S ABLE WORK.

An Epitome of the Views of Webster, Calhoun and
Other Famous Statesmen.

By FREDERICK WILMER SIMS, Louisa, Va.

"Is Davis a Traitor, or Was Secession a Constitutional Right, Previous to the War of 1861?" By Albert Taylor Bledsoe, A. M., L. L. D., late professor of mathematics in the University of Virginia. Republished by Mary Barksdale Newton, in memory of her husband, Virginius Newton, of Richmond, Va. The Hermitage Press, Inc., 1907, Richmond, Va.

As expressed in its preface:

"It is not the design of this book to open the subject of secession" (but merely to discuss that subject from the standpoint of abstract right), "in order to vindicate the character of the South for loyalty, and to wipe off the charges of treason and rebellion from the names and memories of Jefferson Davis, 'Stonewall' Jackson, Albert Sydney Johnston, Robert E. Lee and all who fought and suffered in the great war of coercion."

The recent Confederate Reunion at Richmond, Va., where gathered once again the survivors of the historic struggle of 1861-5, makes timely the republication of the work under review; and, as a valuable contribution to the history of this subject, this work should be included in all public libraries and generally read.

It is true that it cannot be claimed for this work that it is a dispassionate summary of the arguments which have been advanced on both sides of the great question which it discusses. It was written too close to the culmination of the deadly strife in arms for this to be expected. It does not contain altogether a complete statement of the arguments which have been advanced in support of the position taken by the author; and it

fails to bring out the full force of the opposing arguments. It, however, presents many of such arguments, pro and con, in a new and forceful way, and no student of the subject should lose the benefit of the reasoning and of the historic research displayed in this work.

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

The history of the authorship of the initial clause of our Federal Constitution, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America"; and of the writing of it by Gouverneur Morris, the draftsman of the "committee on style"; and of its adoption by the whole convention in absolute silence, is peculiarly instructive and interesting reading.

In this connection will be remembered Mr. Calhoun's suggestion, in his debate with Mr. Webster in 1833, that this phraseology—"We, the people," etc.—was used as expressing only the condition of the people under the old Confederacy and before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, as it speaks of a time before such adoption, and was not intended to express the condition in which the people would exist after the adoption of such Constitution. The historical explanation of the use of this language, disclosed by the work under review, is much more satisfactory.

The reasoning of the author, based on the *Federalist*, the Madison papers, the debates of the convention and on what was at the time of such convention known of the history, compacts between, and confederations of, sovereign States, seems conclusive of the proposition that the Federal Constitution was formed by a compact between the original acceding States, in their capacity as sovereign States, acting for themselves and for the people of the several States, respectively; and that such Constitution was not formed by the people of the United States as a whole, acting individually and nationally, with respect to the national powers delegated.

It will be remembered that Mr. Calhoun brought all the weight of his great character and fervid eloquence to maintain

the affirmative of that proposition; and that Mr. Webster combatted such affirmative in that epoch-making speech of his in 1833—even more memorable and able than that delivered by him in his perhaps more famous debate with Mr. Payne. Indeed, it seems to have been assumed by Mr. Calhoun, as an elemental and unassailable proposition, and conceded by Mr. Webster (strange as it may seem now, reviewing the question from his standpoint), that it would inevitably result from this that, whatever sovereign States may have bound together, they could put asunder.

But did this conclusion necessarily follow?

Viewing the question in the light of past history alone, it would seem that it did. Assigning to sovereign States the attributes therefore considered as inhering in the very nature of sovereignty, it would seem that the States of 1787 could not, "in order to form a more perfect union," or for any other purpose, yield and surrender any portion of their sovereignty in such a manner as to bind posterity.

VIRGINIA'S ACTION.

Virginia, indeed, that there might be left no doubt as to her conception of this matter, acting for her people, in her ordinance of ratification of the Federal Constitution, expressly reserved the right to resume the powers delegated to the Federal Government, "whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression."

The idea of the individual citizen having surrendered, absolutely, certain natural rights, in order that civil society or government might be formed, under the theory of the "original contract," the "social contract," the "social compact," or the "implied social compact," discussed by numerous European writers,—some treating such "contract" or "compact" as having been in fact made, some as wholly imaginary and some as implied,—was familiar to the framers of our Federal Constitution. But the conception that a sovereign State could make such surrender, absolutely, of certain sovereign rights, in order to form civil society or government, was, at the time of the formation and adoption of our Federal Constitution, wholly new.

Pelotiah Webster, in 1783, first expressed the idea that a Federal Government could be formed that "should act, not on the States, but directly on individuals." (To him Dr. Bledsoe refers in note on page 52 of the work under review, but inadvertently gives the credit of the idea mentioned to Noah Webster.) The former, it is true, conceived the idea of the possibility of a divided sovereignty; but even by him, the idea that the States could surrender, absolutely, certain sovereign rights—as individuals might surrender certain natural rights—seems not to have been clearly defined. He saw as but "through a glass, darkly" on this subject. In truth neither he nor any of his contemporaries had any aid toward reaching the conclusion that a divided sovereignty might be made absolute, from any historic light upon the matter.

HANNIS TAYLOR'S VIEW.

As we now know, as expressed by many modern writers and speakers, but by none more clearly and succinctly than by the learned author, Mr. Hannis Taylor, in his article in the *North American Review* (Vol. 185, No. 8, pp. 816-7):

"From the days of the Greek Leagues down to the making of the present Constitution of the United States, all Federal Governments have been constructed upon a single plan, at once clumsy and inefficient. The most perfect of the Greek Leagues was the Achaian, of which the founders really knew nothing . . .

"The only Federal Governments with whose internal organizations the builders of the Federal Republic were really familiar, and whose histories had any practical effect upon their work, were those which had grown up between the Low-Dutch communities, at the mouth of the Rhine, and the High-Dutch communities in the mountains of Switzerland and upon the plains of Germany. Down to the making of our present Federal Constitution, the confederation of Swiss Cantons, the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the German Confederation, really represented the total advance made by the modern world in the structure of Federal Governments. Such advance was embodied in the idea of a Federal system made up of a union of States, cities, or districts, representatives from which composed a single Federal Assembly, whose supreme power could be brought to

bear, not upon individual citizens, but upon cities of States of such. The basic principle upon which all such fabrics rested was the requisition system, under which the Federal head was simply endowed with the power to make requisitions for men and money upon the States or cities composing the league for Federal purposes; while the States alone, in their corporate capacity, possessed the power to execute and enforce them. The first advance made by the English colonies in America in the path of Federal union ended with the making of our first Federal Constitution embodied in what is known as the Articles of Confederation. Up to that point nothing new had been achieved; the fruit of the first effort was simply a confederation on the old plan, with the Federal power vested in a single assembly that could deal only through the requisition system with the States as States."

The same author last quoted then clearly shows that the idea, first conceived by Pelatiah Webster, that a supreme Federal Government might be formed "acting directly upon the subject or citizen, and not upon the cities of States composing the league," was an original contribution by our Federal Constitution. He says (*Idem* p. 822):

"When the final analysis is made, it appears that our career as a nation has so far given birth to only three basic political ideas, which may be considered as original contributions to the science of politics:

"(1) Constitutional limitations on legislative power, a State creation, from which resulted the power of courts to declare legislative acts null and void . . .

"(2) Interstate citizenship, . . . which originated in the Articles of Confederation . . .

"(3) The idea of supreme Federal Government strictly organized and operating directly on the citizen, and not on the States composing the federation"

The idea of a supreme Federal Government, such as that formed by our Federal Constitution, being, therefore, an absolutely new contribution by it to the science of politics, without any precedent in history, and the basic principle upon which it rests being that of the possibility of a divided sovereignty—a

thing therefore by all and since by many, deemed an impossibility—the Federal Government to be supreme with respect to certain sovereign powers delegated to it and surrendered by the States; and the State Governments, or the people thereunder, to remain sovereign and supreme with respect to certain powers not delegated to the States, or to the people thereof—it needed no Cassandra to foretell that long years of debate, and, perchance, the trial by wage of battle, would be needed to define and fix the resultant effect of so momentous an innovation in matters of government.

And this indeed has come to pass.

Was the delegation and surrender by the States of a portion of their sovereign power to the Federal Government absolute—irrevocable? Upon this pivotal question the decision turned.

That it was not so intended by the framers of the Federal Constitution, or, if so intended, that they did not dare avow such an intention, is matter of historic knowledge. That if such an avowal had been made, the Federal Constitution would not have been ratified or adopted by the necessary number of three-fourths of the States, is matter of like knowledge. That for many years following the adoption of such Constitution such an intention found no advocates, but that the contrary view prevailed, both north and south, is equally demonstrated by history. Mr. Webster (Daniel) himself, when, in one of his later speeches, he said: "I do not hesitate to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, the South would be no longer bound to keep the compact. A bargain broken on one side is broken on all sides" (see page 101 of Dr. Bledsoe's work), appears not to have had clearly defined in his mind the idea for which he had in former years so strenuously contended, that the States entering into the Federal compact had surrendered absolutely and irrevocably the sovereign powers delegated to the Federal Government. There was, indeed, up to the very commencement of hostilities, no settled conviction on this subject, even in the North, contrary to the historic view of it, which prevailed almost unanimously in the South. As Mr. Henderson, in his most admirable work (*Stonewall Jackson*, Vol. I., page 117), says:

"Mr. Lincoln's predecessor in the presidential chair had publicly proclaimed that coercion was both illegal and inexpedient; and for the three months which intervened between the secession of South Carolina and the inauguration of the Republican President, the Government made not the slightest attempt to interfere with the peaceable establishment of the new Confederacy. Not a single soldier reinforced the garrisons of the military posts in the South. Not a single regiment was recalled from the Western frontiers, and the seceded States, without a word of protest, were permitted to take possession, with few exceptions, of the forts, arsenals, navy yards and custom-houses which stood in their own territory. It seemed that the Federal Government was only waiting until an amicable arrangement might be arrived at as to the terms of separation.

"If, in addition to the words in which she had assented to the Constitution, further justification were needed for the belief of Virginia in the right of secession, it was assuredly to be found in the apparent want of unanimity on so grave a question even in the Republican party, and in the quiescent attitude of the Federal Government."

It remained, therefore, for the stern arbitrament of war to decide what was before undecided, namely, that the framers of the Federal Constitution had builded stronger than they knew, or, at least, than they had avowed; and that they had indeed contributed to posterity a new principle of political science, to-wit: that sovereignty may be divided, and that a sovereign State may yield and surrender absolutely and irrevocably certain of its sovereign rights, even as an individual may yield and surrender absolutely and irrevocably certain of his natural rights, in order to form civil government.

Meanwhile, until this momentuous decision was so made, it was but following the dictates of the highest patriotism and loyalty to truth, as Dr. Bledsoe clearly demonstrates, for "all who fought and suffered in the great war of coercion" to hazard their all, as they did in that great struggle, with an unselfish devotion that in itself is a priceless heritage to posterity.

As so admirably said by that inimitable historian (Mr. Henderson) last quoted (Vol. I. p. 123):

"The North, in resolving to maintain the Union by force of

arms, was upheld by the belief that she was acting in accordance with the Constitution. The South, in asserting her independence and resisting coercion, found moral support in the same conviction, and the patriotism of those who fought for the Union was neither purer nor more ardent than the patriotism of those who fought for States' rights. Long ago, a Parliament of that nation to which Jackson and so many of his compatriots owed their origin, made petition to the Pope that he should require the English King to respect the independence of Scotland, and mind his own affairs. So long as 100 of us are left alive, said the signatories, 'we will never in any degree be subjected to the English. It is not for glory, or for riches, or for honor that we fight, but for liberty alone, which no good man loses but with his life.' More than 500 years later, for the same noble cause and in the same uncompromising spirit, the people of Virginia made appeal to the God of Battles."

The whole of this admirable summary, by an impartial historian, is applicable to the South as a whole, and forecasts, if it does not indeed itself pronounce, the final judgment of history.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 23, 1907.

HOW MOSQUITOES PREVENTED CAPTURE OF FARRAGUT.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 22, 1907.

That a mosquito bite once stood between Admiral Farragut and death, and that ninety bodies now moulder in the old monitor *Tescumseh*, lying in the gulf off Fort Morgan, Ala., are facts discovered by Rear-Admiral E. E. Roberts, U. S. N. (retired), who is here for the first time since 1862, when, as a lieutenant of engineers, attached to Admiral Farragut's Squadron, he was in all the notable naval operations along the Southern coast and came up the Mississippi River and captured New Orleans. Admiral Roberts was with Admiral Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay. He was at the capture of Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, and at that time was a messmate of Admiral Dewey, who was then a lieutenant-commander. Admiral Roberts recently visited the old forts near Mobile, Ala.

"I have learned," said Admiral Roberts, "that in the summer of 1863, before the attempt was made to run by Forts Morgan and Gaines, mosquitoes prevented the death or capture of Admiral Farragut. The mortar fleet of Admiral Farragut, while anchored in Mississippi Sound, within shelling distance of Fort Powell, at Grant's Pass, was bombarding that stronghold. Admiral Farragut was on one of the blockading vessels at Sand Island, in the gulf off Mobile Bay. In order to personally look after the shelling operations the admiral would run down the island on the gulf side, land in a small boat opposite the mortar fleet, and cross Dauphin Island, which was very narrow at that point. He would meet a small boat on the sound side, which conveyed him to the mortar fleet.

"On these trips he was usually accompanied by one man, his secretary or aid, and as the crossing was made within a mile of the woods, which extended not much over a mile from Fort Gaines, a party of Confederates, stationed at Fort Gaines, decided to make an effort to capture Admiral Farragut.

"This party included Sergeant Wiley Wagner, Corporal William Foster and Private Harry Savage, of Company E, 1st Confederate Georgia Regiment. Taking with them three days' rations and water, they went at night to the place where the crossing was usually made and secreted themselves in the marsh grass. Their idea was that if they could capture Admiral Farragut and his companion they could reach the woods in safety. They did not think they would be fired upon because of fear of the bombarding fleet of striking the admiral. The Confederates planned to capture the admiral if possible and hold him as hostage, but to kill him if he resisted and run the risk of injury to themselves.

The three Confederates remained hidden in high marsh grass on Dauphin Island for two days and three nights, but for some reason Admiral Farragut did not make his regular daily visit to the mortar fleet. Dauphin Island has a reputation for mosquitoes equal to that of Jersey, and the Confederates suffered tortures as they lay exposed to hordes of the fierce insects. On the morning of the third day the three men, more dead than alive, crawled back to Fort Gaines and abandoned the plan to make Admiral Farragut a prisoner. They were on the sick list for a week.

"The very day the attempt was abandoned Admiral Farragut resumed his visits to the mortar fleet.

"The monitor *Tecumseh*," continued Admiral Roberts, "still lies in the harbor off Fort Morgan, and ninety bodies are yet in the old war vessel. The *Tecumseh* was sunk by a submarine torpedo, which blew in the bottom. As the only means of exit was the turret, through which only one man could pass at a time, the ninety fighters aboard went down with the ship."

CHAPLAIN MATTHEW O'KEEFE OF MAHONE'S BRIGADE.

A Famous Priest—Sketch of his Noble and Beneficent Career.

TOWSON, MD., January 28, 1906.

Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, pastor of the Roman Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, died of pneumonia, contracted while responding to calls to attend the sick. He was seventy-eight years old and a native of Waterford, Ireland.

The oldest priest in the diocese, Father O'Keefe was the last surviving brigade chaplain of the Confederate Army, he having been chaplain of Mahone's Brigade of the Army of Northern Virginia, and a close personal friend of General Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

Father O'Keefe made himself famous throughout the South by his work during the outbreak of yellow fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth in 1855, and in 1869 won the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor by his attendance upon the officers and crew of a fever stricken French frigate that put in at Hampton Roads. He is said to have died practically penniless, having devoted his large fortune to Church work.

WAS MAHONE'S CHAPLAIN.

Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, the chaplain of General Mahone's famous brigade of the Confederate Army; the warm personal friend of Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee, yellow fever hero and member of the Legion of Honor of France, was born in the city of Waterford, Ireland, on May 11, 1828, and in January of 1902 celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest. For thirty-five years he was stationed at Norfolk, Va., where he built the finest church edifice south of Baltimore.

He had been a priest of the Catholic Church for fifty-four years, and was one of the most widely known clergymen of the archdiocese. He was a ready debater and a quick, clear thinker.

He was educated at St. John's College, at Waterford, Ireland, where, after his graduation, he served three years as professor of theology and philosophy. In his native town, when he was in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he was ordained a priest by Bishop Foran. Several months afterward he came to Baltimore and was assigned to Frostburg, being the first pastor of that parish. He was there only a short time, and although his work promised rich results, he was recalled and sent to assist in the Diocese of Richmond, then under Bishop John McGill. He was placed in charge of the work at Norfolk, where he remained for thirty-five years.

In 1855 the yellow fever broke out in Norfolk and Portsmouth, just across the river. It was during this plague that Father O'Keefe did the work that made his name famous throughout the South. He worked among the people like a hero, nursing the sick, administering the last rites of the Church to the dying, and burying the dead. He buried more than half his congregation during the epidemic.

In 1856, the year after the yellow fever plague, his church (St. Patrick's) was burnt down, but he rebuilt it, and also commenced the present St. Mary's Church of the Immaculate Conception.

HIS GIFT FROM NAPOLEON.

An incident occurred in his career in 1869, which was recognized in the most substantial manner. A French frigate arrived in Hampton Roads from the Spanish Main with yellow fever on board. Father O'Keefe was sent for to attend the sick. He responded immediately, and remained on board the frigate several days, only going ashore to bury the dead. He buried twenty-two or twenty-three of the officers and crew of the frigate at Sewell's Point, near Newport News. The dread of the fever was still in the town, and Father O'Keefe was forbidden to return to Norfolk, it being feared that he would bring the terrible disease with him. He took all proper precautions to prevent the fever spreading and came to Baltimore, where he remained two weeks, and then returned to his parish. In the meantime the admiral of the French fleet arrived in Hampton Roads looking for the fever ship.

He was informed what Father O'Keefe had done, and when the priest returned there were two letters for him from the French admiral. One was a private note, in which the admiral expressed his personal thanks for what the priest had done; the other was an official letter thanking him, in the name of the Government, for his services to the navy when in distress.

In the following spring Father O'Keefe received, through Hon. Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State, a magnificent gold watch and chain from the Emperor Napoleon, with a letter expressing his gratitude for Father O'Keefe's services. The value of the watch and chain is not less than \$500. The watch is elaborately chased, bearing the imperial crown. On one side is engraved, in bold relief, this inscription: "Presented by the Imperial Government of France to Rev. M. O'Keefe, cure of Norfolk, Va., for services rendered to the Imperial Marine, 1869." He was also enrolled as a member of the Legion of Honor of France.

Father O'Keefe served as chaplain of Mahone's Brigade, having been appointed to the position by the Confederate Secretary in 1861.

In 1887 Father O'Keefe returned to Baltimore and was appointed by Cardinal Gibbons to the chaplaincy of the Notre Dame Convent and pastor of St. Francis' Church Towson. In addition to his pastoral duties, he had taken great interest in parochial schools, and was until recently superintendent of schools for the Archdiocese of Baltimore.

CROWNING WORK OF LIFE.

It was at Towson that Father O'Keefe performed the crowning work of his notable life. He erected there the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, a magnificent marble building, trimmed with finest brownstone, and considered by many the most beautiful church in Maryland. It was built largely out of Father O'Keefe's private purse. The interior of the walls of the building are adorned with frescoed steel panels. There are a number of fine stained glass windows, and in the front of the church a mammoth window, on which there is an artistic representation of the Resurrection of Christ. There are five beautiful

marble altars. The main altar cost \$20,000, and is made of the finest Italian marble. The church is of the Gothic style of architecture, and is located on a beautiful slope over 600 feet above the level of the sea and overlooking the beautiful Dulaneys Valley and the surrounding country, and can be seen for many miles. In this beautiful church, the second of the kind which he erected, will be the tomb of the venerable priest.

Father O'Keefe lived a most austere life, and spent his large private fortune for religious and charitable purposes. For some time at Townson he lived in a building which had been formerly used as a shop.

The furniture in his room was of the most simple kind. Most of his meals consisted of bread and water or milk. After the new church was built Father O'Keefe occupied a room over the sanctuary. He gave up the parochial residence to the Sisters of the Notre Dame, who teach the parochial school, founded and endowed by him, so as to be forever free. He frequently taught classes in school, and was regarded as having a natural talent for teaching.

In appearance Father O'Keefe was handsome and of robust build. He had deep blue eyes and an abundance of gray hair. Despite his austerity, he was fond of company and an entertaining host.

Father O'Keefe was proud of his connections with the Confederate Army, and bore an intense love for the Southern people and the leaders of the Confederacy, with whom he had been so closely associated, both as a friend and as an adviser.

VISITED DAVIS IN PRISON.

When Jefferson Davis was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, he was visited daily by Father O'Keefe, who consoled the leader of the Lost Cause during the bitter hours that he was imprisoned. He was invited by the widow of Mr. Davis to accompany the body of the latter to Richmond to be entombed.

It is stated that it was the desire of Father O'Keefe that he should be buried with all the simplicity possible, but with the regulations in accord with his position in the Confederate Army,

as he wished it to be known that he died as he lived, an unreconstructed Confederate.

Cardinal Gibbons holds Father O'Keefe's memory in the highest esteem and says that he always did the work of two priests. At one time Father O'Keefe, besides performing his pastoral duties, acted as superintendent of parochial schools of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, and as editor of the *Catholic Mirror*.

Death found Father O'Keefe engrossed with great plans for the future, including the building of a magnificent Catholic high school at Towson, which would rival any institution of the kind in the country. Father O'Keefe modeled his parochial school after the public schools, using, whenever possible, the same textbooks. The only difference was that Christian doctrine is taught in the former school.

MAN OF COURAGE.

Father O'Keefe was a man of rare personal courage and a number of times in his notable career he was brought face to face with possible death amid the carnage of battle, the ravages of yellow fever, and the enmity of the Know Nothings, who had marked him for death.

One night during the time the Know Nothing party was at the height of its popularity in Virginia, two men came to the residence of Father O'Keefe and informed him that they were sent to row him across the river to Portsmouth to visit a dying man. Father O'Keefe went with them, and when the other side of the river was reached the two men told him that the sick man lived in a house some distance away. Father O'Keefe said that he then realized that he was to be assassinated, and made up his mind to fight for his life. He covered the two men, holding a revolver in each hand, and compelled them to walk ahead of him until the principal streets of Portsmouth were reached, where he caused them to be arrested. It was afterwards discovered that the two men had been selected to kill Father O'Keefe, but the timely action of the brave priest had taken the nerve of the two would-be assassins.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Father O'Keefe applied to

Bishop McGill for permission to take up arms in defense of the South. This permission was denied by the bishop, who enjoined Father O'Keefe under his sacerdotal vows not to bear arms, but stipulated that if Norfolk was attacked he could exercise the natural right of self-defense in defending his home city.

Thereupon Father O'Keefe went to Richmond and offered to lead a night attack with 500 picked men on the Federal camp at Point Lookout, below Norfolk. President Davis consented, but stipulated that a Confederate colonel must accompany the expedition. The officer arrived in Norfolk, but became intoxicated, and when he became sober again heavy reinforcements had arrived at the camp, and, much to Father O'Keefe's disappointment, the expedition had to be abandoned.

Father O'Keefe urged President Davis to set the slaves free and to allow them to take up arms in defense of the South. The latter is said to have declared, after the war, that if Father O'Keefe's advice had been heeded the result of the conflict would have been different.

HIS ONE SORROW.

Those who knew Father O'Keefe intimately were aware that one sorrow had overshadowed the latter years of his life. It was his removal from the pastorate of St. Mary's Church at Norfolk. The then ordinary of the diocese, it is said, did not approve of the elaborate improvements Father O'Keefe had in hand, but he showed his appreciation of the high personal esteem in which he held the latter by offering him the pastorate of the most important church in Richmond.

Father O'Keefe, however, left the Diocese of Virginia forever and returned to the Archdiocese of Baltimore, where he was warmly welcomed by Cardinal Gibbons and assigned to important work. Father O'Keefe was devoutly attached to the people of Norfolk of all denominations, and they warmly reciprocated his feelings. He was frequently urged to visit that city again and to be tendered a public reception, but he declined, and passed the remaining days of his life without ever again seeing the city he so dearly loved.

DEFIED GENERAL BUTLER.

One Sunday during the Civil War, while engaged in instructing some children, Father O'Keefe received the following telegram from General Benjamin Butler:

"General Butler sends his compliments to Father O'Keefe and desires to know if he prays for the Federal authorities at the vesper service."

Father O'Keefe's reply is characteristic. He wrote the following on the back of General Butler's note:

"Father O'Keefe does not return his compliments to General Butler. I do not pray for the Federal authorities at the vesper service, nor do I intend to do so. Furthermore, I never heard of such a thing."

Of course, it was thought by every one that on the receipt of the reply from Father O'Keefe General Butler would immediately order his arrest. However, he did not. Years afterwards General Butler and Father O'Keefe met, and the interchange of telegrams between them was referred to.

"I would have arrested you," said the General, "but on account of the charitable works you were performing."

"I was anxious that you should arrest me," replied the priest. "I wanted to get to the front, but the vow of obedience to my bishop prevented me. If I had been arrested I might have had an opportunity to have gone there."

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HAMPTON AND RECONSTRUCTION.

By EDWARD L. WELLS,Author of "*Hampton and His Cavalry in '64*," Columbia, S. C., 1907.

The value of this faithful presentation of a period so full of menace to all, held dear in the South, has been attested in numerous commendatory notices.

Those who suffered and endured, during this darkest era of wanton oppression, and who resisted—all-encompassed with circumstances in every way depressing—with a patriotism not to be overwhelmed, respond in every fibre to the stirring depiction. Mr. Wells served with Hampton in his famous Legion, and his previous work is the authority on the resplendant military career of the great Carolinian. As to the scope and purpose of his work the author justly says in his preface:

"This sketch is part of the biography of a people, the American people, at a most important period of its life.

"The past is the parent of the present and of the future of a people's life, as it is with every man's life.

"Hereditary inclinations, good and evil, influence a people's career, just as they influence that of an individual, and they should be equally subject to the guidance and restraint that experience imposes through conscience. Although this is an account of events happening many years ago, yet the causes producing them, at present in the background, are as full of vitality now as then—they are sleeping lions. Where treasure is, near at hand will always be lurking thieves.

"Because you may be sailing on summer seas, free of care and with no thought of tempests, you do not doubt that the ocean, now so harmless looking, will some time or other be lashed into angry waves mountain-high, by blasts at present slumbering in the caves of the winds.

"So will the demon of storm reappear from time to time in your political summer seas.

"You cannot prevent this by ignoring it, but you can save

yourself from ship-wreck by profiting by the experience of others. The miseries of Reconstruction were rendered possible only by the subversion of representative government, 'the consent of the governed,' without which all government is simply despotism, however disguised. This thing can never again take place at the South under the same pretext—the negro—for that humbug has been exploded by the unanswerable logic of the *reductio ad absurdum*. But wily, unscrupulous politicians, hungering for plunder, will sooner or later manufacture other pretexts to 'fool the people.' Next time the North or West may become the scene of such planned wholesale burglary. When that time comes the afflicted section will sorely need a political heir of the qualities of Hampton, and also sorely stand in need of the experience taught to the Southern people by their affliction.

"It is often said that the history of an epoch is best written by some one living after it, or at least outside of its noise, bustle, stir and confusion, but this is not always true. A little reflection will convince any one of its error. The keen interest that animates an absence of contemporary events stamps on his mind exact impressions of facts, and these impressions are durable as brass. If he be fairly intelligent and educated, and becomes an earnest, conscientious, life-long student of the subjects involved, with the facts grown on his mind, he is liable to arrive at approximately correct conclusions."

In narrating so important a story it was necessary to sketch briefly the youth and early manhood of Wade Hampton to give an idea of the heroic mould of the man. His brilliant record in the War between the Sections, made evident the grand exemplification that dominated and redeemed the State of South Carolina in its most desperate hour. "It will be made clear," the preface concludes; "how the State's reconstruction from the grave was brought about by Wade Hampton, and that in the pacification of the entire country, in the restoration of fraternal feeling, no man's handiwork was so widely beneficent as his; that he was in the truest, most patriotic, most exalted and most all-embracing sense of the term, a Union man."

The book is a handsome 8vo. of 238 pages, prefixed with a portrait of General Hampton as he appeared in 1876.

GENERAL HOOD'S BRIGADE.

Brave Texans Left their Native State and Achieved
Undying Fame in Virginia.

Address of DON. E. HENDERSON at Galveston Reunion in 1901.

On the occasion of the thirty-first annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade at Galveston, Judge Don E. Henderson, of Bryan, a former member of Company E, 5th Texas, Hood's Brigade, made the response to the address of welcome of Major Hume. He spoke as follows:

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND COMRADES,—The survivors of Hood's Texas Brigade at the behests of the citizens of Galveston have met in annual reunion to do honor to their dead comrades and to the memory of the Lost Cause. A year ago your city was selected for this reunion. Your condition at that time was far different from the present. Then you numbered a population of more than 40,000 souls. This was the beautiful "Oleander City"; the commercial emporium of Texas; industry stimulated trade and enterprises; faith in the future girdled your loins, and hope smiled and waved her golden wand. Since that time your Island City has been devastated by the most disastrous storm in the annals of time. Your homes have been swept away, and nearly one-fourth of your population has been destroyed. It does not need to say that on receipt of the sad intelligence of your condition, we hesitated to accept your courtesy—not that we believed it would not be graciously extended, but the fear was less we should become a burden and trespass on your hospitality. But I beg to state that this hesitation was only momentary, for we reflected that this had been the home of many of our dead comrades, who had gone forth with us to battle; that here lived, before and after the war, the gallant Sellers, of whom General Hood said, "He was the bravest of the brave," and who, though only a lieutenant-colonel and a

staff officer, led the brigade to one of the most brilliant victories of the war; and when we remembered that this was still the residence of Rogers, Humes, the Settles, Goree, Vidor, and others of our surviving comrades, we knew that you would take it ill should we change our resolution; and we are here to-day to accept of your hospitality and to mingle together in social reunion. We are glad to find your city not prostrate and despairing, but still strong and self-reliant. Like Neptune, you have taken your bath in the sea; and though your locks may be dishevelled, you are full of hope and faith in the future; and with such determination as is yours, you will yet scale the walls of adversity, and, like the Venice of old, the city of the Adriatic, Galveston, the metropolis of the new Mediterranean, will receive into her lap the riches of the Orient and rival in wealth and splendor the most renowned cities of ancient or modern times.

FOUR DECADES AGO.

Forty years have passed since the three regiments of Texans, who subsequently became known as "Hood's Brigade," left their native State and went forth to meet the invader and to do battle for the cause they believed to be just on the historic fields of the Old Dominion—years full of events; some of sorrow, some of joy, but all filled with hope as our country forged forward in the race of progress. So rapid has been the advance of the achievements of civilization, such the rush and hurry incident to a money-making age, while the old generation has been passing away, and new men, who knew not our fathers of 1861, have taken their places, it is to be feared that we are unmindful of much that added glory to our Commonwealth; we are forgetting much that contributed luster to the name and fame of the Texas soldier. But amid all this change, to us, the survivors of the Lost Cause, nothing has occurred to diminish our pride or dim our eyes to the prowess and splendor of the noble heroes who offered their lives a willing sacrifice upon the altar of their country. I trust I shall be pardoned if I recall on this occasion, at the risk of being considered prosaic and perhaps boastful, some of the events which made the name of the Texas soldier the synonym of heroism throughout the world. And to-day my

theme shall be, *How Hood's Brigade Won Its Spurs in Virginia.* To tell all of its achievements would make a book, and would worry your patience. I shall, therefore, undertake a glimpse of the campaign of 1862—the first real campaign of the war, and one in which that band of heroes carved for themselves and their State immortal fame. Had I the gift of genius or the skill of the literary artist, I might weave a romance that would set at nought the march of Xenophon and his Grecian band into the heart of Asia, or that would pale into insignificance the deeds of chivalry and valor which characterized the days of knight errantry, when Richard the Lion Hearted led the chivalry of Europe against Salladin and his hordes of Moslems in the Holy Land. But, as it is, I must content myself with cold facts, and let history speak for itself.

Some of you here remember the Texas of 1861. The Lone Star State was then a marvel of beauty, interspersed here and there with farms and hamlets, and towns and villages, the cheerful homes of men. The hand of civilization had as yet scarcely marred the fair face of this Empire State. Only one or two short lines of railway were then in existence. Beyond these the stage coach was the public conveyance between places, while in all our borders we only had 600,000 or 700,000 people, one-fourth of whom were negroes. But our white population constituted a robust and vigorous race—an honest yeomanry, the sons of pioneers, the progeny of the early settlers of this vast domain. But to-day how changed! The beauty of the wilderness has given place to the wonders of civilization. The whole country is dotted with farms and ranches, towns and cities have sprung up on every hand, and more than 10,000 miles of railway form a network of travel and communication between our most distant points, while an enterprising population of three and a half million souls indicate the material progress we have accomplished.

When the call to arms was sounded the authorities at Richmond were appealed to, and Texas was grudgingly allowed to send three regiments to Virginia, the anticipated arena of the contending armies. These were raised in an incredibly short space of time, the counties vying with each other in an effort to get into the regiments. As fast as they were ready they were

sent forward to the front. In the early fall of 1861 all three of the regiments, comprising about 3,000 troops, had arrived at Richmond, were organized and armed, and afterwards went into winter quarters along the Potomac in the neighborhood of Dumfries, some thirty miles below Washington. Shall I pause to describe to you this splendid body of men, as they stood for the first time on dress parade on the banks of the Potomac? Wigfall, McLeod and Rainey, of the 1st; Hood, Marshall and Warwick, of the 4th, and Archer, Robertson and Botts, of the 5th, composed the field officers of the regiments, and thirty as gallant captains as ere commissions bore commanded the thirty companies. As far as the eye could reach was a long line of gray. Three thousand bright Texas boys, mostly from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, with Enfield rifles and bayonets glittering in the sun, they presented a spectacle for the admiration of all beholders. The farm, the ranch, the storehouse, the school-room, and the cottage, throughout the length and breadth of our Empire State, had all contributed their quota to swell the ranks of this remarkable body of men. Do you doubt for a moment that as they stood there, a solid phalanx, a thousand miles from home, surrounded by the troops from every State of the Confederacy, as the sole representatives of the Lone Star State, they realized Texas had committed to their care and keeping her fair fame, and they were determined to bear aloft the sacred honor of their State upon the points of their bayonets to victory or to death? Their lips were yet warm with mother's, or wife's, or sweetheart's kiss, and with the parting benedictions to come home with their shields on them, they were inspired by the deeds of the illustrious heroes of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto, and they pledged their faith to carve a name for themselves and for Texas equal to the Tenth Legion of Caesar or the Old Guard of Napoleon.

HOW THE FEARFUL DRAMA BEGAN.

But enough of this. The fearful drama of 1862 is about to begin. In the early spring the Federal Army, some 200,000 men, under McClellan, changed its base from the Potomac to the Peninsula at Yorktown of historic memory. They were

confronted by Magruder with some 10,000 or 15,000 troops, who held the vast horde of Federal troops at bay until the arrival of General Johnston, who rapidly marched from the line of the Rappahannock to reinforce Magruder. After confronting him for several days, our army began its retreat toward Richmond—Hood's Brigade, then belonging to Whiting's Division, covering the retreat to Williamsburg, passing through that town, while the battle of Williamsburg was in progress. The division was moved rapidly to Eltham's Landing, on York River, in order to cover an anticipated movement calculated to intercept the retreat of the army. Here, for the first time in the campaign, the Texas troops engaged the enemy, in a densely wooded country along the York River. The 4th and 5th did but little fighting, but the 1st Texas encountered the enemy in strong force and a severe engagement ensued, in which that regiment drove at least double their number of Federal troops under cover of their gunboats. The entire brigade lost some forty or fifty killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss was at least twice that number. Here it was that Captain Denny, of the 5th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Black, of the 1st, were killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey, of the 1st, was severely wounded. I mention this battle, not so much on account of its importance as compared with others which ensued, but because it was the first contact the Texas troops as a brigade had with the enemy, and in that engagement it performed its part so well as to receive the encomium of General Gustavus W. Smith, the commanding officer. Hear what he says in his official report: "The brunt of the contest was borne by the Texans, and to them is due the largest share of the honors of the day at Eltham." And again he says: "Had I 40,000 such troops I would undertake a successful invasion of the North."

AN AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN.

I pass by the battle of Seven Pines, as the Texas Brigades were merely passive spectators in that engagement. Shortly thereafter General Robert E. Lee took command of the Confederate forces in Virginia, and thenceforward that army ceased to retreat from the foe, and began an aggressive campaign which

crowned our cause with victory after victory until the name of the Confederate soldier became illustrious wherever heroism is admired. As soon as General Lee assumed command of the army he undertook a campaign for the relief of Richmond and for the purpose of driving the Federal invaders from the soil of Virginia. I shall not stop here to relate the splendid strategy which re-enforced Jackson, who was operating in the Valley, with the division of Whiting, to which the Texas Brigade then belonged, and how all these troops were immediately transferred from the Valley to the rear of McClellan's right flank at Mechanicsville. Suffice it, the battle of the 26th of June at Mechanicsville ensued, in which the Federals were driven from their works, and the two wings of our army, that on the north bank of the Chickahominy under Jackson and that on the south bank under Lee, were reunited.

On the morning of the 27th of June, to-day thirty-nine years ago, at early dawn, the Confederates began seeking the enemy; Longstreet and A. P. Hill pursued the routes on our right nearest the Chickahominy, and came soonest on their lines, while the troops under Jackson, composed of the divisions of Whiting, Ewell and D. H. Hill, having to make a detour further to our left, came later upon the field, approaching the enemy in the neighborhood of Cold Harbor. Our lines on the right were formed about 12 o'clock, and later on the left, and conformed to the enemy's in shape, but our position, aside from their fortifications, was far inferior to theirs. Our line of battle, as formed, extending from right to left, was as follows: Longstreet on the right, A. P. Hill to his left, then the divisions of Ewell and D. H. Hill to his left in the order stated. Whiting's Division, composed of Hood's and Law's Brigades, did not form in line, but were held in reserve near Cold Harbor. The battle began in earnest a little past 12 o'clock, and soon raged with fury on our right where Longstreet was posted. About 3 o'clock our left became engaged, and in the still, hot evening air the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery was fearful all along our lines. We knew, from our position of safety, that a terrible conflict was going on, in which the blood of the best and bravest on both sides was being poured out like water. Still we were being held in leash, and the Texas Brigade, like the bedridden knight in

"Ivanhoe," felt that they were destined to stay where they were while the game was being played which should bring us victory or defeat. At this juncture the Texas Brigade was ordered to the front, and never did men obey such order with more alacrity.

A HOT JUNE AFTERNOON.

At about 4:30 o'clock on that hot June afternoon the Texas Brigade, under the eye of Lee, led by the gallant Hood, swept forward to storm the centre of the enemy's position. The 4th Texas on the right, to its left the 18th Georgia (then forming a part of the brigade), then the 1st and 5th Texas, and on the extreme left of the brigade Hampton's Legion, then also a part of the command. From the nature of the ground the 4th Texas had far the more difficult task of any regiment in the brigade, for in addition to the fortified position of the forces across the branch, which they were to storm, they were to make the attack across an open field in front of the Federal position, while the balance of the command moved to the assault under cover of the thick woods in their front.

As we moved into the fight each soldier of the brigade felt that the crisis of the battle had come; that the hour of destiny had struck. We knew that assault after assault had been made all along our lines from 2 to 4 o'clock, only to be repulsed with terrible loss, and around and before us were evidences of a fearful struggle, for the dead and dying of the commands which had preceded us lay thick upon the ground, while the remnant of that advance column, demoralized and beaten, was retiring through our ranks in disorder and confusion, telling the soldiers of the brigade, as we neared the enemy, "not to go in there; that it was death; that the enemy's position could not be taken." But this only added to our determination to break the lines of the enemy or perish in the attempt. And undismayed, the citizen soldiery of Texas moved steadily forward with the majestic tread of trained veterans. The 1st and 5th Regiments, with the 18th Georgia and Hampton's Legion, as stated before, charged the enemy through the woods, and their task was not as severe as that of the 4th, which charged across an open field under a murderous fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery for near

half a mile. But led, as they were, by the immortal Hood, they did it beautifully, grandly.

A SHOWER OF SHOT AND SHELL.

In the language of General Hood himself: "Onward we marched under a constantly increasing shower of shot and shell, whilst to our right could be seen some of our troops making their way to the rear, and others laying down beneath a galling fire. Our ranks were thinned at almost every step forward, and proportionately to the growing fury of the storm of projectiles. Soon we attained the crest of the bald ridge, within about 150 yards of the breastworks. Here was concentrated upon us from batteries in front and flank a fire of shell and canister, which ploughed through our ranks with deadly effect. Already the gallant Colonel Marshall, together with many other brave men, had fallen victims in this bloody onset. At a quickened pace we continued to advance without firing a shot, down the slope over a body of our soldiers lying on the ground, and across Powhite Creek, when amid the fearful roar of musketry and artillery, I gave the order to fix bayonets and charge. With a ringing shout we dashed up the steep hill, through the abattis and over the breastworks upon the very heads of the enemy. The Federals, panic-stricken, rushed precipitately to the rear upon the infantry in support of the artillery. Suddenly the whole joined in flight toward the valley beyond."

While the 4th was making this glorious charge, equal to any in the annals of war, the 1st and 5th, with the 18th Georgia and Hampton's Legion, were nobly fighting and charging in their front, and simultaneously with the breach made by the 4th, they swept the Federals from their front, and the enemy's centre once pierced, they soon gave way all along their line, and as our victorious forces emerged upon the high plateau lately held by the enemy, as the shades of evening were gathering fast, we beheld the Federal Army, broken in every part, in full retreat towards its bridges on the Chickahominy. The coming night alone saved that wing of McClellan's Army from utter ruin. As it was, our victory was complete, and although our own losses were heavy, they were not heavier than the enemy's.

As stated before, night put an end to the battle and to our pursuit, and the remnant of Fitz John Porter's Corps, under cover of darkness, escaped across the bridges of the Chickahominy and joined McClellan's forces south of that stream. General McClellan calls this a meditated change of base. Be that as it may, the truth remains that if such was his previous intention, the result of the battle of Gaines' Mill greatly expedited that change.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

The battle of Gaines' Mill was the battle of all others which inspired our troops with confidence in themselves and their great commander, General Lee. It was the battle which taught the Confederate troops in Virginia how to win victory, and the forerunner of the series of splendid achievements which henceforth attended Lee's Army.

Others have claimed the credit of being the first to break the Federal lines at Gaines' Mill, notably General D. H. Hill, who commanded the extreme left of the Confederate Army. Fortunately, the claim of the Texas Brigade to this honor does not depend solely on the testimony of themselves, for in addition we have as witnesses General Lee, who commanded the Confederate Army, and General Jackson, who commanded on our part of the field; and, besides, we have the evidence of the Federal commander, General Porter. Here is what General Lee says: About 4:30, when General Hood was preparing to lead the 4th Texas to storm the enemy's works, he met General Lee, who announced to him that our troops had been fighting gallantly, but had not succeeded in dislodging the enemy. He added this must be done, and asked General Hood if he could do it. To which General Hood replied he would try. General Jackson, with reference to this charge of the 4th Texas, says officially: "In this charge, in which upward of 1,000 men fell, killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, in which ten pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment was captured, the 4th Texas, under the command of General Hood, was the first to pierce their strongholds and seize the guns. Although swept from their defences by this rapid and almost matchless display of daring and desperate valor, the well-disciplined Federals con-

tinued in retreat to fight with stubborn resistance." And he further remarked "that the men who carried this position were soldiers indeed."

General Fitz John Porter, the Federal commander, says: "As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us and the woods were filled with smoke limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and reformed regiments and turned them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. The attacks, though coming like a series of irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance near the centre of Morrell's line where, by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle, our line was penetrated and broken." Morrell's line of battle was opposite the position carried by the Texas Brigade.

AT SECOND MANASSAS.

I pass hurriedly to the second battle of Manassas, where the Texas Brigade was again destined to turn the tide of war. It is not necessary to recount how we arrived upon that field, further than to state that the seven-days' battles around Richmond had driven McClellan to seek a new base, and he had taken a boat and gone to the neighborhood of Washington, and Lee was merely seeking him out. Meantime, McClellan had been superseded, and Pope was in command of the army. On the same battlefield which had witnessed the first great shock of arms between the Federal and Confederate forces in 1861 on the 29th of August, 1862, General Pope, with about 150,000 Federal troops, confronted General Lee, in command of about 75,000 Confederates. During the greater part of the 29th a fierce conflict raged between the forces of Jackson, on the Confederate left, and the Federal troops opposite him, but nothing appears to have been gained on either side, except the loss of many lives. The morning of the 30th dawned bright and clear, the atmosphere was heavy, and every man felt that to-day the decisive

battle would be fought, but somehow the morning passed and the real struggle had not begun. In the evening the fighting again began on the left of our line.

At about 4 o'clock the battle was taken up along our centre and right, and at 4:30 the Texas Brigade was ordered to charge. The troops moved at a rapid pace some 300 or 400 yards before the enemy was encountered, and here a strange scene occurred. The 5th and 10th New York Zouaves, clad in their splendid red uniforms, opposed the advance of the 5th Texas Regiment. They were posted in the edge of a wood, with an open country sloping to a creek some 200 yards in their rear. As the regiment neared the enemy in a rapid charge, they delivered one deadly volley, and then, before they could reload, the Texans were upon them, and the Federals turned and fled, and it is no exaggeration to say that hillside was strewn thick with the flower of those two regiments. An observer said that it was possible to walk on corpses from the edge of the wood to the creek, so thickly were they strewn. Our troops did not pause, but swept forward like a cyclone. They passed the creek pursuing the Federals up the hillside beyond, and when they neared the crest, they found themselves confronted by a line of blue, standing in a declivity, and beyond them and over their heads played upon the Confederates shot and shell from a battery. There was no time to pause in such a crisis, he who hesitates is lost, and the regiment pressed boldly forward. Time after time the flag of the regiment went down, but as fast as one standard-bearer fell another seized the colors, and the regiment pressed bravely on until this line of battle was broken and fled incontinently from the field, and the battle was ours. And still another line of battle of the enemy was broken, until this regiment, which, as General Hood says, "Slipped the bridle and pierced to the very heart of the enemy," found itself almost surrounded, when it had to make a flank movement in order to shelter itself in the timber. To show how severe and deadly was this conflict, the regiment lost seven standard-bearers killed; the flag-staff was shot in two, and the flag itself was pierced with twenty-seven bullets, and had three bomb scorchers on it.

It is not claimed here that the 5th Texas was the first to breach the enemy's lines, as is claimed for the 4th at Gaines'

Mill, as the movement on our part of the field seemed to have been general, and the enemy gave way all along the line, though if any other regiment accomplished any greater results than the 5th at the Second Manassas, the annals of the war fail to show it.

THE FIGHT AT SHARPSBURG.

At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, seventeen days later, the Texas Brigade materially aided Lee to repulse and hold the enemy at bay, thus winning another victory. At this time, by the long marches of the campaign, and by the casualties of battle, the effective force of the three regiments, all told, was about 850. On our part of the field, which was the left, we constituted both support and reserve.

On this battle-ground about 35,000 Confederate troops confronted about 140,000 Federals, under General McClellan, who had again resumed command of the Army of the Potomac. The conflict on our part of the field began about sunrise, and soon raged fiercely in our immediate front. The word came that the brigades of Lawton, Trimble, and Hays were being hard pressed, and Hood's Division, composed of an Alabama Brigade, under Law, and the Texas Brigade, under Colonel Wofford, of the 18th Georgia, were ordered forward. When the troops emerged from the timber and passed the old church and into the open corn field, a herculean task lay before them. Down the slant of the hill stood the remnant of the division before mentioned. They still held their position, but were unable to advance. Beyond them in the open and in the timber stood a solid field of blue, at least three columns deep. To an observer it looked as if the whole of Hooker's Corps was there.

As we occupied a position on the hill, and above the Confederate line in front, the fire of the enemy played havoc in the ranks of the supporting column. In vain did the officers in charge of Hays' and Trimble's Brigades urge them to charge, and in vain did the Texas Brigade add its entreaties to theirs. The line would neither advance nor retreat; its ranks were decimated, and its fire was ineffective. Suddenly, as if moved by a single impulse, the Texans, unable to be restrained longer by their commanding officers, charged over the line of our own

troops and swept upon the advancing foe like an irresistible avalanche. In the twinkling of an eye the enemy wavered, turned, and fled—still the brigade pressed forward until two other lines of the enemy were broken and driven from the field and through the wood, and were routed from behind a stone wall, where they sought shelter. Not receiving an expected support, it was beyond human endurance to advance further; but here the line rested, and was held through that bloody day, resisting assault after assault of the enemy. But for this terrific and successful assault on the part of Hood's Division, our left centre would have been broken, the left wing of the army turned, and the fords on the Potomac captured by the enemy, and Lee's army shut in between the Antietam and the Potomac. By members of the brigade who were engaged in nearly every battle in Virginia and Maryland, Sharpsburg, on account of its sanguinary and protracted character, has been characterized as the hardest-fought battle of the war.

TWO LITTLE GIANT BRIGADES.

General Hood, who won his rank of major-general for gallantry on that day, speaks of this charge in the following language: "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that has occurred during the war. Two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and although they lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from their position and forced them to abandon their guns on our left."

This battle completed the campaign of 1862, and established for the Texas Brigade a reputation for bravery and courage which was not excelled by that of any troops in General Lee's Army, and their noble example was an inspiration, not only in Virginia, but throughout the West, and caused emotions of joy and pride to thrill the hearts of our countrymen throughout the entire South. The brigade had thus won its spurs, but at the cost of the best and bravest in its ranks; and the task henceforth devolved on the survivors to sustain the reputation which they had so heroically won. Though the task was difficult I am proud to say, they sustained the glory of their achievements on almost every battle-field in which the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia was engaged. At Gettysburg, at Chickamauga, and in the Wilderness they added new lustre to their name, and they kept their fame untarnished until the end of the struggle at Appomattox.

Hitherto I have told of their deeds; but I will here quote what some of the illustrious soldiers, under whose eye they fought, said of them, so that it may be seen in what estimation they were held in that army.

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

Here is what General Hood, who, if he does not stand so high as some others as a tactician or strategist, takes rank with the bravest of the brave as a soldier and a fighter. He says: "So highly wrought were the pride and self-reliance of these troops that they believed they could carve their way through almost any number of the enemy's lines formed in an open field in their front." And again he says: "Long and constant service with this noble brigade must prove a sufficient apology for a brief reference at this juncture to its extraordinary military record. From the hour of its first encounter with the enemy at Eltham's Landing, on York River, in 1862, to the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, in almost every battle in Virginia, it bore a conspicuous part. It acted as the advance guard of Jackson when he moved upon McClellan around Richmond, and almost without an exceptional instance it was among the foremost of Longstreet's Corps in an attack or pursuit of the enemy. It was also, as a rule, with the rear guard of this corps, whenever falling back before the adversary. If a ditch was to be leaped, or fortified position to be carried, General Lee knew no better troops upon which to rely. In truth, its signal achievements in the war of secession have never been surpassed in the history of nations."

And hear what the greatest military chieftain of modern times, General Robert E. Lee, addressing General Wigfall, on the 21st of September, 1862, just after Sharpsburg, writes: "General, I have not heard from you with regard to the new Texas regiments, which you promised to raise for the army. I need them very much. I rely upon those we have in all our tight places, and fear I have to call upon them too often. They have fought grandly and nobly, and we must have more of them. Please make every

possible exertion to get them on for me. You must help us in this matter. With a few more regiments such as Hood now has, as an example of daring and bravery, I could feel more confident of the campaign."

ONLY DID THEIR DUTY.

I have thus dwelt on some of the events of the campaign of 1862, in which the Texas Brigade participated, not for the purpose of unduly boasting nor of drawing a comparison between the achievements of these troops and those of other Confederate troops, or of other Texas troops who may have fought in Johnston's Army or on this side of the Mississippi. They only did their duty as soldiers; and if this little band of Texans was more conspicuous or accomplished greater results than their brothers on other fields, it was doubtless because they were better disciplined and better led. In other words, they were afforded a better opportunity to display their courage, and simply demonstrated what, under the same conditions, other Texans would have done. All no doubt did their best in the great struggle which taxed the courage and energies of the people of the South. And how near we came to achieving success in the mighty struggle, none but the God of Battles, who shapes the destinies of nations, can ever know. No doubt it was He who, on Shiloh's bloody field, directed the unconscious aim of the Federal soldier who fired the shot which struck down the great commander of the Western Army, Albert Sidney Johnston, and thus turned victory for our arms into defeat. Evidently it was the guiding hand of the great unseen Architect of Nations who brought the Monitor into the waters of the Chesapeake to grapple in deadly conflict with the Merrimac for the supremacy of the seas. And we concede that it was He who delayed Ewell's coming until the heights of Gettysburg were crowned with the Federal Army under General Meade, and thus pitted the impregnable mountains against the fierce assaults of the cohorts of Lee under the gallant and daring Pickett. It was never intended by the Divine Hand that this nation as a nation should perish from the earth. On the contrary, cemented by the blood of its bravest and best, it was foreordained that it should continue

to live, to bless and guide the nations of the earth. And I have no doubt that the time will come when this great republic as a nation will feel proud of the courage and achievements of the Southern soldier, and will revere the names of Lee and Jackson as it now reveres the names of Grant and Sheridan.

I am not unmindful that there be those who would rob us of our title to courage and honor—all that remains to us as a result of the war. But of this rest assured, they are not of the soldiers who fought in that struggle. These, if they would, could not afford to disparage our courage or bravery, for on this pedestal rests their own powers and fame. For, take notice of this fact, no nation will discredit its own deeds of heroism. All men love glory, and all men admire courage, and without courage and love of glory a nation is doomed.

While the harvest of death throughout four long years of terrible war enriched our soil with the blood of our purest and noblest, it was not shed in vain, for in that martyrdom which tired men's souls our people coined a reputation for courage and duty, for patriotism and love of country, which glorified them, and of which nothing can ever rob or despoil us. That honor and courage henceforth is consecrated to the preservation of the nation, and we will transmit it as a precious legacy to our children. May they not forget the immortal dead; may they emulate their example.

From the *Columbia State*, May, 1901.

IF WE HAD THE MONEY.

Colonel Gibbs Went to England to Negotiate the Cotton Bonds.

Some people are wont to console themselves with the thought that the Confederacy might have won if—

That “if” embraces many reasons. If Albert Sidney Johnston had lived to pursue his victory over Grant at Shiloh. If Pemberton had not surrendered too hastily at Vicksburg. If Stonewall Jackson had not yielded his life at Chancellorsville, if—

But there is one sordid consideration which is little thought of,—“if” the South had had the money! Colonel James G. Gibbs, of this city, the present Surveyor-General, recalls an interesting fact bearing on this “if.”

In 1862 he was sent out by the Treasury Department of the Confederacy to negotiate the famous “cotton bonds.” Mr. C. G. Menninger, of this State, was Secretary of the Treasury, but Colonel Gibbs was sent at the advice of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney-General, who had, while an attorney in New Orleans, been a legal adviser of Colonel Gibbs.

The latter ran the blockade out of Charleston the first week in November (parenthetically, Colonel Gibbs remarked that blockade running was far from an impossibility. John Frazier & Co. were famous blockade runners, and made 60 trips before a single vessel was attacked. However, pilots were paid fabulous prices, and a captain received \$5,000 in gold for each trip).

Arrived at Nassau, Colonel Gibbs spent a month waiting to get over to Liverpool. When he arrived at the latter place, he conferred with James Spence, an Englishman, financial agent of the Confederacy. For several weeks they worked hard and without success in the endeavor to dispose of the bonds at a fair figure. Colonel Gibbs carried over with him \$15,000,000 of these bonds. These bonds proposed that the amount on the face be paid to the holder, in specie or in cotton at 10 cents a pound within six months after peace should be declared.

Finally the whole issue was taken by Baron Erlanger, a wealthy German with banking houses at Frankfort, Paris, and Amsterdam. (After the war Erlanger built a number of railroads in the South which he styled the "Erlanger system.") Baron Erlanger ridiculed the idea of the South, issuing \$15,000,000 in bonds, when a much larger figure could have been negotiated. For it is a fact that at that time cotton was bringing from 60 to 80 cents a pound in Liverpool, and these bonds provided for the redemption of the money with cotton at 10 cents a pound. Colonel Gibbs is not positive what Erlanger gave for the bonds, but thinks the price was over 80 cents on the dollar.

This was a speculation for the wealthy foreigner, and he advertised for proposals for the bonds. He put the minimum price to be bid at 90 cents. The actual bids were even higher. *Mirabile dictu!* There were but fifteen millions of dollars represented by the bonds, yet the bids aggregated \$625,000,000. It is evident that more than \$15,000,000 could have been gotten.

Erlanger came to this country and from President Lincoln at Washington obtained a pass to Richmond—for Lincoln did not know Erlanger or suspect his mission. The foreigners communicated with President Davis and Mr. Memminger and urged them to make a larger issue of cotton bonds. He was received indifferently by Mr. Davis, who had learned to rely on Mr. Memminger's excellent judgment. The latter declared that the Confederate Congress authorized him to borrow but \$15,000,000 and he could not exceed its instructions.

Erlanger was thus unsuccessful. He declared that the South should get all the foreign money possible. "Get them interested financially in your success or failure, and they will force their government to recognize the Confederacy as a government, and its subjects as belligerents." This would have meant peace, for the South starved to death because of the fact that foreign powers would not recognize her government.

In Capers' life of Memminger, the distinguished Secretary of the Confederate Treasury is excused for not taking advantage of this opportunity on the ground that he could not exceed his instructions. But Colonel Gibbs says the Confederate Congress was almost constantly in session and it would not have been a difficult matter to have gotten authority.

After the war, in 1869, a very strange thing happened. The Confederacy had gone to pieces, and the bonds were worthless—were not on the market. However, curio collectors began to buy them. This gave rise to a report that money had been found on deposit in London to the credit of the Confederacy. Naturally holders of bonds could claim any such funds. The price of these cotton bonds then went up as high as 10 cents on the dollar, due to this foolish rumor. In the cellar of his home, Colonel Gibbes had stored hundreds of thousands of dollars in ordinary Confederate bonds and in "cotton bonds." The paper was heavily "sized" or starched, and had been a toothsome find for mice and roaches. However, from the barrels of shreds of paper which had once been valuable bonds, Colonel Gibbes managed to find one bundle in a fair state of preservation. This he forwarded to Branch & Sons, Richmond, and secured \$1,800 for his bonds.

While Colonel Gibbes was in England trying to place the "cotton bonds," he was accorded a privilege which few then enjoyed, and from which he now derives an unique distinction. He was in a semi-official capacity permitted to witness the marriage of the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of England. The marriage took place at the chapel of Windsor Castle, and there were few permitted to enter the church, as the Queen, Victoria, was in deep mourning for her husband. However, 200,000 people crowded the streets leading to the chapel. Although it was a private marriage, there was a great deal of style and pomp about the ceremony. The Queen attended and viewed the ceremony from a balcony. Colonel Gibbes saw her as she parted the curtains of the balcony to look down upon the marriage. Colonel Gibbes is, perhaps, the only living American who was invited there. He was then staying with Mr. James M. Mason, "Commissioner," or Minister, from the Confederacy to England. The Confederacy had never been recognized, and Mr. Mason was not by the Queen regarded as an official, yet there was in Great Britain a great deal of sympathy for the Southern Cause. In this way Mr. Mason was given entree to the highest circles, and so was Colonel Gibbes during his visit.

From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, Aug. 31, Sept. 7, 1902.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

**The First Great Battle of the Civil War—Undisciplined
Confederate Levies Rout Twice Their Numbers—
The Opening Day of an Historic Combat.**

By GENERAL THOMAS JORDAN, C. S. A.

Despite the minute precautions urged in the order for the day against all courses calculated to divulge to the enemy the approaching danger, there had immediately prior to the battle of Shiloh really been little circumspection on the part of the Confederate soldiery, one-third of whom were fresh levies, wholly raw and undisciplined. Fires had been kindled, drums, too, were lustily beaten in a number of regiments, and scattering discharges of small arms had been kept up all night in most of the brigades, the men being apprehensive that otherwise the charges of their guns, possibly wet, would fail them when needed. These, with other noises, ought to have betrayed to the Federal generals on the first line the presence in their front of more than a reconnaissance force.

By 3 o'clock Tuesday morning, however, the Confederate Army was all astir, and, after a hasty, scanty breakfast, the lines were formed.

The 3rd Corps, under Major-General Hardee, 6,789 artillery and infantry, augmented by Gladden's Brigade, 2,235 strong, of Withers' Division, 2nd Corps, constituted the first line of about 8,500 bayonets, deployed in battle order on the grounds upon which they had bivouacked.

The second line, 500 yards rearward, of some 10,000 bayonets, was formed of Ruggles' and two brigades of Wither's Division of the 2nd Corps, under Major-General Bragg, composed of Anderson's, Gibson's, Pond's, Chalmers' and J. K. Jackson's Brigades.

The artillery of both corps followed their respective lines by the Pittsburg road.

The 1st Corps, of not more than 8,500 bayonets, under Major-General Polk, was drawn up in a column of brigades deployed in line about 800 yards to the rear of Bragg. It was subdivided into divisions of two brigades each, Clark's Division, formed of Russell's and A. P. Stewart's Brigades; Cheatham's Division, of B. R. Johnson's and Stevens' Brigades, and, with the special reserve of three brigades under Brigadier-General Breckinridge, about 6,000 bayonets, constituted a reserve for the support of the attacking lines as might be needed on either flank.

The cavalry, about 4,300 strong, was distributed for the most part to guard the flanks. With the exception of Forrest's and Wharton's (8th Texas) Regiments, lately regimented, insufficiently armed and wholly without drill, the nature of the scene of operations rendered the cavalry almost valueless, and only the two regiments mentioned took any material part in the actions of either day.

About sunrise, accompanied by their respective staffs, Generals Johnston and Beauregard met, in their saddles, at the bivouac of the former, near Hardee's line, just about to move forward. It was not near 6 o'clock, and a few moments later about 34,000 Confederate Infantry, with some fifty guns, were in movement, with a bearing never surpassed, to fall upon their enemy—an enemy as yet undeveloped, but known to be ensconced near at hand in the fog and forest, superior in numbers and equipments, for their many drums the evening before had plainly told their formidable strength.

At first a heavy white mist hung low in the wooded valley between Hardee and the supposed quarter of the enemy, and into it plunged his sturdy men, not knowing nor caring what hostile force and appliances lay ready within to receive their onset. To find that force as speedily as possible and overwhelm it was the errand upon which they and their emulous comrades were afield so early.

Here a topographical sketch of the theatre of war may serve to make more readily intelligible the occurrences and vicissitudes of the battle. Two streams, Lick and Owl Creeks, taking their rise very near each other, just westward of Monterey, in a ridge

which parts the waters that fall into the Mississippi from those which are affluents of the Tennessee, flowing sinuously with a general direction, the latter to the northeast and the former south of east, finally empty into the Tennessee about four miles asunder.

Between these water courses is embraced an arena of undulating table land, some five miles in depth from the river bank, from three to five miles broad, and about one hundred feet above the low-water level of the river. Intersected by a labyrinth of ravines, the drainage is into Owl Creek, as the land rises highest and ridgelike near Lick Creek.

Adjoining the river, these ravines, deep and steep, have a water-shed in that direction. Recent heavy rains had filled them all with springs and small streams, making the soil boggy and hence difficult for artillery for much of their extent. A primeval forest, cumbered with a great deal of undergrowth, covered the region, except a few small farms of fifty or seventy acres, scattered occasionally here and there.

Pittsburg landing, a warehouse and a house or two by the water's side, lay three miles below the mouth of Lick Creek. Two roads leading from Corinth, crossing Lick Creek about a mile apart, converge together about two miles from the landing. Other roads also approach from all directions, one crossing Owl Creek by a bridge, before its junction with Snake Creek, branches, the one way trending westward toward Purdy, the other northward toward Crump's landing, six miles below Pittsburg. Another road nearer the river bank, crossing Snake Creek by a bridge, also connects the two points.

Though completely veiled at the moment from the sight of their approaching enemy, it appears a Federal force of five strong divisions occupied the space we have described, and were thus disposed:

Three brigades of Sherman's Division, or nine regiments, supported by eighteen guns and eight companies of cavalry, stood directly across the upper Pittsburg road, facing southward. One of the three brigades rested its right at the crossing of Owl Creek on the Purdy road, and the other two lay, the one with its right and the other with its left near a rustic log "meeting house," called Shiloh.

There, also, were established the headquarters of Sherman.

In front of this position were a ravine and rivulet, which gave some natural strength if merely held with soldiery circumspection.

As these regiments had but lately come from the depots and cantonments of Ohio and Illinois, their ranks were doubtless full and did not fall short of a total of 7,000 infantry, with eighteen guns and 450 cavalry.

A fourth brigade of the same division, by an anomalous arrangement, was posted on the extreme Federal left, at the crossing of the road from Pittsburg to Hamburg, and only about a mile from the former landing.

The space thus left was filled by the division of Prentiss, of some eight or nine regiments, which we assume to have mustered as many as 6,000 bayonets, one-third of which, however, at the moment of attack, may have been detached at the landing.

Another division, that of McClermand's, of twelve regiments, ten of which were entitled to wear "Fort Donelson" on their banners, were in supporting distance of Sherman at the confluence of the two Corinth Roads. It assuredly did not fall below 7,300 men.

A second line, to the rearward, was composed of Hurlbut's and W. H. L. Wallace's (C. F. Smith's) Divisions, the first of which was stretched across the Corinth Road and the other extended to the leftward in the direction of Stuart's Brigade, on Lick Creek.

Five of Hurlbut's regiments had fought at Fort Donelson. This division, in the studious absence of official data, we may safely set down at 7,500 bayonets. Six of Wallace's regiments also had assisted at Fort Donelson, and not less than 7,000 effectives did he command. In fine, to recapitulate:

Sherman's Division, 9,200 men, eighteen guns; Prentiss' Division, 6,000 men, twelve guns; McClermand's Division, 7,300 men, eighteen guns; Hurlbut's Division, 7,500 men, eighteen guns; Wallace's Division, 7,000 men, eighteen guns. Minimum Federal infantry force, 37,000 men and eighty-four guns.

We find in the official reports the names of at least sixteen light batteries present and engaged, also four or five battalions of light cavalry, which would swell the Federal Army, about to be assaulted in their very camps, to 40,000 men of all arms,

with not less than 37,000 infantry, full forty per cent. of whom were flushed with their recent success at Fort Donelson. Nor was this all. Not more than four or five miles from Tecumseh Sherman was Lew Wallace's Division, over 7,000 strong and twelve guns.

It is bruited that both Generals Grant and Sherman felt and expressed premonitions of the attack. Indeed, some feeling of that kind may have been in their minds, for the great poet says:

"By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
The danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boist'rous storm."

But in that event it is passing strange they did not take even the ordinary precautions which habitually hedge an army in the field. Instead of that, in sooth, there was no line of infantry pickets in advance of the ordinary chain of sentinels; apparently no cavalry exterior either to Sherman or Prentiss, and that invading army lay drowsily in its cozy encampment, as if supremely confident no harm threatening and no disaster could befall it. Many as yet were in their blankets, fast asleep; many others washing and dressing; others cooking their morning meal. Some were eating leisurely at bounteous mess chests, and the arms and accoutrements of all were spread around in the orderless fashion of holiday soldiers.

Meanwhile, swiftly forward through the woods strode the Confederates.

With an elastic tread, inspired by hope and the fresh April morning air, they surged onward and forward, until, the mist gradually lifting, the sheen of the white tents, their goal might be seen through the trees. On poured the living current of the Confederates. By a mischance, their left had not been thrown sufficiently near to Owl Creek, so when the collision came it was only with the left brigade (Hilderbrand's) of Sherman's Division; but it fell with overwhelming force upon Prentiss from flank to flank. Their sentinels, taken by surprise, were run in, with barely time to discharge their pieces. Just at their heels came the Confederates, cheering heartily; and so complete a surprise of an army has not the like in history.

Officers and men were killed or wounded in their beds, and large numbers had not time to clutch either arms or accoutrements.

Nevertheless, few prisoners were taken, nor were many either killed or wounded in the first stage of the battles. Hilderbrand's Brigade of Ohioans, swept by the violence of the onslaught from its campaign, scattered, and was heard of no more as a belligerent organization on that field. Prentiss' Division, rallying, was formed in good time on a neighboring ridge, but, little able to stand the torrent that streamed after it, was swept further back.

Meanwhile, Sherman's rightward brigades, which escaped collision with Hardee, he had had time to form, and with them right manfully did he strive to make head against Ruggles' Division of Bragg's Corps, that by this time had come upon the scene and bore down vehemently upon them. As we have said before, the position held by Sherman was one of natural strength; with a small watercourse in front, it afforded a converging fire upon the approaching Confederates.

McClermand, appraised of the attack, was also advancing to support him. Such, however, was the vigor of the assault that Sherman, with the loss of five or six guns, was forced back just as McClermand came up. They were both then swept rearward, near the line of the crossroad from Hamburg to Purdy. There Sherman, with McClermand, gained a foothold, and, with several batteries favorably posted, made another stand on a thickly-wooded ridge with a ravine in front. But, speedily assailed by Ruggles and some of Polk's Brigades, with a fury not to be withstood, the Federal line again yielded, losing several pieces of artillery, and receding to the position of McClermand's encampment.

About forty minutes past 7 A. M., hearing the uproar in front, Hurlbut also sent Veach's Brigade of his division to support Sherman, and with his other two brigades moved swiftly to the succor of Prentiss, who had called for aid. With these went forward eight companies of cavalry and three batteries. Prentiss' Division was met, however, in broken fragments, which filtered through his lines as Hurlbut formed in the edge of a field, sheltered by timber and thick undergrowth, near the Hamburg Road, south of the position last taken by Sherman and McClermand. There Hurlbut was also speedily assailed by the

Confederates, now re-enforced in that quarter by Chalmers' and Jackson's Brigades of Bragg's Corps; and such was the vehemence of the attack that he was soon swept back with the loss of some artillery.

Thus the whole front line of Federal encampments was left in the hands of their adversary, filled with equipage and baggage, the most abundant and luxurious that ever encumbered any except an Oriental army. (The tents were full of new capacious trunks; in many instances were furnished with stoves, and the ground around was thickly strewn with a species of vest-armor, of sheet steel, whose owners had not time to don.)

By this time both Cheatham's and Clark's Divisions, Polk's Corps, were also strenuously engaged, mainly on the left, where Sherman was making able, desperate efforts to redeem the losses of the morning. Several of his positions, as the Federals drifted riverward, were quite strong, fronted by tangled ravines and affording thick cover, from which they poured a desolating fire, that more than once checked the ardent press of their adversaries. But gathering volume and resuming the onset with fresh spirit, the Confederates still drove their enemy nearer the river.

Wallace (W. H. L.) had soon become involved in the battle. Manifestly a gallant soldier, he fought his division men, who had been at Donelson, with decided stamina. Stuart's Brigade, Sherman's Division, had also been attacked, and the Federal line of battle was pushed back to within a mile of the landing, and to the ground of their last encampments. There were massed what remained of their artillery and the fragments of Sherman's, Prentiss', McClelland's and Hurlbut's Divisions, as well as Wallace's and Stuart's.

In the meantime, from the nature of the field—the network of ravines, the interlaced thickets and wide scope of forest—the Confederate organization had become greatly disordered. Not only divisions and brigades had been dislocated, but regiments also; and the troopers of all three corps, in fact, were intermingled. For the most part, confident of the issue and bent on pressing toward the enemy, there was yet a lack of harmonious movement. Superior officers led, with notable courage, regiments or parts of brigades, and doubtless stimulated their

men not a little by their example, but at the same time lost sight of the mass of their commands, which were thus not infrequently left at a halt without orders and uncertain what to do.

And this was the case with batteries also, which, moreover, were too often employed singly. (General Beauregard, through the writer, had given special orders to chiefs of artillery to mass their batteries in action and fight them twelve guns on a point.)

General Johnston, the Confederate commander-in-chief, was now in the very front of the battle.

Assured of a great victory after the marvelous success of his well-planned surprise, he now stimulated the onslaught by his personal presence on the right, where the press was fiercest, the resistance the most effective. More than once brigades that faltered, under the inspiration of his leading bore back the enemy and wrested from the foe the position fought for.

As far as can be ascertained, General Grant was not upon the immediate field earlier than midday. On Saturday afternoon he had gone to Savannah and slept there. The sound of many cannon at Shiloh was his first tidings of a hostile junction at Pittsburg Landing; but even that was scarcely regarded as the announcement of a serious battle, for one of Buell's Divisions (Nelson's) lay at Savannah, and as he was leaving for Pittsburg, General Grant merely ordered that division to march thither by the nearest road.

However, as the Federal general steamed toward the scene, the banks of the river were soon found alive with his men, fleeing from the danger which so early that morning had routed them from their comfortable beds.

When, too, he reached Pittsburg, it was to find his whole front line surprised, overwhelmed, routed and the ravines and river bank adjacent packed with thousands of crouching fugitives. These were not to be rallied nor reorganized, not to be incited to return to the side of their imperiled comrades, who still battled manfully, and by co-operation make an effort to recover the fortunes of the day.

Within the hollows and on the slopes and flat ridges of that circumscribed Tennessee woodland at least 60,000 muskets and rifles were now at the dire work of carnage in the hands of 60,000 men, in whom burned all the

"Fierce fever of the steel,
The guilty madness warriors feel."

The sun had dissipated the fog, and shone bright and warm through the young budding foliage.

But the continuous roll, roar and blaze of small arms, the hirtle, shriek and crash of rifled projectiles through the trees, the explosion of shells, the louder discharges and reverberations of more than a hundred cannon, and the hoarse cheers and shouts of the Confederates filled every nook of the forest with the varied, commingled clamors of one of the bloodiest of modern battles.

Earlier, General Gladden, at the head of his brigade, in the front line, had fallen mortally hurt. A merchant in New Orleans when the revolution began, full of martial instincts, as well as love of the section of his birth, A. H. Gladden was among the first to take up arms. With some soldierly experience as an officer of the gallant Palmetto Regiment of South Carolina in the war with Mexico, his military worth was soon apparent, and he had risen to the command of a brigade. This he disciplined in such a fashion as to show in what soldierly shape the splendid war personnel of his countrymen could be readily molded by men fit to lead them.

Soon after Gladden was cut down in the rich promise of his career, his brigade faltered under a desolating fire. Its new commander, Colonel Daniel W. Adams, seizing a battle flag, placed himself in front of his staggering ranks and rode forward upon the enemy. His men, animated by the act, grew steady, resumed the charge and carried the disputed ground, with seven stands of colors taken from Prentiss' Division.

In another part of the field similar examples were multiplied. Brigadier-General Hindman, about 10 A. M., pressing his brigade forward, with notable nerve, constantly close upon the enemy, drew down an overwhelming storm of fire, under which he was severely wounded after conspicuous conduct, and the brigade for a time wavered and recoiled.

There was abundant intrepidity in leading everywhere; but, unfortunately for the Confederate cause, too little knowledge of the right way to handle regiments, brigades, divisions, even

corps, to secure that massing of troops, those weighty blows which achieve decisive victories. Though, indeed, there were far too many stragglers who ignobly shrunk from the victorious edge of battle, many going back even to Corinth that night, yet everywhere there was the largest measure of steady fighting by regiments, brigades and parts of divisions. Notwithstanding the wreck of Sherman's, Prentiss' and McClelland's Divisions now crowded back upon the line of Wallace's (W. H. L.) and Hurlbut's Divisions—that is to say, a short line scarcely a mile from the river—and though the corps of Hardee, Bragg and Polk, with Breckinridge not far off, were in their immediate front, there was no concerted concentration of these triumphant corps respectively, much less of the whole mass, for a well-timed, overwhelming blow at the now sorely crippled, dispirited enemy. And as a consequence, with Sherman among them doing all possible in the exigency, the Federals were enabled to protract their defense against the desultory onsets with which they were assailed for the next hour or two.

During the occurrences which we have related, Colonel N. B. Forrest had thrown his regiment of cavalry, as soon as he heard the inauguration of the battle, across Lick Creek, and, pressing up, held it on the Confederate right flank, ready for orders, for which he sent at once to the commander-in-chief.

About 11 o'clock the enemy, as we have seen, having been forced back to their second line, he received an order to move his regiment onward to the front. This he executed at a gallop. Not finding the general there, or further orders, he pushed ahead to the point where the infantry seemed most obstinately engaged. It was near the center of the line, and on reaching the scene, Forrest found that Cheatham's Division had just received a temporary check.

With his wonted impatience of the least delay, Forrest at once proposed to Cheatham to join in an immediate charge across an open field in their front. To this, Cheatham, whose men for several hours previously had been breasting a tempest of artillery and musketry fire, demurred for the moment, as his men required some rest. Forrest's men, being mounted, were nearly as much exposed to an annoying fire where they stood—a fair mark—as in a charge, and Forrest determined to make one.

Forming in a column of fours, the order to charge was given, and on they dashed, at a splendid pace, full in the face of a withering fire of small and large arms. A number of horses fell in a few instances, and several of the men; but on they sped, heedless of the breaks in their column, up to within forty paces of the Federal line, when the advance became entangled in an impracticable morass across their path, from which it became impossible to extricate some of the horses. The boldness of this movement, however, appeared to produce some effect upon the enemy, and Cheatham, advancing with his indomitable division at this time, the Federals, after some resistance, were borne rearward again in a good deal of confusion.

Forrest now, having made a detour around the marsh, galloped through the infantry and threw his regiment upon the disordered mass of Federals, with the effect to scatter them a good deal more and hurry their pace, manifestly toward the river.

Meanwhile, to the rightward, the Confederate general-in-chief, taking part at a critical juncture in the charge of a brigade, and by his intrepid presence giving a resistless momentum to the onset, received a rifle wound in the leg—a mortal wound, as it proved, presently, for the want of timely surgical aid. The Governor of Tennessee, by his side when struck, caught the fainting soldier in his arms as he sunk from his saddle, exhausted by an apparently painless loss of blood. A moment after, his aid-de-camp and brother-in-law, Colonel William Preston, of Kentucky, came up, and Sidney Johnston, with scarce a murmur, died in his arms. The scene of this untoward death was a wooded, secluded hollow, and the loss of their chief was not known to the Confederate Army until that night, nor even generally then.

About the time of this calamity the reserves, under Breckinridge, were thrown vigorously into action. Bragg had applied, through his aid, Colonel Urquhart, for a diversion to his rightward against some batteries which were distressing his front and keeping his men at bay.

Breckinridge's Brigades were drawn up on the gentler part of the slope of a ridge when the order for their advance was given. Clad in a dark blouse, the general himself sat on his

horse, surrounded by his staff, more like an equestrian statue than a living man, except the fiery gleam in his dark eyes as he received the order.

In front was to be seen a Federal camp in the open woods, apparently quiet and without an inmate.

Indeed, the stillness seemed ominous, and just ahead was an open field bordered by a dense thicket. Through the camp pressed the Kentuckians, and into the open field, and still there was silence; but not long, for a few steps beyond a hissing stream and a flame of musketry burst at their breasts, mowing their ranks fearfully and heaping the ground with the dead and wounded. There was a momentary check, and they gave back to the woods, while a storm of bullets rattled through the trees far behind, reaching in profusion even a battery posted in another encampment a half of a mile to the rear. But only for a little while did the Kentuckians recede. Closing their thinned ranks and animated by their officers, they retook the advance, and their adversaries were forced back, yet with not a little stubbornness and desperate fighting, on favorable ground.

By this time Wither's Division of Bragg's Corps, as well as Breckinridge's reserves, mingled with portions of Hardee's men, were all massed on the Confederate right in the quarter of Lick Creek. General Bragg also, as he tells us, was there in person and assumed command.

Giving, he says, "a common head and a common purpose to the whole," he launched them with a resistless weight at the enemy, who now gave way, and on all sides were forced from the line of Wallace's and Hurlbut's encampments, leaving behind more of their artillery and 3,000 prisoners, chiefly of Prentiss' Division, in the hands of their assailants. At the same time, on the center and left, Polk's Divisions, with Ruggle's Divisions of Bragg, and some of Hardee's also, made no less strenuous efforts to close the battle. Those of the routed Federals who were not killed or captured dropped back in great confusion toward the landing. Some were rallied upon the ridge immediately overhanging the landing, but large masses were added to the already dense mob of fugitives huddled below the bank.

But, meanwhile, Colonel Webster, chief of the Federal staff, an officer of the regulars, who knew his profession, observing

the mortal peril of his people, had gathered upon that ridge all the guns available, including some 32-pounders and a battery of 20-pounder Parrotts, or in all twenty-two pieces, which he manned with gunners from the least demoralized of the run-aways. Soon, too, the remains of the field batteries were added, and some fifty guns were massed upon this eminence about 5 P. M., with a field of fire sweeping all the approaches to the river. The position was strong; timber and undergrowth gave shelter for the artillery and their support, while a deep ravine separated it from the table land over which it dominated; tangled brushwood obstructed its steep slopes, and on or behind this position, as we have said, took final refuge the entire Federal force except the remains of one of Sherman's Brigades, which appear to have drifted off with their general to the vicinity of the bridge across the Snake Creek, on the road to Crump's Landing, and, not being followed, he established them there undisturbed, with rear open for retreat, in an emergency, northward.

The air now resounded with hearty shouts of natural exultation on the part of the victorious Confederates, and, having established his headquarters in advance of Shiloh, General Beauregard, through his staff, urged the forward propulsion of the whole force upon the shattered fragments of the enemy.

Unfortunately, however, the Federal encampments were plethoric with food most tempting to hungry men, as well as with clothing and other alluring spoil; the thick woods, too, had greatly disintegrated almost every regiment, so that none of the divisions confronted in an embodied form the last position that remained between them and the deep, broad waters of the Tennessee.

The superior officers present, howbeit, collected the men immediately around them, of whatsoever corps.

Tired, hungry and exhausted as were the Confederates, nevertheless a number of determined separate efforts were made by them during the remaining hour of daylight to wrench their last foothold from their elsewhere beaten adversary. But meanwhile, at 5 P. M., Ammen's Brigade of Nelson's Division had been thrown across the river and established by Buell as a support of Webster's powerful battery; and the Federals, like a rat brought to bay in a corner from which there is no escape,

fought with all the desperation of that animal under similar circumstances, knowing, moreover, that night with its shield of darkness and ample succor were close at hand.

The character of these last assaults on the part of the Confederates, and their fruitless results, with the causes which wrought their failure, may be best illustrated by what befell Colonel Mouton and the 18th Louisiana Infantry.

After 4 P. M. he was ordered to charge "a battery on a hill," some 600 yards in his front.

Advancing "unsupported," the regiment soon became uncovered and exposed to a cross fire from the battery and its supports. Nevertheless, these dauntless Louisianians, well led, pressed up to within seventy yards of the Federal guns, but were then beaten back, leaving 207 of their numbers either dead or hors-de-combat on the ground.

Another characteristic essay was made on the extreme Confederate right by General James R. Chalmers, with his own and a part of J. K. Jackson's Brigade, to press forward to the landing. But in attempting, as Mouton had done, "to mount the last ridge," they were met by a "fire from a whole line of batteries, protected by infantry, and assisted by shells from the gunboats."

The Confederates, however, strongly persisted in storming the steep hillside, despite the impediments with which it bristled, and "made charge after charge without success, until night closed hostilities."

This tells the story of the closing scene—tells how a series of disjointed attacks at that late hour upon a battery of over fifty pieces by fragmentary bodies of men who had already been embattled for ten hours without respite, failed necessarily.

General Beauregard, in the meantime, observing the exhausted, widely-scattered condition of his army, directed it to be brought out of battle, collected and restored to order, as far as practicable, and to occupy for the night the captured encampments of the enemy. This, however, had already been done in chief part by the officers in immediate command of the troops before the order was generally distributed.

Foremost in the pursuit that followed the defeat of the Federals at their second line, it remains to be said, were Forrest and his regiment. They assisted in the capture of Prentiss' men,

and being mounted, as well as comparatively fresh, led the advance upon the ridge where the battery was established. Despite the efforts of the Federal officers, such was the confusion prevalent as Forrest began to skirmish vigorously that he sent a staff officer to report to General Polk (from whom he had last received orders) that by a strong, rapid forward movement the enemy might be driven into the river. Soon, however, the battery on the ridge opened with a general salvo, and the gunboats threw their ponderous shells in the thick of the upcoming mass of Confederates with such profusion that General Polk ordered the cavalry to take shelter in the wooded ravine which, beginning at the river just above the landing, extends around the battery ridge and for more than a mile westwardly. Here, however, they were exposed to a raking fire from the gunboats, and the artillery of both sides playing over their heads until night brought the cessation of the conflict.

All the encampments that had been occupied by the fine Federal Divisions were now in possession of their adversary. They were full of rich, opportune spoils of war, including many thousand stands of arms, all the blankets and baggage of the whole force, their subsistence, their hospital stores, means of transportation to a great extent, and large stores of ammunition. But so great was the lassitude and fatigue of the Confederates that all that could be done was to glean food sufficient for their supper, for which, indeed, all were dependent upon what they could thus find. The prisoners, however, were collected together during the night not far from Shiloh Church, where Generals Beauregard and Bragg established their headquarters. There, after a time, the former had an interview with his corps commanders, and received brief oral reports of the operations of the day.

Among the prisoners was General Prentiss himself, who had much to say touching the ultimate issue of the affair, which he asserted was by no means terminated with the disasters of that untoward day, for Buell, he stated, would effect a juncture that night, the fight would break out the next morning with renewed vigor, and all losses would be recovered. At the moment, however, this was regarded as idle talk, for an official telegraphic dispatch, addressed to General Johnston from near Florence,

was forwarded to the field from Corinth, announcing that Buell was moving with his whole force upon Florence.

Emanating from a reliable officer placed there in observation, whose scouts had doubtless mistaken the movement of Mitchell's Division for the whole of Buell's Army, it was credited, and Buell's timely junction with General Grant was accordingly deemed impossible. Therefore, the capture of the latter was regarded at Confederate headquarters as inevitable the next day, as soon as all the scattered Confederate reserves could be brought to bear for a concentrated effort.

Meanwhile, night had shrouded the bloody field in darkness; a deep silence had settled upon the scene of so much carnage—a silence only broken through the night by the regular exchanges of the heavy naval guns, the explosions of the shells, and by the low wails and moans of the wounded, of whom more than ten thousand, of both armies, were spread over the battlefield.

Such, however, of the Confederate soldiery as could find shelter from a heavy rain, slept undisturbed and hopeful of the fullest fruition of a great victory on the morrow.

On withdrawing from the ravine in which the nightfall had left him, Colonel Forrest, finding no superior at hand from whom to seek orders, with his habitual self-reliance looked at once for forage and food, and happily found both in a Federal camp nearby. Afterward he threw out a squadron as pickets, confronting as close as possible those of the enemy on a stretch of a mile to Coal Creek. He also dispatched Lieutenant Sheridan, of his regiment, with a squad of scouts in Federal overcoats, to reconnoiter within the precincts of the enemy's lines.

Completely successful, in an hour Sheridan returned and reported that, reaching the landing, he had seen heavy re-enforcements coming rapidly by water. Also, in his opinion, such was the disorder prevailing that if an attack were made in full force at once, they might be readily pushed into the river.

Forrest, ever a man of prompt action, mounted his horse instantly to convey this startling intelligence to the nearest corps commander, and soon coming upon Generals Hardee and Breckinridge, made known what his scouts had announced. He also bluntly added his opinion that either the Confederates should

immediately resume the battle or quit the field to avoid a damaging conflict with overwhelming odds.

Hardee directed him to communicate his information to General Beauregard, and with that object he rode forth again; but after a diligent search through the woods and darkness, unable to find that general, he became so deeply solicitous that he hurried back to his pickets. Finding all quiet, he again dispatched his scouts within the Federal lines.

It was 2 o'clock A. M. before they returned and reported the continued arrival of fresh troops. Again Forrest repaired and reported to General Hardee the state of affairs, but was instructed to return to his regiment, keep up a vigilant, strong picket line and report all hostile movements. All the while every few minutes through the night two gunboats had been sedulously throwing their dread "bolted thunder" directly over Forrest's bivouac, murdering sleep, weary and drowsy as all his men were.

By 7 P. M. Nelson's other brigades had crossed the Tennessee, and, with the one that so materially helped, with Webster's opportunely posted battery, to save the Federal Army from utter overthrow, were at once thrown forward by General Buell as a shield between General Grant's Army and the Confederates. Crittenden's Division likewise came up from Savannah by water not long after, and was promptly established in the same manner on Nelson's right. Moreover, Lew Wallace, strangely unable to find the road battleward amid the thunder peals of more than a hundred cannon within six miles of him, as soon as the dusky shadows and the quiet of night had supervened, found a way to the south bank of Snake Creek and to a position there commanding the bridge, and by chance, too, in the neighborhood of Sherman, with the shreds, or odds and ends of his own and other divisions that had rallied around him. One of McCook's Brigades (Rousseau's) also reached the scene about sunrise, and the other two were near at hand.

Thus were marshaled there, or near at hand, ready to take the offensive against the victors of the day before 25,000 fresh Federal troops, three battalions of which were regulars.

On the Confederate side, to meet such an onset, there was not a man who had not fought steadfastly for the greater part of Sunday. In addition to the many stragglers incident to all

battles, the casualties did not fall short of 6,500 officers and men, so that not more than 20,000 Confederate Infantry could have been found to answer to their names that morning.

Scattered widely, the regiments of the brigades of Bragg's and Hardee's Corps had slept here and there among the captured encampments, wheresoever they could find subsistence. Polk's Corps had been embodied to some degrees and led during the night by their general rearward at least a mile and a half beyond Shiloh toward Corinth.

In haste to efface the tarnish of the arrant disaster inflicted on his army on Sunday, with all the attending completeness of the surprise, General Grant did not await the advent of Buell's other divisions, but directed the offensive to be assumed at dawn. An accomplished soldier, martial by nature, acquainted with the theory of grand operations, and well practiced as a staff and line officer, General Buell had known how to make soldiers of his men—formidable soldiers to the scorched, battle-jaded Confederates whom they were about to engage.

From his line of observation Forrest discovered the first movement of the enemy just before day, a tentative advance of some pickets, as if to feel for an enemy. His men were now generally clothed in Federal cavalry overcoats, found in their encampment of the night. These misled the Federal pickets, some fifty of whom were presently captured. About half-past 5 A. M., however, a swarm of skirmishers were flung boldly forward by Nelson. These Forrest engaged as he fell back slowly upon the infantry, then being collected somewhat rearward, and behind whom, at 7 A. M., General Hardee directed him finally to retire.

The sound of so much musketry at the front by this time had announced, plainly enough, the advent upon the theatre of war of Buell's Army, and a desperate struggle for the fruits of yesterday's hard-earned triumph. All, as we have said, were greatly fatigued, and under the influence also of that extreme lassitude which follows every great exaltation; nevertheless, the reaction was immediate, and with the utmost alacrity the Confederates sprang once more into serried ranks, bent on a manful effort to hold what they had won.

Chalmer's Brigade, with a part of J. K. Jackson's, under

Wheeler, in advance, in front of Nelson, were the first to become engaged. Nelson came out with vigor, and the Confederates retired slowly to concentrate their strength. By 8 o'clock, Hardee, however, had massed in that quarter a number of his own corps, as well as Withers' Division of Bragg's, and the combat began in good earnest. Nelson now found a lion in his path, but Hazen's Brigade pushed forward with decided pluck, and the Confederates were driven from their position with the loss of a battery. A well-timed concentration, however, enabled the Confederates to hurl Hazen back from his prey, and in turn pressed Nelson so sorely that by 9 A. M. he was calling lustily for aid. In this affair the Confederate officers led their ranks notably. Chalmers, seizing the colors of a regiment as his brigade wavered, rode forward in a storm of missiles, waving the flag above his head; his men rallied, and quickly resuming the offensive, carried the contested point. There has been no grander display of courage on any field. At the same time, Colonel Wheeler did the like with the flag of the 19th Alabama; and Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Rankin, of Mississippi, lost his life, giving a conspicuous example of determined courage to his regiment.

Nelson was re-enforced by Terrell's Battery (regulars), and an obstinate struggle for the mastery of this part of the field raged until about 1 P. M. But neither party gained any material advantage, except that Terrell's Battery was so cut up that he had to assist as a gunner at one of his pieces, and the battery narrowly escaped capture.

Crittenden by this time was likewise hotly engaged in the immediate center, and on his right were arrayed several thousands of Grant's troops under McClelland.

The Confederates on his front, at first retiring to concentrate at his advance, finally rebounded, as upon Nelson with as great ardor and cheering as heartily as the day before in the full tide of their brilliant success. And as Nelson was borne back, so was Crittenden by the same reflux wave.

One of McCook's Brigades, under Rousseau, leavened by three battalions of regulars, had been on the field as early as daylight, on the right of Crittenden, neighboring Sherman and Lew Wallace. His other brigades reached and took position

about 10 o'clock; and just about the same time Polk's Corps, coming up from the rear, on the Confederate side, entered the battle in splendid order and spirit.

Grant's shattered forces on Sunday night had been reorganized into three divisions, of a decidedly composite character, under Sherman, McClernand and Hurlbut. Four or five thousand of these men were brought up under McClernand, as we have said, between Crittenden and McCook, and about 10 o'clock, several thousand more that hitherto had been collected and held near the river were also added under Hurlbut, who, however, fusing them with McClernand's command, repaired rearward again, at McClernand's request, to seek further support.

Lew Wallace, it will be remembered, bivouacked near the river and Snake Creek bridge, and so did Sherman. No considerable portion of Confederates had slept in that quarter of the field, so Wallace and Sherman, advancing for a while without difficulty, took up a strong position on a wooded ridge, affording shelter for Wallace's two batteries, with its right protected by the swamps of Owl Creek. However, by the time Nelson was well at work on the Federal left, the Confederates opened a light fire upon Wallace and Sherman, who, encouraged by its feebleness, adventured the offensive. But their speedy greeting was a sheet of flame, lead and canister from the woods in their front, when portions of Ruggles' and Breckinridge's Divisions stood in wait. The Federals reeled and rushed rearward, followed nearly a mile by the Confederates; but here, re-enforced by McCook, Sherman attempted to resume the advance.

Now the fight waxed obstinate, and the firing, says Sherman, was the "severest musketry" he had ever heard. Rousseau's Federal Brigade here was pitted against Trabue's Kentuckians. Both fought with uncommon determination to win, but the Federals were repulsed, and Wallace was so pressed that his situation became extremely critical.

McCook's other brigade had joined in the action meanwhile, and in that part of the field, including Grant's forces under Sherman and McClernand, there were fully 20,000 Federals opposed by not half that number of battle-battered Confederates.

The impetus of the Confederate attack was, therefore, slackened in the face of such odds. Yet several brilliant charges were

made, in one of which, to the left of Shiloh, General Beauregard himself led in person, carrying the battle flag of a Louisiana regiment; and Trabue's Brigade, having carried an eminence near Owl Creek, repulsing every effort to dislodge him, held the position until the retreat was ordered.

Here, as on the right, the Confederate troops were animated by the greatest intrepidity on the part of their superior officers.

It was now after 1 o'clock. The battle, kindled soon after daylight, had raged furiously from right to left for more than five hours. And notwithstanding the odds of fresh troops brought up against them, despite their long-continued engagement, the Confederates had not receded from the ground upon which they had been concentrated as soon as it was apparent that the battle was on their hands. But they were being fearfully depleted meanwhile. Beginning the combat with not more than 20,000 men exclusive of cavalry, less than 15,000 were now in the Confederate ranks. General Beauregard, seeing the unprofitable nature of the struggle, determined not to prolong it.

Directing his adjutant-general to select a position and post such troops as were available to cover the retreat, he dispatched other staff officers to the corps commanders, with the order to retire simultaneously from their several positions, ready, however, to turn and fight should it become necessary. And accordingly, about 2 o'clock the retrograde movement of the Confederates was inaugurated and carried out with a steadiness never exceeded by veterans of a hundred fields.

During the various stages of the conflict General Beauregard tried to use his cavalry, but so dense and broadspread were the woods that they proved altogether fruitless of results. Colonel Forrest, with ever-useful instincts, however, was able to render effective service during the morning in repressing straggling, until about 11 o'clock he was ordered by General Breckinridge, in whose vicinity he happened to be, to place his regiment on the right flank, where he soon became engaged in a brisk skirmish. Three times the enemy endeavored to break that part of the Confederate line, but was repulsed, as we have related, until near 1 o'clock, when on an order from General Beauregard, Forrest carried his regiment to the center, where it was dis-

mounted and took part there in repulsing the last onset made by the Federals in that quarter before the retreat began.

The retreat had now commenced in earnest, but so stunned and crippled was the enemy that no effort or pretense to pursue was made. The line established to cover the movement commanded the ground of Shiloh Church, and some open fields in the neighborhood. Thence keeping up a vigorous play of artillery on the woods beyond, there was no reply, nor did any enemy become visible.

That line was then withdrawn about three-fourths of a mile to another favorable position. Meanwhile, the retreat had been effected in admirable order, all stragglers falling in the ranks, and that line was abandoned with no enemy in sight.

Breckinridge, assigned to the duty of covering the retreat with his division, was ordered to bivouac for the night at a point not more than four and a half miles from Pittsburg Landing. The other corps were now en route for Corinth, by a road which that night was made almost impracticable for wheels by a heavy rainfall.

The losses of the Confederates in the two days' combat are accurately and officially stated by General Beauregard at 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded and 959 missing, or an aggregate of 10,699.

The Federal commander, in his brief report of the battle, estimates his own losses at only 1,500 killed and 3,500 wounded, an evidently large under-statement, for in the official reports of three of his division generals we find their losses foot up in killed and wounded as high as 4,614, with 1,832 reported missing, a number of whom must have been killed, as only 3,000 were captured, and most of them were of Prentiss' Division. What the real loss of Grant's army was, those who could best estimate it have not been at the pains to ascertain. The divisions of Buell engaged lost 3,753, much the heaviest part of which fell upon McCook's Division in the obstinate struggle against the Confederate left and center.

Of trophies the Confederates carried from the field some twenty-six stands of flags and colors, and about thirty of the guns captured on the 6th.

The guns which figure in Federal subordinate reports as cap-

tured from the Confederates, with few exceptions, were those lost on Sunday by the Federals, which, for want of horses to draw them from the field, had been left by the Confederates where they had been taken.

COMMENTARIES.

First—The delay of the Confederate Army in making the march from Corinth is a signal illustration of the truth of Napier's proposition:

"That celerity in war depends as much on the experience of the troops as upon the energy of the general."

Nevertheless, there were grave faults in the handling of several of the corps on the march. Moreover, several of these did not quit Corinth as early in the day as they might have done. We know General Johnston was profoundly disappointed and chagrined that his just expectations of delivering battle on Saturday morning were thus baffled.

Second—The precise terrene occupied by the Federal Army was unknown to the Confederate general, who therefore adopted the parallel order of battle rather than the oblique, which has generally been employed by great captains since Frederick the Great restored it to the art of war. Had General Johnston known the actual position occupied by the Federal front line, he surely would have attacked by the oblique order; massing upon the Federal right (Sherman), so as to force it back south-eastwardly into the cul de sac made above Pittsburg Landing by the junction of Lick Creek with the Tennessee River. As the attack was made, the shock of the onset only affected Sherman's left brigade. Had it fallen with full force upon his entire division, it is manifest that that which happened to Hilderbrand's Brigade would have befallen it. The entire division must have been swept away as that brigade was, and been driven rearward so rapidly upon McClernand's, Hurlbut's and Wallace's (W. H. L.), as to give them little or no time to form their division, and make the stand which Sherman's obstinate resistance with two of his brigades, near Shiloh, enabled them to do.

Third—Both sides have claimed the advantage. The Confederates found their pretension upon the fact of the heavy

capture of men and artillery, and colors which they carried from the field, the complete rout inflicted on the Federals on Sunday, and their ability on Monday to hold the ground upon which they had concentrated and made the battle until 2 P. M., when General Beauregard withdrew from an unprofitable combat; withdrew in admitted good order, taking with him all the captured guns for which there was transportation.

Moreover, his enemy was left so completely battered and stunned as to be unable to pursue.

The Federals claim the victory, upon the grounds that on Monday evening they had recovered their encampments and possession of the field of the battle from which the Confederates had retired, leaving behind their dead and a number of wounded.

In this discussion it should be remembered that after the Confederates concentrated on Monday, or from at least as late as 9 o'clock A. M. up to the time of their retreat, they uniformly took the offensive and were the assailants. All substantially claimed in reports of Federal subordinate generals is that, after having been worsted between 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., they were then able to hold their own and check their antagonist.

After that, manifestly, there was a complete lull in battle until about 4 P. M., when, and no sooner, do the Federals appear to have advanced.

Fourth—General Beauregard has been blamed unjustly for withdrawing his troops just as they were being launched on Sunday evening against the Federal position with such numbers and impetus by generals on the spot as must have insured complete success. The reports of brigade and regimental commanders completely disprove this allegation. His order really was not distributed before the greater part of the Confederate troops had already given up the attempt for that day to carry the ridge at the landing. The true reason why the battle of Sunday fell short of the most complete victory of modern war by the capture of the whole Federal Army is simply this: After the combat was at its height, about midday, those superior officers who should have been occupied with the concentration of their troops in heavy masses upon the shattered Federal Divisions, were at the very front and "perilous edge" of the battle, leading forward regiments, perchance brigades, into action,

with great individual intrepidity and doing a great deal, no doubt, by their personal example to impel small bodies forward. But meanwhile, to their rear were left the masses of their respective commands without direction, and thus precious time was lost.

The Confederates were not kept continuously massed and employed, either corps or divisions; mere piecemeal onsets were the general method of fighting after 12 o'clock, with this consequence, that Sherman was enabled to make several obstinate powerful stands, by which he protracted the battle some hours. Had the corps been held well in hand, massed and pressed continuously upon the tottering, demoralized foe; had general officers attended to the swing and direction of the great war engine at their disposition, rather than, as it were, becoming so many heads, or battering rams of that machine, the battle assuredly would have closed at latest by midday. By that hour, at most, the whole Federal force might have been urged back and penned up, utterly helpless, in the angle formed between the river and Lick Creek, or dispersed along under the river bank, between the two creeks, we repeat, had the Confederate corps been kept in continuously, closely pressed en masse upon their enemy after the front line had been broken and swept back. In that case the Federal fragments must have been kept in downward movment, like the loose stones in the bed of a mountain torrent.

Fifth—In a remarkable letter from that distinguished soldier, General Sherman, which we find in the United States Service Magazine, he virtually asserts that, even had General Buell failed to reach the scene with his re-enforcements, nevertheless the state of the battle was such at 5 P. M. Sunday as justified General Grant in giving him orders at that hour to "drop the defensive and assume the offensive" at daylight on Monday morning. This to be the order of the day, irrespective of the advent of Buell. In other words, Grant had resolved to become on the morrow the assailant, forsooth, with Lew Wallace's Division, which, having found it so hard for the last ten hours to find the road across "four miles" of country, with the sound of a great battle (and comrades in dire peril) to "quicken" its steps, was not yet on the field, and with such of his own "startled troops as had recovered their equilibrium." That is to say, with

7,000 fresh troops, not yet in hand, added to such commands as Sherman's, which he confesses in his official report was now of a "mixed character"—without any of three of his four brigades present—and such of the mass then huddled, demoralized and abject, under the river bank since 10 o'clock, as might have their "equilibrium" re-established. That this was the purpose General Sherman is sure, from a story then told him by General Grant of what had happened at Fort Donelson on the 15th of February; and, furthermore, he is very positive that he did not know Buell had already arrived. Now here the spirit rather than the letter of the renowned general's paper is to be weighed.

To be relevant to the question, he steps into the arena not to discuss but settle, he must mean this: that the offensive was to be taken by the Federal forces then west of the Tennessee, if Buell did not come to their assistance; further, when the order was given to him to that end, he did not know General Buell's forces were in such proximity as must insure their advent upon the field in large, substantial force to make the projected attack.

This must be the substance, "bolted to the bran," of what he utters, for it were not pertinent to the issue, nor frank to say merely that Buell was not there, when he knew that Buell must be in due season with the requisite troops.

We have great respect for the genius, the tenacity and the shining courage of General Sherman; we admit his well-won fame. We have a long personal knowledge of the man, but, nevertheless, we are constrained, in the interest of history, to point out facts, as "plain as way to parish church," that show he wrote hastily, inconsiderately.

Saturday night General Grant slept at Savannah, when both General Buell's and Nelson's Divisions had arrived. Before the general-in-chief left for the battlefield he ordered Nelson to march thither, which, by a forced march, was done in four hours, or which by an ordinary march might have been effected at most in six. General Sherman says he saw General Grant as early as 10 A. M. at a moment of sore distress. When General Buell reached Pittsburg Landing, not later than 3 o'clock, General Grant was at the landing, and the two commanders met there.

By 5 P. M., the hour Sherman alleges the order for the offensive was given, Nelson had been long enough in sight at the

landing to throw a brigade across, and upon the last ridge; and at that hour the last assaults of the Confederates had not taken place, nor until Nelson was in position to help to repel them? Very well.

Would General Grant, knowing that Buell must be up that night, be likely, even at 10 o'clock, to omit communicating such important intelligence to his doughty, right-hand lieutenant—the very “sinew and forehand” of his army—not only to inspire him to still more obstinate fighting, but as a solace, a relief of inestimable value at the instant? Or would he at 5 o'clock have failed to acquaint that lieutenant of Buell's presence at the landing, and Nelson's on the other bank?

Finally, at a moment when the Confederates were swarming down to make their crowning assault upon the last foothold of his fighting wreck, with but a few hundred yards between it and a wide river, and when, from what had already happened, he could scarcely hope it would not be a concentrated, terrible onset. Could General Grant, as yet ignorant of that issue, be in condition to give orders looking to the offensive on the next morning? We are sure not, as well as that General Sherman's memory has deceived him.

The fact is, the order of which he speaks was really given later; that is, when Generals Grant and Buell visited him together. All who weigh evidence must come to this conclusion. Were further proof necessary, it is found in the fact that neither Sherman's nor Lew Wallace's, nor any of Hurlbut's troops became really engaged on Monday before 10 A. M.; and that after that hour even Hurlbut, turning over to McClernand such men as he had been able to collect, was sent back to the river to glean and assemble the still scattered fragments of the five dismembered divisions.

THE BATTLE OF NEW MARKET, VA., AGAIN,

With Further Account of a Volunteer Night Attack at Newport News.

The editor finds that there are exceptions to the article, pp. 155-158, and counter statements. He yields to no one in due admiration for the signal display of valor and veteran soldiery demeanor of the boy cadets—at New Market—an exemplification which Napoleon himself would no doubt have acknowledged.

The article for the volume had already been printed, but the following corrections made in the Times-Dispatch of January 19, 1908, must be given:

“Ch. M. W., Co. B., V. M. I. Cadet Corps,” thus corrects the statement made by Captain Bruce, that “the Cadets gave way,” and gives tribute to his martyred boy comrades, Cabell, Atwell, McDowell, Steward, Jefferson, Jones, Crockett and Wheelwright.

Further, the Cadet Battalion fired directly into the battery, while Captain Bruce states his regiment, the 51st, fired “obliquely” into; and that the Cadets did capture it.

As to the percentage of loss of the 51st Regiment, which Captain Bruce states as “five per cent.”—the Cadet percentage was twenty-five per cent.

As to halts of the Cadets, charged by Captain Bruce—one is accounted for by an intervening ravine, when “the line of the Cadets becoming necessarily disarranged.” Colonel Scott Shipp, in command, gave the order to halt and dress into line. “The second halt was somewhere about one hundred yards in front of the six-gun battery,” spoken of by Captain Bruce.

“Following the order to halt the order was given to charge, and soon after, in this charge, Colonel Shipp was wounded.

In the same issue of the Times-Dispatch appeared the following corroboration of the above, with some further matters of interest:

BRUCE'S ERRORS.

Not meaning to detract one scintilla from the glory of Captain

Bruce or his men, he errs in the statements that the Cadet Battalion was immediately to the right of the 51st, whereas the fact is that the Cadets' Battalion was at the extreme left end of the second line of battle, with the exception of Edgar's Battalion, which was upon the immediate left of the Cadets' Battalion. Captain Bruce is positively wrong in his assertion of the breaking of the corps in the outset or in the engagement. The captain also claims that his regiment was to the right of the six-gun Federal Battery, with the exception of the extreme left wing of his regiment, the 51st. He (Captain Bruce) furthermore asseverates that his company was the fifth in his (Fifty-first) regiment from the right of this aforesaid, that the men developed a backbone and an esprit de corps which responded with alacrity and enthusiasm to General Magruder's call for volunteers on a memorable occasion. Information had been received at headquarters that just outside of the main line of fortifications at Newport News was a gun redoubt of two or three field pieces, supported by only a small body of infantry. It was believed that by a well-planned and rapidly executed night attack this redoubt might be stormed and the guns captured. At any rate, the scheme seemed so feasible that a picked body of men was formed, the volunteers being ignorant of their destination and being only forwarned that they were composing a "forlorn hope."

As my memory serves me, these volunteers were taken from the following commands, at the rate of six or eight from each: Edgecombe Guards, Charlotte Grays, Hornet's Nest Riflemen, Orange Light Infantry, Lafayette Light Infantry, Burke Rifles, Independent Light Infantry, Enfield Rifles, Southern Stars, Bertie Light Infantry, Chowan Light Infantry, Stuart's and Montague's Virginia Light Infantry, twelve dismounted men of Douthat's Virginia Cavalry.

After this lapse of time my recollection is indistinct, and I can recall by name of these volunteers only J. B. Smith, R. M. Orrell, James T. Rose, Theodore Wardell and J. W. Hurlst, of my own company, the Lafayette; Charles Haigh, W. E. Kyle, Jarvis Lutterloh and John B. McKellar, of the Independent Company. All were killed during the war or have died since except Haigh, Kyle and the writer.

General Magruder placed at the head of this expedition Cap-

tain J. B. Starr, commanding Company F, or Lafayette Light Infantry, a man of that stubborn, bulldog courage which is never exalted by victory or depressed by defeat. An officer of the Virginia Cavalry, Lieutenant Goode, I think, who was thoroughly acquainted with all the country of the Yorktown peninsula, was selected as guide through the woods and swamps to the scene of action.

The men were ordered to equip themselves in light marching order—that is, without blankets or knapsacks—and to cook one ration. In the early afternoon, in the month of August, the command marched out of camp, with no sound of trumpet or tap of drum. I remembre that the morning had been mild and beautiful, but the clouds gathered in the afternoon, with threatening of heavy rain.

After proceeding from Bethel Church for some distance the column wheeled sharp off to the left, traversed a byroad for about half a mile, marched through a piece of dense woods, then into an old field, overgrown with small oak and gallberry bushes, and halted. The men were told to rest at ease, eat their ration if they felt so disposed, and were cautioned to secure any buckle or other piece of metal which might jingle in walking; also, to rub wet earth on their bayonets and gun barrels, in order to dull their glint and shine. Then Captain Starr and the cavalry lieutenants, plunging through the undergrowth, disappeared, and were gone so long that the men ate their rations, smoked their pipes, and some of them were asleep by the time the officers returned.

The command was called to attention and the march was resumed, through a broken country, with thick undergrowth, and the signs of an approach to tidewater. Once again there was a halt, and the muskets of eight or ten men were replaced by axes, with which to cut away any obstructions in the dash on the redoubt. On the right of this squad stood Charles Haigh, a stalwart young soldier, now Major Charles Haigh, a gallant ex-Confederate officer, and one of the prominent business men of Fayetteville. Dark night was now upon us; but here and there through the openings of the trees the dim light showed, towering through the gloom and stalking on behind us gigantic centaurs of the days of mythology, as weird and

terrible as the famous mysterious horse of Albert Durer. They were the teams and drivers brought along to carry away the captured guns, and they must have been harnessed in cotton or velvet and shod with straw, for they came on as noiselessly as the spectres of a dream.

And now, under thick darkness, headed by our morning guide, Lieutenant Goode, we broke our way through bush and briar, splashed water, stole quickly across some open patch of ground, descended into a steep gully, then climbed a hill, and the redoubt was right in front of us. Just above me, not twenty feet away, I could see a sentinel, seeming to be peering down into the cavernous gloom.

There was a moment's breathless pause. The man awaited the clarion command, "Charge!" Then lights flashed along the line of embankment, soldiers rushed to the front, a bugle sounded, drum beat, and a random shot rang out here and there. The night attack had failed. Either the garrison was larger than we had been given to understand, or the enemy had been informed of the expedition, and had sent reinforcements to the redoubt. Our retreat was a crawling on hands and knees to the first sheltering thicket, and then a run for it, with the uneasy feeling of a probable volley in the back at any moment.

It is said that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In camp, while volunteers were falling into line for the expedition, W. E. Kyle called to a relative, J. K. Kyle, to come up to the front. "Go on, Emmett, my boy," cried the latter; "I glory in your spunk, but I have a wife and a stake in the country." A young fellow in the Chowan Light Infantry, when informed that we were about to charge the redoubt at the point of the bayonet, exclaimed in all the proud consciousness of a big tidewater plantation and hundreds of negroes, "Hell! if the Confederacy is so bad off for guns I'll get father to buy half a dozen cannon for it."

I doubt not that there are some survivors of that expedition among the old soldiers of Virginia and North Carolina, who can corroborate my account, I may be repeating a story, but I have never seen it in print.

J. M. H.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. December 26th.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

The Stirring Story of Her Circumnavigation of the
Globe and Many Conquests on the High Seas.
From the Pen of Her Executive Officer,
Captain William C. Whittle.

The following is taken from the Confederate Column of the Portsmouth Star, conducted by Colonel William H. Stewart, published in serial issues of March 13, April 3, 1907:

We are pleased to announce that the marvelous story of the Confederate States ship Shenandoah, from the pen of her executive officer, commences with this issue of The Star and will be continued until finished.

On May 1, 1863, the Confederate Congress adopted the design of the second national flag with the battle flag for the union and a pure white field. The first flag made was sent by President Davis to enfold the body of Stonewall Jackson, and from this fact it was sometimes called "Jackson's flag." Its other name was "Stainless Banner."

This was the only Confederate flag that circumnavigated the globe and waved on every ocean except the Antarctic. It was carried at the peak of the Shenandoah in the most wonderful cruise that the world has ever known and was hauled down in Liverpool on the morning of November 6, 1865, six months after the war was over.

That gallant naval officer, William Conway Whittle, who has made this most valuable contribution to Southern history, was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1840. In 1854 he entered the United States Naval Academy, from which he was graduated in 1858 and was ordered to the flagship of the Gulf squadron, at Key West. In part of 1858, 1859 and 1860 he served on the frigate Roanoke and sloop-of-war Preble in the Carribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico.

In December, 1860, he was ordered to Annapolis for examination, and upon passing was promoted to passed midshipman and

sailing master, respectively. Upon the secession of Virginia he resigned and tendered his services to Governor Letcher and was commissioned a lieutenant in the State navy, and later in the Confederate States Navy.

In 1861 he was stationed at a naval battery at West Point, York River, Va., and there reported to General Magruder at Yorktown to drill soldiers at the navy guns covering the Williamsburg Road. Later he was ordered on similar duty at a naval battery on Spratley's farm, on James River, and thence to Charleston, S. C., as the third lieutenant of the C. S. S. Nashville, and made her cruise to England and back to Beaufort, N. C., where he was left in command of the vessel until her purchasers could send a crew to her. Upon the capture of Newberne by the Federals he ran the ship through the blockade and into Georgetown, S. C., and there delivered her to her purchasers.

He was, in March, 1862, ordered to New Orleans as third lieutenant of the Confederate States Steamer Louisiana and commanded her bow division in the desperate fight with Farragut's fleet in passing Forts Jackson and St. Philip. After this conflict, when the Louisiana was destroyed to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands, he was captured and sent to Fort Warren, at Boston. He was exchanged in August, 1862, and ordered as first lieutenant of the gunboat Chattahoochee, on the Chattahoochee River. Later he was ordered abroad to join a Confederate vessel. While awaiting her, he was selected to take dispatches from the Confederate commissioners in England and France, and Captain Bulloch, in charge of equipping cruisers, to the Richmond government. These dispatches were taken through the blockade and delivered, and he was sent back to the commissioners with return dispatches.

In October, 1864, he was ordered as executive officer of the C. S. S. Shenandoah, and after her unique cruise surrendered to the British Government in Liverpool, Eng., in November, 1865. In December, 1865, he went to Buenos Ayres, and remained in the Argentine Confederation until 1867, when he returned to his home in Virginia.

In 1868 he was appointed captain of one of the Bay Line steamers between Baltimore and Norfolk and Portsmouth. He

served in that capacity until 1890, when he resigned to become superintendent of the floating equipment of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company. After this fleet was sold, in 1901, he assisted, in 1902, in organizing the Virginia Bank and Trust Company, of which he became cashier, and is now a vice president and a director.—W. H. Stewart.

From time immemorial one of the most effective and damaging means resorted to in wars between nations and peoples has been an attack upon the commercial marine of an adversary. It was a mode of warfare legitimized by being resorted to all through the ages. It was adopted by our colonial cruisers during the revolutionary war, and during the war of 1812, 1813 and 1814 seventy-four British merchant vessels were captured by the United States Navy under direct orders from their Navy Department and President Madison. Such depredations only became "piratical," in the minds of the Federal Government, when their own interests were jeopardized during our late war. Situated and conditioned as we were when that war began and during its continuance, such means of warfare were peculiarly alluring and suggestive of many and great results. The Southern Confederacy had no commerce and was at war with the United States, which had a large commercial marine. To attack it was not only to inflict heavy pecuniary loss from vessels destroyed, but to force upon them great expense in insurance against these ravages and marine war risks.

Nor was this all. The United States had a formidable navy with every facility to increase it; utilized most disastrously to the South by blockading its ports and closing the doors through which to receive, from the outside world, materials and munitions of war, so greatly needed, and, too, in attacking its seaboard cities and towns. Every cruiser put on the ocean must and did have the effect to divert a force to protect as far as might be their threatened commerce.

But the South had no vessels of war, nor such as could be converted into cruisers. The quickest, best and well nigh only way to procure them was by purchase abroad, from the proceeds of sale of their cotton. Early in the beginning of the war

this was seen and the course adopted. To manage this difficult and important work a man of professional ability, clear business capacity, wise judgment and discretion in selecting and dealing with men, a knowledge of maritime and international law, calm equanimity and great sagacity was needed. To find such a man meant such a measure of success as all the difficulties and counteracting efforts would admit of. To select the wrong man meant foreign entanglements, prejudice of cause and failure.

For this work the Confederate Government selected Captain James D. Bulloch, formerly an officer in the United States Navy, from Georgia, who, when the war began, commanded a merchant steamer running between New York and a Southern port. They might have searched the world over and would have failed to find another combining all the qualifications needed, as pre-eminently as he did. His heart was thoroughly in the cause and he threw his whole body and soul into his work. To his judgment, sagacity, energy and tact, was due the possession and fitting out of the *Alabama*, *Georgia*, *Florida*, *Rappahannock*, *Stonewall*, *Shenandoah*, and the building of the ironclad rams at Liverpool and the vessels in France.

Such of these vessels as took the sea, took it not as privateers, as they were called by some; not as pirates, as our enemies opprobriously spoke of us, but as armed government vessels of war, commanded and officered by men born in the South and holding commissions in the Confederate States Navy, of a government whose belligerent rights were acknowledged by the kingdoms of the earth—commissions as valid as those held in the United States Navy.

The Confederate States had, as I said, no naval vessels and none or very few that could be converted into cruisers. They had, however, a fine, loyal, able and true personnel, composed of officers educated and commissioned in the United States Navy before the war. They were Southern-born men, who represented their respective States in the United States Navy, just as their representatives in Congress and other governmental branches represented them in their respective spheres. The expense of educating and qualifying them for their positions was borne from the general fund collected from all the States, their respective States bearing their just proportion for the qualifying

of their quota. These men were not politicians, but when the war clouds gathered felt bound by every sense of duty, love and devotion, many of them against their judgment as to the judiciousness of disruption, and all of them against the professional hopes, aspirations and pecuniary interests, when their mother States withdrew, to rally to their standard, resigned and tendered their services. They were accepted and given commissions properly signed by the executive and confirmed by the Congress of the Confederate States. No more loyal men lived on earth. Let no slanderous tongues or libelous pens impugn their motives. Let not their reputation for purity of purpose, as to their duty, be handed down to posterity with any stain, but let their children have perpetuated in their minds and hearts the fact that their fathers were neither knaves, fools, cowards nor traitors. These men were ready and anxious to serve their country in her hour of peril, in any honorable field that they might be called to by her. These men officered the cruisers of the Confederate States.

The Confederate States Steamers Sumter, Alabama, Florida, Tallahassee, Nashville, Georgia, and others, had gone out and done damaging service against the United States merchant marine. There was, however, one branch of that marine, a large and remunerative interest, prolific with gain and profit, against which no special expedition had been sent. That interest was the whaling fleet of the United States.

The conception of the judiciousness of such a special expedition came, I think, primarily from Lieutenants John Mercer Brooke and the late Robert R. Carter, two distinguished officers of the United States Navy, who, upon the secession of their native State, Virginia, had resigned and joined her cause. Captain Brooke is now, and has been for years, a professor at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. They had, as members of a scientific expedition fitted out by the United States, become acquainted with the extent and cruising grounds of the whaling fleet. Lieutenant Carter, afterwards associated with Captain Bulloch, talked the matter over with him, and to him it was due, from his knowledge of the field, that a comprehensive letter and general plan was formulated for such a cruise.

Of course it could only be an outline of an expedition which constant and unavoidable emergencies and exigencies must

qualify, shape and control. But the sequel to its general observance by Commander Waddell, of the Shenandoah, proves with what masterly hand it was drawn up. Captain Bulloch also procured from the distinguished Commodore Matthew F. Maury, "the pathfinder on the ocean," who had likewise followed the standard of Virginia, a full set of "whaling charts." This expedition was to be the work of another vessel. It was to operate in distant and extensive fields and against vessels whose voyages were not finished until they were filled with oil. For such work, remote from every source of supply of coal or other stores, a cruiser of peculiar construction, etc., was needed. She must have good sail power and sailing qualities to economize coal, and she must have auxiliary steam power to carry her through calms of the tropics and to get her out of any peril in which Arctic ice might place her. She must have a propeller that could be, when not in use, detached and hoisted out of water, so as not to impede her headway under sail. She must have a means of condensing steam into fresh water, for drinking purposes. She must have comfortable and healthy quarters for her crew and strength of construction to carry her battery.

The very vigilant professional eyes of Captain Bulloch and Lieutenant R. R. Carter, who was associated with him at that time, fell upon the trim new British steamship *Sea King*, when just on the eve of sailing from the Clyde for the East Indies on her first voyage. They, as far as circumstances permitted, possessed themselves of thorough knowledge of her. She was built for an East Indian trader, with capacity, etc., to carry government troops, if desired. They were greatly impressed by her fine lines, sail power, deck capacity, arrangement of machinery, her hoisting propeller, etc., and Captain Bulloch saw in her the very vessel he wanted to convert into a cruiser against the whaling fleet. He kept track of her, laid his plans for purchase and quietly awaited her return to carry them out, making, *ad interim*, all arrangements to speedily equip and dispatch her.

This and all his work required great caution, tact and judgment, for a sharp system of espionage surrounded him all the time.

The *Sea King* was a composite built vessel. That is, had iron frame and teak wood planking about six inches thick. She was

220 feet long, 35 feet breadth of beam and was of about 1,160 tons. She had a single, detachable and hoisting propeller. Direct acting engines; two cylinders of 47 inch diameter and of two feet nine inch stroke; of 850 indicated horse power. She had three masts, the lower masts and bowsprit being of iron and hollow. She was a full rigged ship, of full sail power with royals, rolling, self-reefing topsails and royal topgallant, topmast and lower studding sails, with all proper fore and aft sails.

By October 6, 1864, the officers of the Confederate Navy who were to go on her had been quietly collected at Liverpool, Eng., by Commodore Samuel Barron, commanding Confederate Navy officer abroad, to hold themselves in readiness, without a clear knowledge of for what, but simply at Captain Bulloch's call. On October 6, 1864, I was ordered by Captain Bulloch to take the 5 P. M. train from Liverpool for London, and on arrival to register at Wood's Hotel, Furnival Inn, High Holborn, as Mr. W. C. Brown. I was to appear the next morning for breakfast in the restaurant of the hotel, and while reading a morning paper to have a napkin passed through a button hole of my coat. So seated, I would be approached by a stranger with, "Is this Mr. Brown?" to which I was to reply, "Is this Mr. ——?" Upon an affirmative reply I was to say "Yes," and Mr. —— and I, after finishing breakfast, were to retire to my room.

All this was done, and on October 7, A. M., Mr. —— and I were in my room arranging for my getting on board the Sea King, which was then in port ready to sail. I went with Mr. ——, and at an unsuspecting distance viewed the ship, and later, at a safe rendezvous, was introduced to her captain, Corbett. The ship was loaded with coal and cleared for Bombay by the captain, who had been given a power of attorney to sell her, at any time after leaving London, should a suitable offer be made for her. As I had been selected to be her executive officer after her transfer, naturally much, in every way, would devolve upon me, in the transformation of the vessel and her equipment, it was deemed expedient that I should observe her qualities, see her interior arrangements of space, etc., and formulate and devise for a utilization and adaptation of all the room in her. Captain Bulloch wisely deemed it best that I should thus have all oppor-

tunity of familiarizing myself with her, and hit on the plan of letting me join her in London.

On the early morn of October 8, 1864, I crawled over her side, at the forerigging, and the ship in a few moments left the dock and went down the Thames. To everybody on board except Captain Corbett, who was in our confidence, I was Mr. Brown, a super-cargo, representing the owners of the coal with which she was laden. We were fully instructed to proceed to Madeira, where we were to call, a fact only known on board to Captain Corbett and myself, and not to exchange signals with passing vessels en route. On the voyage, with judicious caution and Captain Corbett's assistance, I possessed myself of much information that served a good purpose afterwards. No one on board suspected anything out of the usual course.

By preconcerted arrangement, on the same October 8, 1864, the propeller steamer *Laurel*, J. F. Ramsay, Confederate States Navy, commanding, sailed from Liverpool for Havana, with passengers and general cargo. The *Laurel* was to call also at Madeira and get there sufficiently ahead of the *Sea King* to enable her to coal up. The *Laurel* arrived at Madeira on October 15 and coaled all ready for moving, upon the appearance of the *Sea King*. The "general cargo" of the *Laurel* consisted, as afterwards found, of the guns, carriages, ammunition, etc., and stores for the future cruiser, and her passengers were the commander, officers and small nucleus for her crew. On the early morn of October 18, the *Sea King* arrived off Funchal, Madeira, and running in sight of the harbor, displayed a private preconcerted signal. This was answered by her little consort and the two moved off successively to the Desertas, a rocky, uninhabited island not far from Madeira. There the *Sea King* anchored and her consort was secured alongside. It was perfectly smooth and a sequestered place, where there was little chance of observation or interruption. A rapid transfer of everything from the hold of the *Laurel* to the deck and hold of the *Sea King* was made, on October 19.

Her officers were: Lieutenant Commanding James I. Waddell, C. S. N., from North Carolina; W. C. Whittle, Virginia, first lieutenant and executive officer; Lieutenants John Grimball, South Carolina; Sidney Smith Lee, Jr., Virginia; F. T.

Chew, Missouri, and D. M. Scales, Tennessee; Irvine S. Bulloch, Georgia, sailing master; C. E. Lining, South Carolina, surgeon; Matthew O'Brien, Louisiana, chief engineer; W. B. Smith, Louisiana, paymaster; Orris A. Brown, Virginia, and John T. Mason, Virginia, passed midshipmen, all regular officers in the Confederate States Navy, and F. J. McNulty, Ireland, acting assistant surgeon, and C. H. Codd, Maryland, acting first assistant engineer; John Hutchinson, Scotland, acting second assistant engineer; E. Mugguffny, Ireland, acting third assistant engineer; Acting Master's Mates John F. Minor, Virginia; C. E. Hunt, Virginia; Lodge Cotton, Maryland; George Harwood, England, acting boatswain; John L. Guy, England, acting gunner; H. Alcott, England, acting sailmaker; John O'Shea, Ireland, acting carpenter, were given the said acting appointments in the Confederate States Navy by proper authority. These twenty-three men were the officers who were transferred to the *Sea King*, all except myself and two engineers who joined from the *Sea King*, went out on the *Laurel*.

Captain Waddell read his commission and addressed both crews, calling for volunteers. Only nineteen men, including the small nucleus from the *Laurel*, volunteered, making, with the twenty-three officers, forty-two in all. Captain Waddell had the Confederate flag hoisted at the peak, received a bill of sale and christened the *Sea King* the C. S. S. *Shenandoah*. I do not know why the name *Shenandoah* was chosen, unless because of the constantly recurring conflicts, retreats and advances through the *Shenandoah Valley* in Virginia, where the brave *Stonewall Jackson* always so discomforted the enemy, causing, it is said, one of the distinguished Federal generals to say of that valley that it must be made such a waste that a crow to fly over it would have to take its rations. The burning there of homes over defenseless women and children made the selection of the name not inappropriate for a cruiser, which was to lead a torch-light procession around the world and into every ocean.

Guns, carriages and their fittings, ammunition, of powder, shot and shell; stores of all kinds, all in boxes, were transferred from the *Laurel* to the *Sea King*. All was confusion and chaos. Everything had to be unpacked and stored for safety. No gun mounted, no breeching or tackle bolts driven, no portholes cut,

no magazine for powder or shell room for shell provided. All was hurriedly transferred and in a lumbering, confused mass was on board. Every particle of work, of bringing order out of chaos and providing for efficiently putting everything in a condition for service, and of converting this ship into an armed cruiser at sea, amidst wind and storm, if encountered, stared us in the face.

The entertained and expressed hopes, that from the two crews a sufficient force would be induced to volunteer, were disappointed. Only nineteen men volunteered, which, with the twenty-three officers, made forty-two men for this stupendous work, and to man and care for a ship whose crew, with her battery, etc., as a cruiser, should be at least 150 men.

Captain Waddell, though brave and courageous, accustomed as a naval officer, to step on the deck of a man-of-war fully fitted and equipped at a navy-yard, where every facility aided to make everything perfect, was naturally discomforted and appalled. He conferred with Captain Corbett, late commander, and Lieutenant Ramsay, Confederate States Navy, who commanded the consort Laurel, both experienced seamen, and he told me that they both said they considered his taking the ocean, in such a condition, and so shorthanded, impracticable. As his executive officer, he naturally consulted me, saying that it was his judgment that he should take the ship to Teneriffe, communicate with Captain Bulloch and have a crew sent to him. I knew every one of the regular officers personally. They were all "to the manner born."

With the fate of the C. S. S. *Rappahannock* (which about a year before had gone into Calais, France, for some such object, had been held there inactive ever since) before me, and a positive conviction that our fate would be the same and result in ignominious failure, I strenuously advised against it. I said, "Don't confer, sir, with parties who are not going with us. Call your young officers together and learn from their assurances what they can and will do." They were called together; there was but one unanimous sentiment from each and every one, "take the ocean," and so it was, be it ever said with credit to them, and to the zeal and courage of the now lamented Waddell, we did take the ocean, as we were, and steered clear of Teneriffe

and every other port not in our cruise. Let those who hear the sequel judge of the wisdom of the decision.

The battery consisted of four eight inch smooth bore guns of 55 cwt., two rifled Whitworth 32-pounder guns and the two 12-pounder signal guns belonging to her as a merchant ship. The two vessels parted company at 6 P. M., October 20, 1864, and left the *Desertas*, we on our southerly course and the *Laurel* for *Teneriffe*, to report progress. Every officer and man "pulled off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves," and with the motto "do or die" went to work at anything and everything. The captain took the wheel frequently in steering to give one more pair of hands for the work to be done. We worked systematically and intelligently, doing what was most imperatively necessary first.

In twenty-four hours we had mounted and secured for sea, two eight inch guns and two Whitworths, and the next day the other half of the battery was similarly mounted and secured. We cleared the holds and stored and secured everything below, and in eight days, after leaving the *Desertas*, had all portholes cut and guns secured therein. Under our instructions we had to allow sufficient time for Captain Corbett to communicate with England and have the custom house papers cancelled and all necessary legal steps connected with the bona fide sale taken before any overt act.

On October 30, 1864, we captured the first prize, the bark *Alina*, Captain Staples, of Searsport, Maine, from Newport, Wales, for Buenos Ayres, with railroad iron. There was no notarial seal (required under law to establish ownership) to the signature of the owner of the cargo, and so she was, as an American vessel, with her cargo a legal prize. An order was given that nothing on any prize should be appropriated by any officer or man without permission from the commander through me. We determined to scuttle the prize, and after transferring her crew and effects and saving such furniture as was on board, sorely needed for comfort, such as basins, pitchers, etc., we sunk her. Seven men of her crew of twelve shipped on the *Shenandoah*.

On November 5 we made our second capture, the United States Schooner *Charter Oak*, from Boston for San Francisco, Captain Gilman, who had his wife and wife's sister, Mrs. Gage, and her little son Frank on board. Captain Gilman surrendered

\$200 he had on board, which Captain Waddell gave to Mrs. Gilman and her sister. The schooner, after transferring a good supply of canned fruits and vegetables, was burned.

November 8, captured the American bark D. G. Godfrey, Captain Hallett, from Boston for Valparaiso, which was burned. Six of her crew shipped on the Shenandoah.

November 9, overhauled the Danish vessel Anna Jane and sent the prisoners from the Alina and Godfrey on her, giving a full supply of provisions for them and a chronometer (captured) as a present to the Danish captain.

November 10, captured the American Brig Susan, Captain Hansen, of New York, with coal from Cardiff for Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. This cargo was wanting in the notarial seal to the signature of the owner. She was sunk. Three men shipped from her on the Shenandoah (two seamen and one boy).

November 12, overhauled the splendid American ship Kate Prince, of Portsmouth, N. H., Captain Libby, from Liverpool for Bahia, Brazil, with coal. She had notarial seal to establish a neutral cargo, and we bonded the vessel for \$40,000 and put on her all prisoners remaining with us. Captain and Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Gage, of the Charter Oak, were profuse in their thanks for kindness while on board.

November 12, overhauled the bark Adelaide, Captain I. P. Williams, of Mathews County, Va. The vessel was under the Argentine flag, but there was everything to show a bogus sale. Learning, however, positively that she belonged to a Southern sympathizer, after preparations (crew and effects removed) to burn her, we bonded her.

November 13, captured and burned the schooner Lizzie M. Stacey, Captain Archer, from Boston for Honolulu. Four men out of the seven, shipped on the Shenandoah.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.

On November 15, 1864, at 11:30 A. M., we crossed the equator, or "crossed the line," and an amusing break in routine and monotony occurred. There were many officers and men on board who had never before gone into the Southern hemisphere, I among the number. I was approached, as executive

officer to know if I had any objection to King Neptune's coming on board to look after and initiate those on board who had never crossed his domain before. I did not object. It was nearly calm. At 7:30 P. M. a loud hail was heard from under the bows and a brilliant light shone, asking permission from King Neptune to visit the ship. It was granted. A giant-like figure came over the bow, with an immense harpoon in his hand, and a chafing mat for a hat, and came aft, followed by a well disguised retinue or suite, to look after King Neptune's new subjects.

Lieutenant Chew was first seized. The first question was, "Where are you from?" Woe to the man who opened his mouth to answer. It would be filled with a mixture of soap, grease and molasses. If no answer was given your face was lathered with a mixture and you were shaved with a long wooden razor, and then the pump was started, which nearly drowned you, to wash it off. Dr. McNulty, on being asked where he was from, replied "Ireland," and his mouth was filled with the mixture. This was too much for his Irish blood and he knocked the barber full length on the deck. I, as executive officer, for that reason thought I would be let off, particularly as I had given permission for the fun, but I was shaved also. The sport all went off very well and was a break in the shipboard life.

We now, from enlistments from our several prizes, had increased our crew from nineteen to thirty-nine, or, including the officers, had all told sixty-two souls, so that we felt quite comfortable. With such a mixture of nationalities the most rigid discipline had to be, and was, maintained, and the happiness of all was promoted by prompt punishment of all offenders. This, of course, devolved on me. Justice was tempered with humane and kind treatment, to the general good and as necessary to success.

On December 8, sighted the Island of Tristan da Cunha, and while sailing for it captured the first whaler, the bark *Edward*, Captain Worth, of New Bedford, Mass. Got from her a quantity of ship's stores, beef, pork, sea biscuits, etc., and after everything we needed at the time, or prospectively, was removed, the vessel was destroyed. Her crew consisted of captain, three mates and twenty-two men, or twenty-six all told. The whale ships, from

the nature of their work, have very large crews. With the three left of the crew of the schooner Stacey we now had twenty-nine prisoners on board, which, when the number of our own force and the manner in which it was made up, was considered, was more than we wanted to watch. So we landed them at Tristan da Cunha, sending off an abundant supply of stores from the last prize to maintain them until called for by some passing vessel.

The Island of Tristan da Cunha taken its name from the Portuguese discoverer. It was when Bonaparte was a prisoner at St. Helena, occupied by the British as a naval station. When we were there there were thirty-five souls on the island, divided into seven families. The island is about seven miles each way and very high. One side of it, on the northwest, is productive and had fine beef cattle, chickens, eggs, milk, butter and sheep. It is a good point to call for such stores, but while the water is bold and deep, there is a "kelp," or sea weed, growing up from the bottom and so covering the surface, and so strong that it is hard to get through, and endangers the disabling of a steamer by winding up the propeller wheel. The island is under English protection. When we were there old Peter Green, a Dutchman from Holland, who was the oldest man on the island, had been there twenty-five years and seemed to be the leading man among them. The island is about 37 degrees south latitude and 10 degrees west longitude.

On December 29, while laying to in the Indian Ocean, after a heavy gale, which had lasted two days, and just before making sail, saw a trim bark running down towards us. As she passed she hoisted the United States flag and we fired a shot across her bow. She hove to and we sent a boat on board and captured the American bark Delphine, Captain Nichols, of Bangor, Maine, from London for Akyab, in ballast. Going as she was, had the captain the nerve he could have saved his vessel and been out of reach of our second shot and before we could have made sail would have been beyond our power to catch her. The captain came on board with his papers. She was a legitimate prize, but he said his wife was on board and not in good health, and that to remove her would be dangerous. It was suggested by me to Captain Waddell to let our surgeon look into that. The result

was that she was found in splendid health. She came off in a boat, and as it was rough, a whip and a boatswain's chair was gotten from the yard arm, and she, with perfect self-possession, got into it and told the men when to hoist. She was very irate with her husband and told him that he should have saved his ship by keeping on. We burned the ship.

An amusing incident I will here relate. Captain Nichols was very much depressed at the loss of his vessel and was moodily pacing the deck. It was Lieutenant Chew's watch. Chew was a good, kind hearted fellow and he wanted to comfort the poor captain, and approaching said some cheering words. Poor Captain Nichols was not to be comforted. Chew, very scientific, then said, "captain, upon what small actions important results depend. Just think that if at daylight this morning you had changed your course one-quarter of a point you would have passed out of our reach or sight." The captain turned and said, "That shows how darned little you know about it, for this morning at daylight I just did change my course 'a quarter of a pint,' and that's what fetched me here." Chew retreated but it was heard, and it was a long time before he heard the last of that comforting conversation. Mrs. Nichols and her little son, Phineas, six years old, with her husband, had a comfortable cabin, but she was always bitter and never appreciated our kindness.

January 25, 1865, arrived at Melbourne, Australia, and our prisoners, after being paroled, went ashore in shore boats with their effects. Mrs. Nichols' last words were to express a hope that we would come to grief. I cannot blame her much. The Shenandoah needed caulking and docking to repair the shaft bearings. We were given permission to do the work necessary for safety at sea. The population were generally kind and hospitable and treated us with marked courtesy. They came on board by thousands. Soon, however, enemies attempted to draw our men from us, but generally failed.

We had myriads of applications to enlist, but we had had notice given us not to violate the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, forbidding shipping men, and we refused all. Men of their own volition, or, as we were persuaded at the time, in many cases were secreted on board, to entrap us into some viola-

tion of neutral laws and get us into difficulty with the local government. We hauled out on the marine railway or slip, and at one time our enemies so far succeeded, despite our constant efforts to keep all men not belonging to the ship from getting on board, that one man was reported as on board and the authorities demanded to search the ship. This was positively and firmly refused, we saying that as a vessel of war we would not allow it, but would search her ourselves and send anyone, not on the vessel when we came in, ashore. This did not satisfy them, and pending reference to the law officer, the slip or railway was embargoed and all of her majesty's subjects forbidden to launch or work on the vessel.

A formal demand, in the name of our government, for the removal of the embargo was being drawn up when the law officer decided in our favor and our work continued. She was repaired and launched, and notice as requested given of when we would sail. At request of the authorities I was ordered to have her thoroughly searched for any stowaways. I selected several of the best officers, who made a conscientious search, and reported that they had examined carefully and could find no one not on the vessel when she came. In the meantime, however, when we gave our men liberty, the American consul or his emissaries persuaded several of our crew to desert. Application for assistance to arrest them was made to the authorities, but denied. Thus it is clear that the Victorian Government treated us badly.

We got some 250 tons of coal, and on February 18, A. M., sailed. We had received an intimation of a suggested plot among some Americans to go on board, go to sea and capture the vessel. but we were on the alert and never saw anything to cause us to think that they did more than to talk of this desperate attempt. We were numerically weak, but it would have been fatal for all who had entered into any such plot.

Getting well to sea, outside the jurisdiction, after discharging the pilot, forty-two men, who had stowed themselves away, some in the hollow bowsprit and some in the coal, all where the officers of the ship could not find them, came on deck and wanted to enlist. We wanted men after our losses in Melbourne, but we were suspicious, after the intimated plot. The

men were black with dirt. We drew them up in a line, took their names and nationality. Thirty-four claimed to be Americans and the other eight of various nationalities. We shipped them all, but watched them closely. They turned out to be good, faithful men. These gave us seventy-two men on deck. Some were from New England. One, George P. Canning, said he had been aide-de-camp to General (Bishop) Leonidas Polk, C. S. A., who had been discharged as an invalid. With him as sergeant, a marine guard was organized.

Sighted Drummond's Island and learned from natives in canoes that no vessels were there. Sighted Strong's Island and near enough to see no vessels in Chabrol Harbor. Sighted Mc-Askill Island. Sighted Ascension (Pouinipete or Ponapi Island) of Carolina group, about six degrees north and longitude 160 degrees east, and on April 1, looking into "Lod Harbor" of that island, found four whalers there. Took a pilot (an Englishman, named Thomas Harrocke, from Yorkshire, who had been a convict, and had lived on this island thirteen years) and anchored in the harbor.

Sent off four boats and boarded each vessel and made prizes of American whalers Edward Carey, of San Francisco; Hector, of New Bedford; Pearl, of New London, and Harvest, from New Bedford, nominally from Honolulu, but really an American under false colors, having an American register, having no bill of sale, and being under her original name. All four of the captains had gone on a visit to a missionary post near by. As they returned in their boat we intercepted them and brought them on board. It was no April fool for them, poor fellows. We transferred everything needed from the prizes, and taking them to a point indicated by the King where no harm could be done the harbor, destroyed them.

King Ish-y-Paw visited the ship with his suite in a large fleet of canoes. His royal highness drank freely of Schiedam Schnapps. He became very friendly and communicative through the pilot as interpreter.

Before firing the prizes we furnished the King with muskets and such things as he desired, and also sent ashore large quantities of provisions for the prisoners, who were, on the day of our sailing, sent ashore with the King's permission. The prisoners

preferred to be landed there. We shipped eight men from the prizes. Sailed on April 13, leaving the Ladrone Islands, Los Jardines, Grampus and Margaret Islands to the westward, and Camira, Otra and Marcus Islands, to the eastward, we steered to intercept vessels from San Francisco and West Coast of South America for Hong Kong. We cruised in these tracks, but saw no sail. Before reaching the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude had heavy typhoons. Above that the weather settled.

On May 21, passed Moukouruski Island, and going through Amphitrite Straits, of Kuril Islands, entered the Okhotsk Sea. The most beautiful optical illusions I ever witnessed were in the mirage in this latitude, about Kamchatka. When not foggy the atmosphere was a perfect reflector. We saw prominent points seventy miles distant. We would see a snow clad peak direct, and above it, inverted, the reflection, peak to peak, with perfect delineation, or we would see a ship direct, and above it, the reflection of the same ship, inverted, masthead to masthead. Just as if you put your finger to a mirror you would see the finger and reflection, point to point.

We were in the Arctic and contiguous regions during their summer. It was most interesting, as we went north towards the pole, to mark the days grow longer and longer, and to experience the sun's being below the horizon, a shorter and shorter period each twenty-four hours in its diurnal circuit, until finally we went so far that the sun did not go out of sight at all, but would go down to the lowest point, and without disappearing would rise again. In short, it was all day.

In the Okhotsk we encountered thick fogs and heavy ice. On May 27, in latitude 57 north, longitude 153, captured the American whaler Abigail, of New Bedford, which was burned. We took her crew of thirty-five men on board. Went up as far as Ghifinski and Tausk Bays, but could not enter for ice from fifteen to thirty feet thick.

June 10 and 12 twelve of the Abigail's crew enlisted. June 14 we went out of Okhotsk Sea, through Amphitrite Straits. June 16 two more men enlisted, and on same evening entered Bering Sea, through the Aleutian Islands, going north towards Captain Navarin.

June 23, captured whalers William Thompson and Susan

Abigail, which left San Francisco in April, and brought papers of April 17, giving correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee and a statement of the surrender of the latter to the former at Appomattox, but they also contained President Davis' proclamation from Danville, Va., stating that the surrender would only cause the prosecution of the war with renewed vigor. We felt that the South had sustained great reverses, but at no time did we feel a more imperative duty to prosecute our work with vigor.

Between June 2 and June 28, inclusive, we captured twenty-four whaling vessels, viz.: William Thompson, Euphrates, Milo, Sophia Thornton, Jireh Swift, Susan Abigail, General Williams, Nimrod, Nye, Catherine, General Pike, Gipsev, Isabella, Waverley, Hillman, James Murray, Nassau, Brunswick, Howland, Martha, Congress, Nile, Favorite and Covington, of which three, viz.: Milo, James Murray and Nile, were bonded and the others burned, and all prisoners put on board the bonded vessels, with ample provisions taken from the vessels destroyed for their support. Eleven of the enumerated vessels were captured on June 28. These were our last prizes. Some of the prisoners expressed their opinion, on the strength of the papers brought by the Susan Abigail, of General Lee's surrender, that war might be and probably was over, but as an evidence that such was not believed to be the case, eight men from these vessels enlisted on the Shenandoah.

On June 29, at 1 A. M., passed the Behring Straits into the Arctic Ocean. At 10 A. M., finding heavy floes of ice all around ahead of us, we turned to the southward and re-entered, through Behring Straits, Behring Sea, being at noon, or two hours after we turned around, in 66 degrees 14 minutes north latitude. Encountered very heavy ice on July 1. On July 5 passed through Amukta Pass (172 degrees west longitude) of the Aleutian Islands, from Behring Sea into the Pacific Ocean. One of the islands by which we passed in coming out was volcanic, for smoke was seen coming out from its peak.

This was the last land which we were destined to see for a long time. Our course was shaped towards the coast of California, Lower California and Mexico, with the hope of falling in with some trans-Pacific vessels, or some of the steamships from San Francisco to Panama.

On reaching the 129th meridian of west longitude we ran down parallel with the coast. On August 2, when in latitude 16 degrees 20 minutes north, longitude 121 degrees 11 minutes west, we made out a vessel, a sailing bark, which we chased under steam and sail and overhauled and boarded at 4 P. M. It proved to be the English bark *Barracouta*, from San Francisco for Liverpool, thirteen days out from the former port. The sailing master, I. S. Bulloch, was the boarding officer, and after he had examined her papers, to establish her nationality, he asked the captain for the news about the war. The English captain said "What war?" "The war between the United States and Confederate States," Bulloch replied. When the Englishman replied, "Why the war has been over since April. What ship is that?" "The Confederate steamer *Shenandoah*," Bulloch replied.

He then told of the surrender of all the Confederate forces, the capture of President Davis and the entire collapse of the Confederate cause, and when Bulloch returned he not only told all this, but, too, that Federal cruisers were looking for us everywhere and would deal summarily with us if caught. Files of recent papers confirmed everything. The information given by the captain of the *Barracouta* was appalling to the last degree. Coming as it did from an Englishman, we could not doubt its accuracy. We were bereft of country, bereft of government, bereft of ground for hope or aspiration, bereft of a cause for which to struggle and suffer.

The pouring of hirelings from the outside world had at last overpowered the remaining gallant Confederates. That independence for which our brave people had so nobly fought, suffered and died, was, under God's ruling, denied us. Our anguish of disappointed hopes cannot be described. Naturally our minds and hearts turned to our dear ones at home. We knew the utter impoverishment of those who survived, for surrender proved that, but what of the fate of each and all who were dear to us. These were the harrowing thoughts which entered into our very souls, the measure and intensity of which can never be portrayed. Then, too, by comparing dates, we found that most of our destruction was done, unwittingly, after hostilities had ceased at home. We knew the intensity of feeling engendered

by the war, and particularly in the hearts of our foes towards us. We knew that every effort would be made for our capture, and we felt that if we fell into the enemy's hands we could not hope, fired as their hearts were, for a fair trial or judgment, and that the testimony of the whalers, whose property we had destroyed, would all be against us, and that the fact that we had been operating against those who had been nearly as much cut off from channels of information as we were ourselves, would count for naught. Even during the war we had been opprobriously called "pirates," and we felt that if captured we would be summarily dealt with as such.

These were inquietudes which caused no demoralization, or craven fear, however, but were borne by true men with clear consciences, who had done their duty as they saw it, with the powers given them by God. It was a situation desperate to a degree, to which history furnishes no parallel. Piracy is a crime, not against any one nation, but against all. A pirate is an enemy to mankind, and as such is amenable to trial and punishment, under the laws of nations, by the courts of the country into whose hands he may fall.

The first thing was to suspend hostilities and to proclaim such suspension. Captain Waddell promptly ordered me to disarm the vessel and crew. This was done immediately and our guns were dismounted and stowed and secured below in the hold of the ship. The captain addressed his crew and told them unreservedly the situation and declared all warlike operations stopped.

The next step was to go into the hands of some nation strong enough to maintain the rulings of the laws of nations and resist any demand, from our enemies, for our surrender, that we might have a full, fair trial. There were various opinions advanced as to the best course to pursue to promote the general safety. Our captain decided and made known his decision: that we would proceed to England, learn the true situation, and if all we heard was true, surrender to the British Government. We steered for Liverpool. Our coal supply was short and was needed for ballast and for emergency of pursuit, and for the last home stretch of our gauntlet of about 17,000 miles. So our long voyage must be under sail.

The admirable discipline, sedulously enforced and maintained all through, now, on our changed condition, brought forth good fruit. The crew, from here, there and everywhere, many being from our prizes, behaved splendidly and with a high loyalty to general safety. No serious disorders arose, but every man did his duty in the effort to safely reach our selected destination. It was a long, weary and anxious voyage, with its share of gales and storms. We rounded Cape Horn on September 16, 1865, under top gallant sails, but on getting to the eastward of it had heavy adverse gales, which threw us among icebergs. We passed many sails, but exchanged no signals—we were making no new acquaintances.

We crossed the equator, for the fourth time, on October 11, 1865. On October 25, P. M., when about 500 miles southeast of Azores Islands, we sighted a supposed Federal cruiser. Our courses converged. The stranger was apparently waiting for us, but to avoid suspicion we did not change ours, until night-fall, and then we made a short detour and the next morning nothing more was seen of her. We on that occasion got up and used steam, for the first time on a voyage of over 13,000 miles.

On November 5, 1865, we entered St. George's Channel, making Tuskar lighthouse, which was the first land we had seen for 122 days, after sailing 23,000 miles, and made it within a few moments of when it was expected. Could a higher proof of the skill of our young navigator, Irvine S. Bulloch, be desired? That night we took a Liverpool pilot, who confirmed all the news we had heard. He was directed to take the ship to Liverpool.

On the morning of November 6 the brave ship steamed up the river Mersey with the Confederate flag at her peak, and was anchored by the pilot, by Captain Waddell's order, near H. B. M. guardship Donegal, Captain Paynter, R. N., commanding. Soon after a lieutenant from the Donegal came on board to learn the name of our vessel and advised us officially of the termination of the war. At 10 A. M. November 6, 1865, the last Confederate flag was hauled down and the last piece of Confederate property, the C. S. S. Shenandoah, was surrendered to the British nation by letter to Earl Russell, from Captain Waddell, through Captain Paynter, royal navy, commanding H. M. S. Donegal.

The gallant little ship had left London thirteen months before as the *Sea King*, and had, as a Confederate cruiser, defied pursuit, for twelve months and seventeen days, had captured thirty-eight vessels valued at \$1,172,223, bonding six and destroying thirty-two—second only to the *C. S. S. Alabama* in number; had circumnavigated the globe, carrying the brave flag around the world and into every ocean on the globe except the Antarctic; traveling over a distance of about 60,000 miles, without the loss of a single spar.

Captain Waddell's letter to Earl Russell set forth the unvarnished facts and work of our cruise and surrendered the vessel to the British nation. The *Shenandoah* was placed under custody of British authorities, the gunboat *Goshawk* being lashed alongside.

United States Minister Adams, on November 7 addressed a letter to the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, requesting that necessary steps be taken to secure the property on board, and to take possession of the vessel with view to her delivery to the United States. Minister Adams' letter, with that of Captain Waddell, with other documents relating to the *Shenandoah*, were referred to the law officers of the Crown on November 7, 1865, who advised in substance as follows:

"We think it will be proper for her Majesty's government, in compliance with Mr. Adams' request, to deliver up to him, in behalf of the government of the United States, the ship in question, with her tackle, apparel, etc., and all captured chronometers or other property capable of being identified as prize of war, which may be found on board of her. . . . With respect to the officers and crew . . . if the facts stated by Captain Waddell are true, there is clearly no case for any prosecution on the ground of piracy in the courts of this country, and we presume that her Majesty's government are not in possession of any evidence which could be produced before any court or magistrate for the purpose of contravening the statement or showing that the crime of piracy has, in fact, been committed. . . . With respect to any of the persons on the *Shenandoah* who cannot be immediately proceeded against and

detained under legal warrant upon any criminal charge, we are not aware of any ground upon which they can properly be prevented from going on shore and disposing of themselves as they think fit, and we cannot advise her Majesty's government to assume or exercise the power of keeping them under any kind of restraint."

The law officers who gave this advice and these opinions, and whose names were attached thereto, were Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir R. P. Collier and Sir Robert Phillimore.

In consequence of these opinions of the law officers of the Crown, instructions were sent to Captain Paynter, of her majesty's ship *Donegal*, to release all officers and men who were not ascertained to be British subjects. Captain Paynter reported on November 8 that, on receiving these instructions he went on the *Shenandoah*, and being satisfied that there were no British subjects among the crew, or at least none of whom it could be proved were British subjects, he permitted all hands to land with their private effects.

Thus ended our memorable cruise—grand in its conception. Grand in its execution, and unprecedentedly, awfully grand in its sad finale. To the four winds the gallant crew scattered, most of them never to meet again until called to the Bar of that Highest of all Tribunals.

The ship was handed over to the United States agents, a Captain Freeman was appointed to take her to New York, but going out and encountering high west winds, lost light spars and returned to Liverpool. It was not tried again. The noble vessel was put up and sold to the Sultan of Zanzibar. She finally was lost on a coral reef in the Indian Ocean in 1879—fourteen years after the last Confederate flag was hauled down.

[The flag of the *Shenandoah*, reverently preserved by the late Colonel Richard Launcelot Maury, C. S. A., son of Commissioner Matthew Fontaine Maury, was recently deposited with the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and is preserved in the Museum Building at Richmond, Va.—Ed.]

From the Lexington, Ky. *Herald*, April 21, 1907.

THE ELEVENTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY, C. S. A.

By ANDERSON CHENAULT QUISENBERRY.

On August 14, 1862, General E. Kirby Smith left Knoxville, Tenn., with an army of some 11,000 men, about 1,000 of whom were cavalry. This army, by forced marches, passed rapidly across the intervening mountainous country, subsisting to a great extent upon the roasting ears growing in the fields along their route; and on August 30 its advance brigades, about 5,000 strong, hungry and pugnacious, struck the Federal Army, under General William Nelson, some 16,000 strong, at Richmond, Ky., and destroyed it. It has been said that in no battle in the Civil War was an army so completely destroyed as Nelson's was in this fight. At the same time General Braxton Bragg entered Kentucky from another direction with a strong force and advanced upon Louisville; and thus, for the first and only time during the war, nearly the whole of Kentucky was within the Confederate lines. During the six weeks it was so situated, a number of Confederate regiments was recruited in the State.

On Sunday, August 31, 1862, the day after the battle at Richmond, Mr. David Walter Chenault, a prominent citizen of Madison County, then about thirty-six years old, went to Richmond from his country place, and on arriving at the town found that a great many young men of Madison and some of the neighboring counties were there, and anxious to join the Confederate Army, and that Messrs. Carey Hawkins, John D. Harris, Clifton Estill, Dr. Jennings, and several other prominent and influential citizens of the county, of Southern sentiment, had united in recommending him (Chenault) to General Kirby Smith as one of the most suitable men in Kentucky to recruit and organize a regiment of Kentuckians for the Confederate service. As Mr. Chenault's sympathies were already deeply engaged in the cause, he was easily persuaded to accept the commission; and

Joseph T. Tucker, of Winchester, and James B. McCreary, of Richmond, were named and commissioned, respectively, as lieutenant-colonel and major of the proposed new regiment.

Ten days later (September 10, 1862) the regiment, then consisting of nine companies and 800 officers and enlisted men, was mustered into the service at Richmond, and assigned to General J. H. Morgan's Cavalry Brigade. It was the first regiment of Kentucky soldiers mustered into the service after Bragg and Kirby Smith advanced into Kentucky; and, properly speaking, it should have been designated the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, for it was mustered in before the regiment that was designated the First (Colonel D. Howard Smith's), and in fact before any of the other regiments of cavalry raised in Kentucky, after the Fourth. Chenault's Regiment was first called the Seventh, by which designation it was known for several months. But Colonel R. M. Gano claimed the designation of "7th" for his regiment, and was given it; after which Chenault's Regiment was known as the 11th Kentucky Cavalry.

General Adam R. Johnson's book, "The Partisan Rangers," commanded by Colonel William Hollis, of Webster County, gives a roster of another 11th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., where, and in the adjoining counties, this regiment of 410 men was recruited. On June 22, 1863, this regiment was defeated in a fight with the 35th U. S. Cavalry, and Colonel Hollis was killed. The regiment then disbanded and the men joined other organizations.

So Chenault's Regiment had the distinction of having borne two numerical designations—first the 7th Kentucky Cavalry, and second, the 11th Kentucky Cavalry—when there were already other regiments claiming these designations and bearing them,

Chenault's 11th Kentucky Cavalry was composed altogether of ten companies. Companies A and C were recruited in Clark County; Companies E, B and F in Madison County; Company D in Estill County; Company G in Bourbon County, and Company H in Madison, Estill and Montgomery Counties. I do not know where Company I was recruited, though probably it was in Estill County. Company K was recruited in Clinton and Wayne Counties, Ky., while the regiment was

doing outpost duty in that section of the State early in 1863. After the accession of this company the regiment had a strength of more than 900 men. Some of the companies were consolidated and their letter designations changed, while the regiment was in Tennessee.

That the 11th Kentucky Cavalry was intended for real use rather than for ornament is shown by the fact that on the very day that it was mustered into the service (September 10, 1862), orders were received from General Kirby Smith, then at Lexington, for one of its companies to go on an expedition to Irvine and Estill Counties to find out whether there had been any movement of the Federal General George H. Morgan's forces from Cumberland Gap, in that direction; and to remain upon the scout until they had found out something definite about his movements, in whatever direction. Another order, received on the same day, directed that part of the regiment should operate with General John H. Morgan in one of his scouting forays in the mountains. On September 15 four companies of the 11th were sent into the Fox or Sugar Hill Country, in Garrard County, to hunt up, disperse or capture a little army of home guards and bushwhackers under the command of a man named King, who was giving a great deal of trouble in that direction. On the same day Lieutenant J. L. Wheeler was assigned to the command of Winchester and Clark County with his company (C) and directed to suppress all bushwhacking and break up all communications with the enemy, and to take away the arms of the Winchester home guards and parole the men.

It was in such arduous and perilous work as scouting, fighting bushwhackers, etc., that the young regiment of raw recruits received its baptism of fire, as well as its first military training, before the men were even instructed in the manual of arms or the simplest rudiments of drill and the school of the soldier; and in such work it continued until the retreat from Kentucky.

Although assigned to Morgan's Brigade, the regiment as a whole, did not join him before the retreat, and did not go out of Kentucky with him on the retreat. Morgan went out of the State by way of Versailles, Lawrenceburg, Bardstown, Elizabethtown, Hopkinsville, etc., to Gallatin, in Sumner County,

Tenn. Chenault's Regiment, which was the largest in Morgan's command, and perhaps the largest that ever went into the Confederate service from Kentucky, left Richmond on October 18, 1862, and retreated with the forces of General Kirby Smith by way of the Big Hill route across the mountains of Tennessee, and so had no opportunity to engage in the battle of Perryville. However, they had plenty of skirmishing with bushwhackers, as well as other rough experiences by the way.

The regiment remained with Smith until the latter part of November, when it joined Morgan's Brigade (to which it belonged) near Lebanon, Tenn. On November 20, 1862, the Confederate War Department issued an order assigning Chenault's Regiment to General Abram Buford's Cavalry Brigade, which was to be dismounted. This was done by instigation of General Bragg, whose hatred of all Kentuckians was notorious, and who did everything in his power to annoy and humiliate them. He was constantly endeavoring to have Morgan's whole force dismounted and made infantry, and it required great vigilance on the part of General Morgan and his friends to prevent this being done. Notwithstanding the fact that Chenault's Regiment was officially assigned to Buford's Brigade as early as November 20, 1862 (at which time its designation was changed from 7th Kentucky Cavalry to 11th Kentucky Cavalry), Morgan had sufficient influence to keep the regiment under his own command, and it never was a part of Buford's Brigade, only nominally.

Soon after joining Morgan, the Eleventh was prominently engaged in the biggest fight it ever took part in—the battle of Hartsville, Tenn.—one of Morgan's greatest and most brilliant victories. This battle was fought on December 9, 1863—Chenault's Regiment having then been in the service exactly three months. Numerous accounts of the battle have been published, and it is not my intention to add another. Chenault's Regiment was posted in a prominent position and took a very important part in the fight, where his men behaved like veterans and contributed materially toward securing the victory. The regiment, attacking obliquely on the flank, drove the enemy, who were greatly superior to them in numbers, for nearly half a mile,

without a check, until the Federal right wing was forced back upon their own left wing.

General Morgan, in his official report on the battle says: "Colonel Chenault led on his men with the most determined bravery, encouraging them by voice and example." Colonel Joseph T. Tucker used to say that General Morgan promised to have Colonel Chenault made a brigadier-general for his services in the battle of Hartsville; and no doubt he intended to do so. But Morgan himself was at that time (December 9, 1862) still only a colonel acting as brigadier commander.

General Basil W. Duke, in his "History of Morgan's Cavalry," says: "The most valuable capture (at Hartsville) was of boots and shoes, for some of the cavalymen, especially of Cluke's and Chenault's Regiments, had no other covering for their feet than rags.

Soon after this battle, and on account of it, Morgan received his long delayed commission as brigadier-general; and, on December 18, 1862, his forces were organized into two brigades, which he commanded as acting major-general. The 11th Kentucky Cavalry was assigned to the 2nd Brigade, which was commanded by Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, as acting brigadier-general.

On December 22, General Morgan started on what is known as his "Christmas Raid" into Kentucky—the greatest of all his numerous forays into the enemy's country, except the one known as the "Ohio Raid." Starting from his camp at Alexandria, Tenn., he marched as far as Shepherdsville, Ky., before beginning his retreat, fighting nearly every day. He destroyed the L. & N. Railroad from Munfordsville to within eighteen miles of Louisville, rendering it impassible for at least two months; captured 1,877 prisoners, including 62 commissioned officers; killed and wounded a large number of Union troops, and destroyed more than \$2,000,000 worth of United States property. His own loss on the raid was two killed, twenty-four wounded and sixty-four missing. His command was back in Tennessee, in camp at Smithville, on January 5, 1863, having spent just two weeks on the raid. He and his men received a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress for their brilliant services on this raid.

The 11th Kentucky Cavalry was conspicuous for the part it took in this raid. It daily did its full share of the hard and bloody work cut out for the whole command by its daring and brilliant leader, General Morgan. On December 29, Colonel Chenault and his regiment were sent in advance to burn the stockade and trestle at Boston, in Nelson County. This work they successfully accomplished, capturing and paroling the garrison at Boston, as well as destroying the bridge and trestle, and that night they rejoined General Morgan at Bardstown.

On December 31, as Morgan was slowly retreating across Muldraugh's Hill, Captain Alexander H. Tribble, of Chenault's Regiment, and Lieutenant George B. Eastin, of Duke's Regiment, were loitering behind the column, and were attacked in a hand-to-hand conflict by Colonel D. J. Halisy, of the 6th Kentucky Cavalry (Union) and two of his aides, who were riding far in advance of their own column. Lieutenant Eastin killed Colonel Halisy, and the two aides surrendered to Captain Tribble, who engaged them both, and would have slain them, except for their surrender.

On January 14, 1863, Morgan's command went into camp at McMinnville, Tenn., and Chenault's Regiment was immediately ordered to Clinton County, Ky., to guard against a dash of the Federals from that direction. On the next day (January 15) the regiment started in a pelting rain for Albany, the county seat of Clinton. It marched through rain and snow for five days, swimming both the Collins and the Obie Rivers, and reached Albany on the morning of the 22nd, much exhausted, and many of the men dismounted, the hard riding having thoroughly disabled their horses. On the 24th Major McCleary went on a scout to Monticello, twenty-five miles from Albany, and drove a company of Federals, commanded by Captain Hare, out of Monticello and across the Cumberland River.

It will be remembered that Chenault's Regiment, though operating (as it always did) under Morgan's commands, was still officially a part of Buford's Brigade. About January 20, 1863, Colonel Chenault got leave to go to Richmond, Va., where he saw Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy, as well as the Secretary of War; and, as the result of his conferences with them, Special Orders No. 25, dated January 30, 1863,

were issued, which rescinded the order of November 20, 1862, assigning his regiment to Buford's Brigade. The order concluded with these words: "This regiment will remain, as heretofore, with the brigade under Brigadier-General John H. Morgan. Colonel Chenault will immediately proceed from this city to Tullahoma, Tenn., and report accordingly."

It was during this visit to Richmond that Colonel Chenault had the portrait made of which the cut accompanying this sketch is a reproduction. According to his orders, he proceeded from Richmond to Tullahoma, and reported what had been done to General Morgan, and then rejoined his regiment at Albany, Kentucky.

From January 25 until February 15 the regiment scouted and picketed the roads in every direction. The men had good rations and forage, with comfortable quarters, but the duty was heavy and severe, the whole regiment being on guard duty every two days. "Tinker Dave" Beatty annoyed them so much that a chain picket had to be established around the entire town every night. Colonel Jacobs' Regiment (Federal) was at Creelsboro, twelve miles distant, and Wolford's Brigade was at Burkesville, fourteen miles distant. The 11th Kentucky then had about 600 effective men, the others being sick or dismounted, and was 120 miles from support. It was only by the greatest vigilance and activity that they could maintain their position and do the immense amount of scouting and picketing that was required of them.

On February 10, 1863, the scouts brought in some newspapers from which it was learned that Colonel Frank Wolford would make a speech in Burkesville on the 12th. Early on the morning of that day Major McCreary started from Albany with two companies; and, on approaching Burkesville, formed his men behind a hill, and from the bushes near the river watched the assembling of the crowd at the courthouse to hear the speaking. There was a guard of soldiers at the ferry, within 400 yards of the courthouse. Major McCreary charged with his men, on foot, to a school house immediately on the banks of the river, and from there drove the dismounted pickets away from their horses, and broke up the speaking in tremendous disorder. Seven of the Federal troops were killed or wounded.

The boys christened the school house "Fort McCreary," but it did not last long, for the Federals crossed the river that night and burned it.

On February 19 Colonel Cluke passed near Albany, starting on his raid to Eastern Kentucky. He delivered orders from General Morgan for Colonel Chenault to furnish him two companies from the 11th Kentucky, to go on the raid; and Captain Terrill's and Captain Dickens' companies were detailed for that purpose.

After that date the field of picket duty for the 11th Kentucky Cavalry was extended so as to include Wayne County, as well as Cinton. On March 7 Colonel Chenault, with a great part of his regiment, went to reinforce General Pegram at Beaver Creek, marching by way of Maynardsville and Racoon Valley; and on the 10th they rejoined the regiment at Monticello, in Wayne County. At this time and place Colonel Chenault mustered into his regiment a company of men who had been recruited for it during the time it had been in Clinton and Wayne Counties.

On March 19 Major McCreary crossed the Cumberland River in a horse-trough, with a few men, and marched two miles through the rain to capture a Federal picket. He took two men, and lost one of his own.

After taking station in Kentucky on January 22, and up to April 1, 1863, a period of about sixty days, the regiment lost seventeen men by "brain fever," among them Captain Willis F. Spahr and Lieutenant Charles H. Covington. In this disease of brain fever, the men were suddenly seized with intolerable pains in the back of the head; and, after suffering intensely for a few hours, they invariably died. A case of recovery from it was unknown.

About this time General Pegram made an unsuccessful raid into Central Kentucky, going as far as Danville. He was badly defeated at Somerset, as he was retreating. The Federal forces were pressing him sorely; his troops were much scattered and demoralized, and many were captured. It is probable that nearly all of them would have been captured, except for the fact that (April 11) Colonel Chenault marched his regiment to the Cumberland River and protected the crossing of Pegram's fugitives. General Pegram never forgave Colonel Chenault for this kind-

ness, and from that date never lost an opportunity for annoying him.

On April 18 the two companies of the Eleventh that had gone with Colonel Cluke on his raid in Eastern Kentucky, rejoined the regiment. They had suffered much loss on the raid. Captain Robt. B. Terrill and Lieutenant Seth Maupin, of Company E, were both severely wounded in the hot fight at Mt. Sterling (March 21, 1863), and had to be left there. Captain Terrill, who was shot through both legs, did not recover from his wounds until several years after the war was over.

April 19, 1862, Colonel Chenault wrote from Monticello to General Morgan as follows: "I hasten to give you all the news we have. There is a rumor here that our forces have been attacked at Big Creek Gap, whether true or not, I do not know. Captain Joseph Chenault has just got in from a scout across the river; he crossed at Creelsburg, went to Jamestown, recrossed at Rowena, found no enemy nor heard of any. Colonel J. J. Morrison has moved his command to Albany, which leaves us a very long and heavy picket duty to perform—from the mouth of South Fork to Burkesville, but with the assistance of Major Bullock I hope to be able to hold the enemy in check. Captain Chenault was within a short distance of Burksville, heard of no force there. There are three regiments (Union) at Columbia. There is, beyond doubt, a large force on the north side of the river, with their headquarters at Danville. What their movements will be I am unable to ascertain. From various reports I have received, I should not be surprised if the enemy were moving on East Tennessee. I shall hold myself in readiness to move at a moment's notice."

On April 20, the Cumberland then being fordable, the Federals crossed in large force at Mill Springs, and also at the mouth of Greasy Creek. Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker met them on the Mill Springs Road, and Major McCreary met them on the Greasy Creek Road. Colonel Chenault, with the remainder of the regiment, remained at Monticello. However, as the Federal force was overpowering in numbers, the three sections of the regiment were reunited at Monticello, which place they were compelled to evacuate that night, falling back in the direction of Travisville, but they re-occupied Monticello again in a

few days. From this place Colonel Chenault wrote (April 24) to General Morgan: "I have the honor to report to you that we are yet on this side of the Cumberland, and safe from the Yanks. Colonel Morrison moved on Sunday without giving me any notice, and left the front unprotected. I immediately sent out pickets and found that the enemy had crossed the river, but found the ford too deep for artillery, and consequently recrossed before my pickets reached the river. I learn from Colonel Morrison that there are three regiments of Yanks at Burkesville, and that they are scattered all along down the river. I sent a scout across the river night before last; they went eight miles, but found no enemy. I will give you all the news we get. My impression is that the enemy intends to cross the river soon."

On April 28 he again wrote to General Morgan, from Monticello: "I have just returned from Mill Springs. The enemy have crossed at Morrins', and I have been skirmishing with them all day. I have just received a note from Major McCreary that they have crossed at Green's Creek, and he is skirmishing with them in that direction. We will fall back to the forks of the road, at Mr. Schull's, tonight, and await their movements. General, if possible, help us."

On April 29 General Pegram reported to General Joe Wheeler that he had "assumed command of the regiments of Colonels Cluke and Chenault whilst they remain in Clinton and Wayne Counties." On the same day Colonel Chenault reported to General Morgan, from camp on Jimtown Road, eight miles from Monticello: "As previously reported, the enemy crossed the Cumberland in force yesterday at two points. We skirmished with them until dark last night; lost no men except four sick and four pickets. I will fall back to a point near Albany where they cannot flank me from Burkesville, as I learn from Colonel Morrison that there was heavy cannonading at Celina on the 25th. He is still at Albany. Major R. S. Bulloch is with me, with Cluke's Regiment."

On May 1 Colonel Chenault sent two dispatches to General Morgan, who was then at Sparta, Tenn. The first was from Monticello: "The enemy are on this side of the river, and pressing hard upon me—three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. Without help I shall not be able to hold this point

long. I have written to Colonel Morrison for reinforcements. Do not know whether I will get them or not. I have only about 600 men and Colonel Scott's two bull pups." The second dispatch was from "twelve miles from Monticello, on Jintown Road—Sundown," and was as follows: "I hasten to inform you that the enemy have driven me to this point. Early this morning Colonel Morrison moved up from Albany to my relief, with Pegram's Brigade. They ambushed him, and have taken all his artillery except the two bull pups I had with me. His forces are much demoralized. I shall move with all dispatch to Livingston."

On May 2 he was in camp near the Obie River, twelve miles from Livingston, to which point the Federal troops, some 5,000 strong, had driven him with his 600 men, and the Federals were then camped within twelve miles of him. On the next day they had come up to within four miles of him, and were pressing him hard. General Morgan then sent Colonel Adam R. Johnson's Regiment (10th Kentucky Cavalry) to Colonel Chenault's relief, and a few days later General Bragg sent Palmer's Brigade also, and all these constituted so strong a force as to save the situation.

One of the hottest little fights that Morgan's command ever engaged in was that at Greasy Creek (sometimes called "Horse-Shoe Bend") in Wayne County, on May 8 and 9, 1863. On account of the fact that the 11th Kentucky Cavalry bore the brunt of this battle, as well as for the reason that Colonel Chenault's report on it is the only one of his official reports I have been able to find, it is here given in full, viz:

IN THE FIELD, May 12, 1863.

SIR,—In accordance with your order, I have the honor to report that on Saturday last I moved my regiment from Wolf River early in the morning, in the direction of Greasy Creek, on the Cumberland. When near Mr. Alcorn's, some eight miles from the river, I received orders from you to come at a double quick. I did so, and found that you had engaged the enemy. They having divided their forces, and moving on two different roads, I immediately ordered Lieutenant J. T. Tucker, with four companies of my regiment, to support you, and with the rest I pressed upon the enemy on the main Greasy Creek Road.

I drove them three miles, not, however, without the loss of one of my most gallant and efficient officers, Captain Joseph Chenault, of Company B, who was shot through the body and died almost without breathing again. Captain A. J. Bruner, of Company C, was shot through the foot about the same time. This was all my loss on this part of the field. That portion of my command sent to your assistance sustained some loss. Corporal John McClay was killed, and Orderly Sergeant B. F. McCoy was shot through the body and thigh, and had his leg amputated.

Early on the following morning I received an order to move with four of my companies to the front and engage the enemy, which order was executed by Major J. B. McCreary, who moved down and engaged them about 8 A. M. The remainder of my regiment was ordered in line to the extreme right of the whole command. About this time the enemy opened upon us with their artillery. My men, although they had been under fire eight or ten hours, without water or anything to eat, stood firm, and, when overpowered and compelled to fall back, did so in good order, and when the command was given to rally and charge, they did so with the most perfect coolness and gallantry, and were among the first to charge the enemy, and pursued them in advance of the whole column, until called in, near the river, by General Morgan.

My loss was one man killed in Sunday's action, and four wounded. My loss in both days' actions foots up three killed and six wounded. I have to regret the wounding of Captain Thomas B. Collins, of Company F, who behaved most gallantly during the entire day, refusing to leave the field (although shot through the fleshy part of the thigh) until the conflict was closed.

I can not close this report without expressing my thanks to Colonel Tucker and Major McCreary, who rendered most efficient service. To Adjutant William L. Hickman I am also under lasting obligations. In fact, where all did their duty so well, it is impossible to distinguish, and therefore, I return my thanks to all.

I am, most respectfully, Your Obedient Servant,

D. W. CHENAULT.

By May 25th Colonel Chenault's Regiment had permanently

evacuated Clinton and Wayne Counties; and, although the sending of it back there was discussed and advised, it was never sent back. The irksome tour of picket duty along nearly a hundred miles of the course of the Cumberland River was over for good and all. On May 26 the regiment was ordered into camp at Alexandria, Tenn., where Morgan's forces were mobilized in preparation for the Ohio raid. Here the regiments were re-brigaded, the light being again assigned to the 2nd Brigade, which was to be commanded (at least during the raid) by Colonel Adam R. Johnson. Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, who had commanded the 2nd Brigade up to this time, was not ordered with his regiment (the 9th Kentucky Cavalry) to go on the Ohio raid, having been assigned to other important duty with Bragg's Army.

On June 11 Morgan's command started on their great and disastrous raid by moving out of camp at Alexandria, Tenn. All of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry did not go on this raid, perhaps two hundred of them remaining in Tennessee on other duty. They crossed the river near the village of Rome; and, fighting and skirmishing incessantly, went into camp at Burkesville, where they remained for several days. On the night of July 3 they bivouaced at Columbia, in Adair County. Early on the morning of July 4, 1863, the command reached Green River Bridge, in Adair County, where they found Colonel Orlando H. Moore, of the 25th Michigan, strongly intrenched with his regiment. In attempting to dislodge him from his position, General Morgan had probably the most disastrous engagement of his entire military career. He never made an official report of this battle for the reason that he was taken prisoner before he had an opportunity to do so. General Adam R. Johnson, who commanded the Confederate forces that were actively engaged in this fight, gives the following brief description of it in his interesting book, "The Partisan Rangers":

"After a close and careful examination, I found a short and heavy earthwork thrown up around an abattis, a deep ravine on one side and precipitous bluffs on the other, which prevented any approach except by the direct road to the bridge; the distance between the ravine and the bluff was not more than 150 yards, and was so well and skillfully fortified that I deemed it

impregnable against any dismounted cavalry, but believed we might use our artillery so as to induce a surrender. Captain Bennett was sent to the right to a point where he could enfilade the earthworks, and I sent Cluke with his regiment and a part of Owen's Regiment to cross the river at a ford below the bridge, and make a demonstration in the rear. Bennett's enfilading fire soon drove the enemy from the earthworks in front of the abattis, and I was moving my artillery with the intention of opening fire upon the fortifications, when General Morgan joined me in the Federal earthworks, and gave orders not to use the artillery, and sent in a summons to surrender. The reply soon came back from Colonel Moore: 'The 4th of July is a bad day for a Federal officer to surrender.' Morgan immediately ordered me to take the remnant of my brigade left on that side of the river, about 400 strong, and storm the stronghold. I begged the General not to attempt it, as I had but seven rounds of ammunition, and we could easily flank the place, but he insisted, and I led the charge. By the time we reached the abattis our ammunition was exhausted, and about fifty of my men were killed and wounded, including the brave Colonel Chenault. Duke's charge on my right met a similar fate, he losing the gallant Brent, and other valuable officers and men."

General Duke says (*History of Morgan's Calvary*):—"Colonel Chenault was killed in the midst of the abattis—his brains blown out as he was firing his pistol into the earthwork and calling on his men to follow. He was an officer who had no superior in bravery and devotion to the cause for which he fought."

It is said that Private E. Waller Combs, of Company A, killed the soldier who killed Colonel Chenault. Combs shot him just as he was in the act of shooting the colonel, and both men fell dead at practically the same instant. Major McCreary assumed command of the regiment after Colonel Chenault was killed.

Colonel Moore, the gallant defender of the stockade, states in his official report of the affair that the battle raged for three and a half hours, and that the Confederate loss was fifty killed and 200 wounded, among the killed being one colonel, two majors, five captains and six lieutenants. He probably did not overstate the loss, especially of the killed. He concludes his report as follows: "The conflict was fierce and bloody. At times

the enemy occupied one side of the fallen timber, while my men held the other, in almost a hand-to-hand fight. My force was a fraction of my regiment, consisting of 200 men, who fought gallantly. Our loss was six killed and twenty-three wounded. After the battle I received, under a flag of truce, a dispatch asking permission to bury their dead, which request was granted, promising to deliver them in front of our line."

After burying his dead at Green River Bridge, General Morgan marched away without making further attack upon the stockade. He promoted Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph T. Tucker to be colonel, and Major James B. McCreary to be lieutenant-colonel of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, after the death of Colonel Chenault, and they later were approved by President Davis and confirmed by the Senate and received their commissions.

The next day the command had a hot fight at Lebanon, Ky., where Colonel Charles H. Hanson was intrenched with his regiment, the 20th Kentucky Infantry, and had no alternative but to surrender, being overpowered by numbers. He and his men were paroled, and Morgan proceeded on his way, after destroying a vast amount of United States property that was stored at Lebanon. Colonel Tucker and Colonel Hanson were law partners at Winchester for years before the war, and were still so when the war began.

To give an account of the further deeds of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry would be merely to rewrite the history of the Ohio raid, with which nearly everybody in Kentucky is familiar. This regiment took full part and share in all the dangers and fatigues of that wonderful foray into an enemy's country, where Morgan's men, encompassed by an ever increasing array of hostile hosts, fighting every foot of the way, riding almost incessantly, and eating and sleeping in the saddle, established the world's high-water mark for distance accomplished in daily march, as well as for soldiery fortitude and endurance.

Most of Chenault's Regiment were taken prisoners at Buffington's Island, Ohio, on July 17, 1863. About two hundred of this regiment made a charge under Major McCreary and escaped at Buffington Island, but were surrounded by a large force of Federal cavalry the next day, and surrendered. A few of the men of the Eleventh were among the band of 300 troops who

got safely back to Dixie by swimming the Ohio river on their horses, on the evening of July 16, under the leadership of the indomitable Adam R. Johnson; and a few more escaped capture at Buffington Island only to be made prisoners a few days later (July 26), when the intrepid Morgan made his last stand in Columbia County, Ohio, and surrendered with the remaining remnants of his gallant command. At that time Second Lieutenant Rodney Haggard, of Company A, was the ranking officer of the fragment of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry that still remained with Morgan, whose forces then were about 300, all told, and were surrounded by about 80,000 Federals, including regulars, volunteers, militia, home guards; and "squirrel hunters," who had flocked from all quarters to beset him. The point where they surrendered was "the farthest north" attained by any Confederate force marching directly from the South during the war. The St. Albano, Vermont, raid was made by twenty Confederate soldiers, mostly escaped prisoners of war, from Canada.

After their capture the prisoners were sent to Cincinnati, where they constituted quite a rare show for the populace; and from thence they were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, Camp Morton, Ind., and Camp Douglas, Ill.; though eventually most of them were assembled at Camp Douglas. The officers were imprisoned at various places—the Ohio penitentiary, at Columbus; Johnson's Island, Ohio; Allegheny penitentiary, Pa.; Point Lookout, Md., and Fort Delaware, Del. It was claimed that the officers were confined for a while in the Georgia penitentiary.

While Major McCreary was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, 600 Confederate officers including him, were put on a steamer, with a Federal gunboat as a convoy, and sent to Morris Island, opposite Charleston, S. C., and put under fire as retaliation because a number of Federal officers had been imprisoned by order of President Davis at Charleston while that city was being bombarded by Federal batteries, and the women and children and non-combatants compelled to flee for safety to the woods. It was believed by Mr. Davis that if he placed Federal officers in Charleston the Federal batteries would cease to bombard the city, and permit women and children and non-combatants, who had been suffering from disease and exposure to return to their homes, but the Federal authorities, as a retaliation, sent the 600

officers to whom reference has been made to Morris Island, which is a small, barren island of the shape of a sugar loaf, about 1,200 yards from Charleston, and between Charleston and the Federal batteries; and the shells and shots from the Federal batteries passed over the inclosure where the Confederate officers were confined and guarded by negroes.

The steamer on which Major McCreary and the six hundred were being transported to Morris Island was out on the ocean four days and nights in making the trip from Fort Delaware to Charleston, and on the third night was, by a sudden gale, driven out of her course and stranded on the coast of South Carolina, but was afterwards pulled off by the bunboat which was acting as convoy, and went into Port Royal Harbor for repairs. The Confederate officers were finally landed at Morris Island, where they remained during the terribly hot months of July and August, and Major McCreary, Captain David Logan and Lieutenant Crow, of Morgan's command, and a few other officers were exchanged with the sick and returned to Richmond, Va., and the other officers of the six hundred were sent back to Fort Delaware.

At Richmond, Major McCreary was given his commission as lieutenant-colonel and granted a furlough for thirty days, and then he was placed in command of a battalion of Kentucky troops and South Carolina troops, and did service in Virginia, participating in several engagements, and doing considerable scouting until the surrender at Appomattox.

A few months before the surrender many of the soldiers of Chenault's Regiment and hundreds of the men belonging to Morgan's Cavalry, were exchanged with the sick, and those fit for duty were assigned to Lieutenant-Colonel McCreary's command. After the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, Lieutenant-Colonel McCreary went with what was left of Chenault's Regiment to Kentucky, and reported to General Hobson, at Lexington, and were ordered to disband, and Colonel McCreary returned with his Madison County comrades to Richmond, Ky., terms of peace having been arranged by those in command of the contending armies.

THE REGIMENTAL FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

The field and staff officers of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry during its career were as follows:

Colonels—David Waller Chenault, Joseph T. Tucker.

Lieutenant-Colonels—Joseph T. Tucker, James B. McCreary.

Major—James B. McCreary. (It is believed that no major was appointed from among the captains of the regiment after Major McCreary was promoted to lieutenant-colonel. Captain August H. Magee was the senior captain of the regiment.)

Adjutant—Captain William Lewis Hickman.

Surgeon—Dr. G. M. Webb.

Assistant Surgeons—Dr. Aylett Raines, Dr. B. Washington Taylor.

Quartermaster—Captain Buford Allen Tracy.

Commissary of Subsistence—Captain R. Williams.

Chaplain—Rev. William L. Riddle.

Sergeants-Major—John Henry Jackson, James Royall Price.

COLONEL CHENAULT.

David Waller Chenault was born in Madison County, Ky., February 5, 1826, the son of Anderson Chenault and Emily Cameron, his wife. Through his father he was descended from Estenne Chenault, a native of Languedoc, France, who, in company with many other Huguenots, was obliged to leave France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and in 1700 settled in Virginia. Colonel Chenault's grandfather, William Chenault, a soldier of the Revolutionary War, was among the first settlers of Kentucky and lived and died on a farm near Richmond that he bought in 1878, from George Boone, a brother of Daniel Boone. Through his brother, Colonel Chenault was descended from Robert Cameron, of Inverness, Scotland, who fought under his chieftain, Cameron of Lochiel, at the battle of Culloden, in 1745, after which he made his way to Connecticut, whence his descendants, much later, made their way to Kentucky, stopping for a generation or so in Pennsylvania, en route.

Colonel Chenault was a prosperous farmer in Madison County, and active locally in politics as a Whig, though he was never a

candidate for any political office. He served in the Mexican War as a subaltern in Captain J. C. Stone's company of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's First Kentucky Cavalry. He married Tabitha Phelps, of Madison County, but they never had any children. After his death his widow married William Todd, formerly of Missouri, who had been a captain in Quantrell's command.

Colonel Chenault was buried on the battlefield at Green River Bridge, but in a few days his remains were taken up by his brother, Dr. R. C. Chenault, and carried to Madison County and reinterred in the old family burying-ground. In 1901, thirty-nine years later, his remains were again exhumed, and reinterred in the Richmond Cemetery. On this occasion the undertaker opened the coffin and found that, owing to some peculiarity of the soil in which it had been buried for nearly forty years, the body was still perfectly preserved, as though death had ensued only the day before, and the features of the face were still as perfect as in life, and plainly recognizable.

COLONEL TUCKER.

Joseph T. Tucker was born in Boston, Mass., in 1824, the son of Dr. Eben Tucker and Mary White Hunt, his wife. Dr. Tucker was educated at Harvard University, and was a leading physician in Boston; his wife was a descendant of Peregrine White, who came to America in the Mayflower, in 1620. Joseph T. Tucker was educated at Yale University, and soon after graduation went to Kentucky, and settled in Winchester to practice law. There he married Miriam Hood, daughter of Dr. Andrew Hood, one of the most famous physicians that ever lived in Kentucky. At that time there were fifteen lawyers at the Winchester bar, and it is said that all of them were Whigs, except Mr. Tucker and Charles Eginton, who were States Rights Democrats. After his capture in the Ohio raid Colonel Tucker was imprisoned in the Ohio penitentiary, but was afterwards taken to Fort Delaware. From this place he was taken on June 26, 1864, in company with fifty other Confederate officers, and placed on the steamer *Dragoon* to be carried to Charleston, S. C., to be placed within range of the Confederate guns, in retaliation, for the act

of Confederates in placing Union officers in points of danger while that city was under the fire of the Union Army. But after being kept prisoners on the Dragoon for five weeks, Colonel Tucker and his companions were exchanged, and he entered active service again under General John C. Breckinridge, in West Virginia, and served there until the war closed, in command of what was called the "Kentucky Battalion." At the close of the war he led his men through the mountains of Kentucky to Mt. Sterling, where he surrendered on May 1, 1865. Being debarred from practicing law in Kentucky on account of having served in the Confederate Army, he went to Georgia, where he remained until 1869, when his disabilities having been removed, he returned to Winchester and resumed the practice of law. He served as County Attorney for Clark County, and in 1871-2 he represented the county in the State Legislature, where he was recognized as one of the abest members of that body. He died in Winchester on September 28, 1906, in his eighty-third year. His wife and two children, Miss Nannie Tucker and Mr. Hood Tucker, survive him.

COLONEL M'CREARY.

James B. McCreary was born in Madison County, Ky., July 8, 1839; graduated when eighteen years old at Center College, in 1859 graduated in the law department of Cumberland University, Tenn., with first honors in a class of forty-seven members, and at once began the practice of law in Richmond. After his capture at Cheshire, Ohio., he was incarcerated in the Ohio penitentiary, and afterwards at Fort Delaware, Del., and later at Morris Island, S. C. In 1868 he was elected a delegate to the National Democratic Convention, held in New York; elected a member of the House of Representatives of Kentucky in 1869, 1871 and 1873, and was Speaker of the House in 1871 and 1873; elected Governor of Kentucky in 1875, and served to 1879; was appointed, under an act of Congress, by the President of the United States, and served as a delegate to the International Monetary Conference held at Brussels, Belgium, in 1892, where twenty nations were represented; was elected to represent the Eighth Kentucky district in the Forty-ninth Congress in 1884, and re-elected to the Fiftieth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third

and Fifty-fourth Congresses; was elected a delegate from the State-at-large to the National Democratic Convention held in Kansas City in 1900, and was chairman of the State Democratic Committee in the campaign of that year; was elected delegate from the State-at-large to the National Convention held in St. Louis in 1904. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1902 for the term beginning March 4, 1903, and ending March 3, 1909.

CAPTAIN HICKMAN.

William Lewis Hickman, adjutant of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, was born in Winchester, Ky., in 1824, the son of William L. Hickman and Sarah Pearson, his wife, both of whom were born in Virginia. He was the grandson of Richard Hickman, who was Governor of Kentucky during the war of 1812. Through his mother he was American "Rebel," the leader of what is called "Bacon's Rebellion," in Virginia in 1676. "Billy" Hickman, as his friends fondly called him, was educated in the Winchester schools, and went into the mercantile business there at an early age. In 1847 he was partner with Henry Bell in a mercantile house in Lexington. A few years later he went to St. Louis. He was the founder of the Lodge of Odd Fellows in Winchester, which is called Hickman Lodge, in his honor. When the war began he was in St. Louis, and enlisted in a body of Confederate troops that was raised there, but he was captured by General Seigle, and imprisoned. He escaped from prison and made his way to his home in Winchester, where he was again arrested, and paced in prison in Lexington, but escaped from that prison also. When the 11th Kentucky Cavalry was recruited he joined it, and was made adjutant, with the rank of captain, and served gallantly until his capture on the Ohio raid, after which he was imprisoned in the Ohio penitentiary, Johnson's Island, Allegheny penitentiary, Pa., and Point Lookout, Md., remaining a prisoner until the close of the war, when he was released, reaching there on May 1, 1865. About 1875 he left Winchester for the West, and has never been heard of since. No man ever had more friends, or more devoted ones, than he.

ROSTER OF THE COMPANIES.

COMPANY A.

John Henry Jackson was largely instrumental in recruiting this, the first company raised for Chenault's Regiment. It was recruited in Clark County, at a meeting and barbecue given on the farm of Mr. Jackson's mother, at Jackson's Ferry, on Friday, September 2, 1862, where Colonel Tucker and Major McCreary made speeches. An eye witness of the scene writes: "When Colonel Tucker and Major McCreary spoke at Jackson's Ferry, they stood on the balcony of the residence of the venerable Mrs. Anna Jackson. A beautiful daughter of this historic family, Miss Mary Virginia Jackson, waved over their heads a Confederate flag. Full of life, beauty and enthusiasm, her cheering voice would ring out 'Fall in boys, the South needs you,' and the boys fell in. Mrs. Jackson and her lovely daughter were afterwards arrested for giving aid and comfort to the Rebellion, and were incarcerated in a military prison. On their release they were put under heavy bonds." Miss Mary Virginia Jackson married the late William H. Eaton, of Winchester, where she now lives. It is said that she practically raised Company A.

John Henry Jackson had good reason to expect to be elected Captain. He was made sergeant major of the regiment, which he soon resigned to serve in the ranks.

There is only one known roll of this company in existence, and it covers the period from September 10, 1862, to December 31, 1862. Information given below of a later date than December 31, 1862, has been gathered from various sources. The following is the roll:

Captain Gordon C. Mullins. Froze to death in the Ohio penitentiary, January 1, 1864, the coldest night of the war.

First lieutenant, Allen Armstrong Rankins; second lieutenants, Sidney P. Cunningham (afterwards Adjutant of the Second Brigade), Rodney Haggard, Wm. W. Baldwin, killed at the battle of Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863.

Sergeants—First, Joel Tandy Quisenberry; second, John David Reid; third, John Doyle, died of camp fever, November 25, 1863.

Corporals—First, Wm. A. Tolliver; second, Josephus Oliver; third, Robert Quisenberry; fourth, Ellis G. Baxter.

Teamster—Joe R. Ackerson.

Privates—Richard Ackerson, Thos. Baber, died of camp fever, October 10, 1862; Pleasant Baber, Stanley Baber, Allen Brock, Wm. Brock, Clifton Busch, John W. Baldwin, W. W. Baldwin, Sr., Samuel Baldwin, Henry Brown, Hardin Brown, Luke Baxter, Thomas Callicutt, died in Camp Douglas, November 15, 1863, of smallpox; E. Waller Combs, John Cooper, died in Camp Douglas, March 6, 1864, of smallpox; Wm. Chisholm, Edward Collins, McGowan Cooper, John Collins, Dr. Cummins, Wm. Dixon (or Dickson), Thomas Eads, Wm. Eads, James Freeman, died in Camp Douglas, February 25, 1864, of smallpox; John Glover, David N. Gordon, Ezekiel Hampton, Jesse Hampton, died in Camp Douglas, December 19, 1864, of smallpox; Joseph Hampton, wounded November 17, and died November 30, 1862; W. L. Haggard, Edward Haggard ("Hunker"), James P. Haggard, Sanford Haggard, — Haybrook, John Henry Jackson, promoted to sergeant major; James Johnson, Robt. D. King, Jeff C. King, James Kelley, wounded and prisoner at Hartsville, Tenn., December 9, 1862, lost leg; Wm. C. Kearney, J. Braxton Lyle, Joseph C. Lyle, James Henry Mullins, died in Camp Douglas, September 18, 1864, heart disease; Henry S. Meredith, James Oliver, died in Camp Douglas, November 17, 1864, chronic diarrhoea; Minor Perkins, Colby Pardo, John Pardo, died in Camp Douglas, August 26, 1864, dysentery; Wm. J. Quisenberry, Elkanah Ragland, Nathaniel Ragland, died in Tennessee, of brain fever; Thomas Ragland, Milton Ragland, Harry Ragland, A. Clay Rash, David Railsback, promoted to sergeant; Edward Railsback, James Rutledge, Andrew Rogers, Richard Simpson, Solomon Stevens, Benj. Stevens, Michael Berry Stevens, Edward Stokely, John Schooler (or Schuyler), Hiter Shockley, Rizen Sympson, Nep. Thomas, died January 11, 1863, of brain fever; Lewis Trussell, Dr. G. Wash. Taylor, promoted as assistant surgeon; Wm. Waller, Lewis Woolsey, Wm. Wickerson.—92 officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY B.

Company B was recruited in Madison County. There are two known rolls of this company, covering the period from September 10, 1862, to April 30, 1863, as follows:

Captains—Joseph Chenault, killed at battle of Grassy Creek, Ky., May 8, 1863; Alexander H. Tribble, killed at Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863.

First lieutenant, Isham A. Fox; second lieutenants, Charles Stone, Dudley Tribble, Jr.

Sergeants—First, James P. White; second, Robert Samuells; third, Andrew McCord; fourth, Squire Turner Trevis, escaped from Camp Douglas and went to Canada, where he was in the St. Albans, Vt., "Bank Raid."

Corporals—First, Michael Hennessee; second, T. B. Shearer; third, James Davis; fourth, John Jones.

Forage Masters—Robert Rice, William Berry.

Company Farriers—Edward Baxter, Alexander Pence.

Privates—H. K. Anderson, died in Camp Douglas, March 24, 1864, of smallpox; John Azbill, died in Camp Douglas, November 25, 1864, of consumption; Samuel Berry, died in Camp Douglas, August 18, 1864, of dropsy; Wm. Biggerstaff, Wm. Berry, Charles Coley, James Cosby, John Cosby, killed at Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863; Oliver W. Cosby, killed at Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863; A. S. Cosby, killed at Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863; Weston Deboe, Nathan Deatherage, James Davis, Wm. Dickerson, Thompson Duerson, Peter Dozier, Thomas Fowler, Zack Ferrell, John Ferrell, captured at Springfield, Ky., December 30, 1862; Anderson Ferrell, Wm. Fox, John Fox, Wm. Farris, Chas. Garrett, Dan Griffith, Wishfred Goodman, Leroy G. Haden, James Hugeley, Squire Hugeley, David Hill ("Old Pap"), died at Camp Douglas, February 18, 1864, of smallpox; Anderson Jones, Andrew Jones, James Jones, Wm. Jones, G. R. Kester, Benj. Lear, Newton Later, G. E. Musselman, W. E. Mattinkly, John Newby, Cyrus Newkirk, Meredith Perkins, J. W. Parmetier, Alexander Rossell, John Rice, died in Camp Douglas, April 12, 1864, of smallpox; Thomas Rice, Dr. Aylett Raines, promoted to assistant surgeon, 1862; Tillman Shanks, Wesley Smithheart, John Shearer, Joseph P. Simmons,

orderly to Colonel Chenault; Ira W. Scudder, commissary sergeant; Sidney Shaw, Harrison Shaw, James Shearer, Anderson Terrill, died in Camp Douglas, March 10, 1864, of smallpox; Reuben Turner, Robert Turner, James Turner, Wm. Turner, John Turner, James Trimble, Robert Trevis, Valentine Tillet, Jacob White, James Wade, Richard Williams, Hiram Wood, Ezekiel Walcott, James Wilson, died in Camp Douglas, February 18, 1864, of old sores.—91 officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY C.

Company C was recruited in Clark County, and most of its members enlisted in one day—Saturday, September 6, 1862. The following is a copy of the only official roll of the company known to be in existence, and this is supposed to be 15 or 20 names short:

Captain—Andrew Jackson Bruner, wounded at the foot of Greasy Creek, Ky., May 8, 1863. Some weeks later, when the command started on the Ohio raid, his wound was unhealed, and he unable to ride astride on account of it, but unwilling to be left behind, he went with his men anyhow, and rode more than 600 miles (going day and night) on a side saddle, carrying his crutches.

First lieutenant—James Levi Wheeler. He took an active part in recruiting the company and came within a few votes of being elected its captain, and was captain before the close of the war. General Kirby Smith placed him in command of Clark County, with orders to suppress bushwhacking, etc., and to disarm and parole the Home Guards. Died in Winchester, April 2, 1894.

Second lieutenants—Thomas Birch, died February 6, 1863, near Monticello, Ky.; Thomas Jefferson Haggard, Taylor Tracy, transferred from General Humphry Marshall's Army, November 5, 1862, wounded at Bull's Gap, November 13, 1862; James Royall Price, promoted from sergeant major.

Sergeants—First, John W. Gordon; second, W. S. Hogan; third, John A. Kelly; fourth, John Flynn, died in Camp Douglas, January 8, 1864, of congestive chills; fifth, Milton Vivion.

Corporals—First, J. S. Gamboe; second, Wm. B. Willis; second, J. H. Carter, died February 24, 1863, near Monticello, Ky.,

of brain fever; third, Benj. H. Jones; fourth, F. M. Cottman.

Privates—J. H. Adams, discharged December 1, 1862, disability; J. N. Aldridge, died in Camp Douglas, October 21, 1864, of typhoid fever; Lewis Ballard, George Birch, Aaron Blythe, Henry Charles, R. H. Chisholm, David Clark, D. W. Clark, Wildie Clark, Wm. Clem, William Craig, John Daniel, F. M. Dority, John Dority, Samuel Dority, Wm. Dority, John Dougherty, died in Camp Douglas, October 2, 1864, of pneumonia; Charles B. Ecton, now a member of the Kentucky Senate; Casswell Epperson, John Fields, Wm. French, John Goode, John Gruelle, deserted October, 1862, and joined the Federal Army; Michael Haggard, Robert Hogan, Joe S. Hood, Henry Hugeley, James Hugeley, John Jones, Robert Knox, died in Camp Douglas, October 21, 1864, of chronic diarrhoea; David Larison, Robert Lawrence, George Leslie, James Logan, Alfred Martin, Elisha Ogden, Thomas Parris, Archie Piersall, J. H. Reed, promoted to assistant quartermaster sergeant; John Shay, Willis F. Spahr, promoted to quartermaster sergeant; John Stivers, F. M. Stone, Raleigh Sutherland, regimental farrier; T. B. Stuart, John Tate, Wm. Tate, Wm. Taylor, Obadiah B. Tracy, died in Camp Douglas, February 17, 1864, of chronic diarrhoea; Henry Turner, Wm. Taylor, Howard Watts, J. A. Watts.—seventy officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY D.

Company D was recruited in Estill County. There are no known rolls of it in existence. It was one of the largest companies in the regiment.

The following are the names of the officers and eleven men who died in Camp Douglas:

Captain, J. N. L. Dickens; first lieutenant, W. Wiseman; second lieutenants, J. M. Riddle, W. Winburn.

Enlisted men who died in Camp Douglas—John Allen, February 24, 1864, of smallpox; Joseph Clowers, October 7, 1863, of brain fever; N. P. Bell, November 10, 1863, of measles; Wm. R. Barton, November 10, 1864, of typhoid fever; John Franklin, December 29, 1864, of smallpox; S. W. Frost, March 26, 1864, of general debility; Henry Rigner, December 24, 1864, of chronic diarrhoea; George Tiviford, March 27, 1864, of smallpox; Emer-

son Turpin, March 27, 1864, of smallpox; John Wade, November 12, 1863.

COMPANY E.

This company was recruited in Madison County and there are no known rolls of it in existence. It was a large company. The following list of its officers and a few of its men was gathered from several sources:

Captain, Robert B. Terrill, severely wounded at Mt. Sterling, Ky., March 21, 1863; first lieutenant, G. W. Ranson, supposed to have been killed at the battle of Mission Ridge; second lieutenants, G. W. Maupin, Seth Maupin, severely wounded at Mt. Sterling, Ky., March 21, 1863.

Enlisted men—Ive Adair, died in Camp Douglas, November 4, 1863, of measles; Anderson Chenault, escaped from Camp Douglas, recaptured, and tried by General Burbridge as a spy, but acquitted; Cabell Chenault, died at Monticello, Ky., 1862; David Chenault, escaped from Camp Douglas, but recaptured; Robert Chenault, T. J. Filmore, died in Camp Douglas, January 2, 1865, of smallpox; Wm. Huse, died in Camp Douglas, October 20, 1863, of measles; George McDaniel, died in Camp Douglas, October 7, 1863, of measles; George Vaughn, died in Camp Douglas, November 20, 1863, of smallpox.

COMPANY F.

Company F was recruited in Madison County. There are two known rolls of it in existence, covering the period from September 10, 1862, to February 28, 1863. The following roster of its officers and men is believed to be some fifteen or twenty names short:

Captain—Thomas Bronston Collins, wounded at Greasy Creek, Ky., May 9, 1863, escaped with Colonel A. R. Johnson at Buffington Island, Ohio, by swimming the Ohio river, afterwards went to Canada in the secret service of the Confederacy, and was one of the twenty Confederate soldiers who made the celebrated "Bank Raid" at St. Albans, Vt.

First Lieutenant, J. F. Oldham; second lieutenants, R. J. Parks, C. H. Covington, died of brain fever at Albany, Ky., April 1, 1863; James H. Trevis.

Sergeants—Ordnance, Joseph Collins; first, James Trevis, second, James Caldwell; third, Thomas Dejarnett; fourth, W. B. Benton; fifth, J. K. Sams.

Corporals—First, J. T. Jones; second, R. Caldwell; third, A. G. Fife; fourth, Robert Miller.

Farriers—James Miller, Thomas Oldham.

Privates—John Asbell, John Benton, died at Monticello, Ky., March 25, 1863, of brain fever; Van Buren Benton, died in Camp Douglas, March 14, 1864, of smallpox; T. C. Broaddus, George Butler, Peter Beck, Jacob Creath Bronston, W. B. Benton, James Cosby, James W. Coulter, Chas. Covington, James G. Cochran, H. W. Coldiron, Joseph Collins, Joel Embry, Wm. Grubb, David Giltner, John Hutchinson, Elisha Hall, Wiley Horn, Anderson Harris, Thos. Hamilton, died in Camp Douglas, September 27, 1863, of fever; Joseph Jones, Meredith Jones, M. B. Judy, Jacob Kuriz, Arch. Kavanaugh, J. B. Mize, Owen McKee, Travis Million, Samuel Meeks, James P. Norman, died in Camp Douglas, October 26, 1864, of pneumonia; J. R. Oldham, Preston Oldham, Richard Oldham, James Oldham, Q. R. Oldham, J. P. Oldham, Thomas Portwood, Benjamin Price, Silas Pearce, Robert Rowan, J. K. Sams, John Semonis, Andrew Turpin, Samuel Turpin, died in Camp Douglas, November 26, 1864, of smallpox; Harris Thorp, Granville Troxwell, Durrett White, Daniel White, Joel W. Watts, died in Camp Douglas, February 25, 1864, of pneumonia; Wm. Wilder, Alex. Woods, died in Knoxville, Tenn., November 13, 1862; C. F. Wright—72 officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY G.

This company was recruited in Bourbon County. There is only one known roll in existence, covering the period from September 10, 1862, to December 31, 1862, and it is supposed to be very incomplete. It is as follows:

Captains—James Mitchel, Thomas Wells. First Lieutenants—G. W. Bowen, Alfred Williams. Second Lieutenants—Thomas J. Current, W. A. Bedford, D. H. Clowers, Milo Wells, killed November 13, 1864, at Bull's Gap, Tenn.

Sergeants—First, Charles C. Rule; second, Charles R. Shawhan; third, Wm. Kendall; fourth, Wm. C. Current.

Corporals—First, Thomas J. Howard; second, Gano Leer; third, Wm. H. Current; fourth, L. Lair.

Privates—Thomas Bedford, A. W. Bedford, John Bowman, James Batterson, F. M. Breedon, J. C. Clay, N. Current, Jesse Current, John Davis, J. H. Demmitt, J. W. Demmitt, L. J. Fretwell, R. F. Goodman, George Gregory, B. Hanly, R. J. Hoover, Jesse Haney, Joseph Hinton, Sam Hamilton, James Kelley, Emerson Neal, John Penn, Wm. Phillips, William Ross, P. C. Sullivan, Sam Smizer, George Shawhan, N. D. Smith, James Tate, Cyrus Turner, Charles Talbott, David Wilson, James Wilson, R. Wilson—50 officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY II.

Company H was made up of men from Madison, Montgomery and Estill Counties, and perhaps had scattered members from other counties. It was in service under General Humphry Marshal for a year before Bragg's and Kirby Smith's invasion of Kentucky, about which time the term of the men's enlistment with Marshal expired, and they re-enlisted in Chenault's Regiment. There were also some new recruits in the company. There is only one known roll of it in existence (supposed to be 25 or 30 names short), covering the period from September 10 to December 31, 1862, viz.:

Captain Augustus H. McGaee was one of the six officers who escaped from the Ohio penitentiary with General John H. Morgan. He was killed in battle November 13, 1864.

First Lieutenant—Frank A. West, killed at Green River Bridge, Ky., July 4, 1863. Second Lieutenants—F. M. Louderback, captured at Springfield, Ky., December 30, 1862; Cassius M. Taylor, died in prison, 1863.

Sergeants—First, E. C. Elliott; second, W. M. Newby; third, Sidney Knatzer; fourth, Milford Jackson.

Corporals—First, John McClay, killed at Greasy Creek, Ky., May 8, 1863; third, Thomas Smarr; fourth, Reuben Munday, captured at Springfield, Ky., December 30, 1862.

Privates—Lewis Ashcraft, Jacob Alexander, Philip Breakhill, James Browning, John Browning, Benjamin Browning, John Benson, E. C. Claypoole, Thos. Chisholm, Amos Coats, Isaiah Coates, Robert Cusik, Robin Cocks, W. H. Coldiron, John Fitch, died in Camp Douglas, December 13, 1864, of chronic diarrhoea; John Fraley, Pat Hamilton, Adolphus Hamilton, George Hayes, William Hunt, Jacob Hurst, died in Camp Douglas, March 9, 1864, of smallpox; Thomas Kelley, John Judd, Charles Jenkins, William Lewis, Wm. Louderback, V. B. McCoy, Wesley Meadows, captured at Springfield, Ky., December 30, 1862; Henry McMahon, George Maddox, William Maden, died in Camp Douglas, January 31, 1865, of heart disease; Josiah Maddox, William Maden, Jesse Newby, James K. Newby, died in Camp Douglas, March 27, 1864, of smallpox; Daniel Rice, Marion Rice, John Ryan, Merritt Roberts, Mack Roberts, Squire Roberts, George Sims, John Simons, Shelby Taylor, Pope Wade, James Webb, Augustus Wood, J. M. Wood, Sam Wood, Vince Wood, James W. Woods, died in Camp Douglas, October 31, 1864, of inflammation of the bowels; John Woods, died in Camp Douglas, December 15, 1864, of chronic diarrhoea—64 officers and enlisted men.

COMPANY I.

I have been unable to learn where Company I was recruited, though it was probably in Estill County. There are no known rolls of this company in existence. Its officers were:

Captain—Jack May, shot and killed while a prisoner of war. First Lieutenant—T. Corbin. Second Lieutenant—M. Rein.

COMPANY K.

Company K it is believed was recruited in Clinton and Wayne Counties, during the time the regiment was doing scouting and picketing duty in that section. There is no known roll of the company in existence. Its officers were:

Captain—B. S. Barton. First Lieutenant—Harrison Moles, killed in September, 1863. Second Lieutenant—T. B. Corbett.

The following roster of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry does not

by any means give a full statement of the casualties of the regiment, it merely gives the few that I have been able to ascertain so far.

It has been my intention to write a full history of this regiment and publish it in book form, but so far the survivors of the regiment have not responded to my appeals to furnish me full statements of their own experiences in the war, and such other matters concerning the regiment that are of historical interest. Should they do so I believe I might get up a fairly good and extensive history of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, and I should like to do that, since its commanding officer, Colonel D. W. Chenault was my uncle.

From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, June 30, 1907.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY.

It Was Not Strong, But It Made a Very Good Record— Partial List of Survivors—Names of the Men Who Served Faithfully on the Briny Deep.

Many people are living to-day who do not know that the Confederate Government had a navy, and yet there were men who served gallantly on the water and suffered as many hardships as did the brave men who fought on land. Below will be found a partial and perhaps a very inaccurate list of the survivors of the Confederate Navy.

Richard F. Armstrong, Halifax, N. S.—Born in Georgia; midshipman, U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served on cruiser Sumter, Alabama, Battery Buchanan and Fort Fisher.

M. Bynes, private Marine Corps, Corinth, Miss.; served at Drewry's Bluff.

Mortimer M. Benton, Louisville, Ky.—Born in Kentucky; midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served Kentucky State Guard; steamer Gaines, Harriet Lane, Webb; commanded steamer Roanoke; served on the steamer Tallahassee at Drewry's Bluff; captured at battle of Sailor's Creek.

F. L. Blume, Nashville, Tenn.—Midshipman C. S. N.; served on Patrick Henry.

Richard H. Bacot, Clarkesdale, Mo.—Born in South Carolina; midshipman U. S. N.; second lieutenant C. S. N.; served on ram Arkansas Chicora; at capture of U. S. S. Underwriter at Newbern, N. C.; served on steamer Neuse.

George D. Bryan, Charleston, S. C.—Born in Virginia; midshipman U. S. N.; master C. S. N.; served on cruiser Florida and abroad.

Clifton R. Breckinridge, Pine Bluff, Ark.—Midshipman C. S. N.; served on steamer Patrick Henry and staff of General Breckinridge.

Eugene H. Brown, Baltimore, Md.—Second assistant engineer

C. S. N.; served on ram Arkansas, cruiser Florida, brig Clarence, bark Tacony, schooner Archer, cruiser Chickamauga, steamer Richmond and Semmes Naval Brigade.

Otey Bradford, San Francisco, Cal.—Born in Virginia; lieutenant C. S. N.; served on cruiser Florida, Johnson Island expedition, steamer Savannah, Richmond, and Howlett's Battery.

Frank D. Brown, Phillipsburg, Mo.—Born in Virginia; served in Twenty-fifth Battalion Virginia Volunteers; transferred to C. S. N. as landsman; served on steamer Patrick Henry and at Drewry's Bluff; transferred back to old command in army.

J. P. Claybrook—Midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N., Louisville, Ky.; served with Missouri State Guard; abroad and captured at battle of Sailor's Creek.

William W. Carnes, Tampa, Fla.—Born in Tennessee; midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served with army as captain of light artillery until 1864; while on navy rolls rejoined navy and reported for duty at Savannah.

W. H. Collins, Birmingham, Ala.—Born in Virginia; midshipman C. S. N.; served steamers Chattahoochie, Roanoke and Patrick Henry.

W. F. Clayton, Florence, S. C.—Born in Georgia; midshipman and passed midshipman, C. S. N.; served on receiving ship United States; steamer Patrick Henry, in battle of Hampton Roads; at naval battle of Drewry's Bluff; steamer Richmond, steamer North Carolina; special duty Charleston; school-ship Patrick Henry; commanded boat at capture of United States gunboat Underwriter; commanded boat Lieutenant Minor's expedition to Plymouth, North Carolina; steamer Samson; cruiser Peedee, and steamer Macon.

Clarence Carey, New York City—Born in Virginia; midshipman and passed midshipman, C. S. N.; served steamer Nashville; steamer Palmetto State, Patrick Henry, Virginia, No. 2, and cruiser Chickamauga.

Henry S. Cook, St. Louis, Mo.—Midshipman U. S. N.; master C. S. N.; served on steamers Nansemond, Fredericksburg, Patrick Henry; assisted in capture of United States steamers, Sattelite and Reliance, Wilmington Station; Charleston Station, and Semmes Naval Brigade.

Francis O. S. Curtis, Dillon, S. C.—Surgeon's steward cruiser

Pee Dee; Tucker's Naval Regiment; captured at evacuation of Richmond.

Peter P. Carthy, New Orleans, La.—Engineer C. S. N.; served on Charleston Station; flagship Charleston.

G. W. Fisher, Louisville, Ky.—First assistant engineer C. S. N.; was assigned to duty in naval works.

B. F. D. Fitch, Louisville, Ky.—Enrolled at Louisville, reunion, no record of service was given; was an enlisted man.

Robert C. Foute, San Francisco, Cal.—Born in Tennessee; midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served steamer Virginia, battle of Hampton Roads, steamer Georgia abroad and steamer Savannah.

Arthur C. Freeman, New York City—Master's mate; served steamer Georgia and assisted in capture of U. S. steamer Water Witch.

Marian C. Filberti, Charleston—Enlisted man; served on Charleston Station.

W. B. Fort, Pikesville, N. C.—Clerk paymaster's department C. S. N.; served at Charleston, S. C., and in blockade service.

Robert H. Fleming, Lynchburg, Va.—Midshipman C. S. N.; served on school-ship Patrick Henry.

E. F. Gill, Radford, Va.—Born in Virginia; second assistant engineer C. S. N.; served in 6th Virginia Regiment; left army after battle of Malvern Hill; served on Richmond Station, Charleston Station, and in Semmes Naval Brigade.

John Grimball, Charleston, S. C.—Midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served on ram Arkansas, steamer Baltic and cruiser Shenandoah.

Bennett W. Green, Richmond, Va.—Assistant surgeon U. S. N.; surgeon C. S. N.; served at the Naval Hospital, Richmond, Va., and on the ironclad cruiser Stonewall.

J. T. Game, Florence, S. C.—Landsman; served on steamer Albemarle in battle of Plymouth, N. C., and in battle with U. S. fleet in Sound.

Thomas S. Garrett, Washington, D. C.—Born in Alabama; midshipman U. S. N., and midshipman C. S. N.; served on receiving ship St. Philip and steamers Pamlico, Gaines and Morgan.

Robert Hunt, Louisville, Ky.—Seaman, served on cruiser

Florida and on barks Tacony, Archer and Clarence, land battery, James River.

John R. Hamilton—Born in South Carolina; lieutenant U. S. N., and lieutenant C. S. N.; served in batteries around Charleston and abroad.

Benj. S. Herring, Tallahassee, Fla.—Engineer U. S. N.; engineer C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia, battle of Hampton Roads; naval works, Columbus Ga.; steamer Tennessee, and Mobile squadron.

Wilbur B. Hall, Charleston, S. C.—Midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamers Huntress, Savannah; participated in naval battle of Port Royal, S. C.; steamers Charleston, Tuscaloosa, Harriet Lane, Webb, Patrick Henry and Chicora.

L. W. Hodges, Forence, S. C.—Signal Corps C. S. N.; detailed and did service as signal officer in C. S. N., on James River Station.

J. W. Hollywood, Louisville, Ky.—Engineer C. S. N.; served on steamer Morgan.

— Haywood, Atlanta, Ga.—Served on steamer Morgan.

George E. Hazelhurst, Charleston, S. C.—Served as secretary to Flag Officer Duncan Ingraham, at Charleston, S. C.; delivered naval record of station to Lieutenant Geo. H. Ingraham, at Cheraw, S. C.; captured by Sherman, and drew lots for life or death act of retaliation; Miller drew and was shot.

Geo. H. Ingraham, Charleston, S. C.—No record given.

Bartlett S. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.—Midshipman C. S. N.; served on school-ship Patrick Henry, steamer Virginia No. 2, and Tucker's Naval Regiment.

John M. Jolly, Marlin Tex.—No record of services.

Geo. A. Joiner, Talladega, Ala.—Midshipman C. S. N., and passed midshipman C. S. N.; served on schoolship Patrick Henry, and Mobile Station.

Lucien C. Jones, Savannah, Ga.—Assistant paymaster C. S. N.; served on Savannah Station, steamer North Carolina and cruiser Tallahassee.

J. E. V. Jervey, Charleston, S. C.—No record of services.

E. A. Jack, Baltimore, Md.—Engineer C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia in battle of Hampton Roads; ran Arkansas,

battle with Farragut's and Davis' combined fleets; steamer North Carolina; expedition to rescue Point Lookout prisoners; steamer Columbia, wrecked on her trial trip; steamer Palmetto State, steamer Richmond; prisoner on Johnson's Island.

Hardin B. Littlepage, Washington, D. C.—Born in Virginia; midshipman U. S. N.; lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia, in battle of Hampton Roads; Drewry's Bluff naval battle; steamer Chattahoochie, steamer Atlanta; abroad steamer Virginia No. 2; Semmes' Naval Brigade.

James C. Long, Tiskilva, Ill.—Born in Tennessee; midshipman U. S. N., master C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia, battle of Hampton Roads, steamer Richmond, Savannah Station, steamer Albemarle.

Daniel M. Lee, Fredericksburg, Va.—Midshipman C. S. N., and passed midshipman C. S. N.; born in Virginia; served on receiving ship United States, on steamer Jamestown, battle of Hampton Roads, battle of Drewry's Bluff, steamer Richmond, steamer Chicora, schoolship Patrick Henry; at the capture of the U. S. gunboat Underwriter; in Minor's boat expedition to Plymouth, N. C.; cruiser Chickamauga.

M. W. McCoy, Evansville, Ind.—Sergeant of marines, served on C. S. cruisers Sumter and Alabama.

A. F. Marmelstien, Savannah, Ga.—Enrolled at Louisville Reunion; signal officer Confederate States steamer Alabama, also second officer privateer Tuscaloosa.

Windom R. Mayo, Norfolk, Va.—Midshipman U. S. N., master C. S. N.; served on Norfolk Station, on steamer Chattahoochie, on Wilmington Station.

James W. McCarrick, Norfolk, Va.—Master not in line; served on steamer Seabird; captured at Roanoke Island; served at Selma, Ala., and Savannah Ga.

James M. Morgan, Washington, D. C.—Born in Louisiana; midshipman C. S. N., and passed midshipman C. S. N.; served on steamer Georgia and schoolship Patrick Henry.

Thomas L. Moore, New York City—Born in North Carolina; midshipman U. S. N. lieutenant C. S. N.; served on Mississippi defenses and abroad.

H. H. Marmaduke, Washington, D. C.—Midshipman U. S. N. lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia, battle of

Hampton Roads, Drewry's Bluff naval battle, steamer Chatahoochie, abroad, steamer Samson, steamer Richmond.

Dr. J. Edward Moyler, Petersburg, Va.—Assistant surgeon C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia No. 2.

J. G. Minnigerode, Louisville, Ky.—Served on Mobile Station.

William Pinckney Mason, Rockville, Md.—Born in Virginia; midshipman U. S. N., lieutenant C. S. N.; served on receiving ship United States, steamer Jamestown, battle of Hampton Roads, battery at Hardy's Bluff, naval battle of Drewry's Bluff, steamer Richmond, abroad, steamer Virginia No. 2; wounded by piece of shell.

S. Marco, Darlington, S. C.—Landsman, served in 2nd North Carolina Regiment; transferred to navy, served on steamer Raleigh and at yard, Wilmington, N. C.

W. D. Olivera, Goodall, Fla.—Seaman, served on steamer Resolute.

Roger Pinckney, McPhersonville, S. C.—Midshipman C. S. N., and passed midshipman C. S. N.; served on Savannah Station, Drewry's Bluff, schoolship Patrick Henry and steamer Virginia No. 2.

Thos. C. Pinckney, San Francisco, Cal.—Midshipman C. S. N., and passed midshipman C. S. N.; served with 5th Regiment South Carolina troops; served on receiving ship United States at capture of U. S. gunboat Underwriter, on James River, and captured at battle of Sailor's Creek.

R. L. Page, commander in both U. S. and C. S. Navies, Norfolk, Va. (have heard, but can't verify, that he is dead).—Served at Savannah, Ga., Charlotte, N. C.

Samuel Reynolds, Savannah, Ga.—Enrolled at Louisville Reunion; record in the privateer service was prize-master of the privateer Jeff Davis.

Francis M. Rody, Bakerfield, Cal.—Lieutenant C. S. N.; served naval battery Fort Hindman, Johnson Island expedition, steamer Raleigh, steamer Albemarle in fight at Plymouth, and in the sound, cruiser Chickamauga.

Dabney M. Scales, Memphis, Tenn.—Midshipman U. S. N., lieutenant C. S. N.; served on Savannah Station, ram Arkansas, and in battle with U. S. fleets; in battery at Port Hudson, on steamer Atlanta, aboard steamer Shenandoah.

Clarence L. Stanton, Cincinnati, Ohio—Lieutenant C. S. N.; served at Charleston, on cruiser Chickamauga, at Fort Fisher; captured at battle of Sailor's Creek.

Benj. R. Sheriff, Baltimore, Md.—Seaman; served on steamer Virginia in battle of Hampton Roads, afterwards at Charleston.

Julien M. Spencer—Midshipman U. S. N., lieutenant C. S. N.; served at Drewry's Bluff, steamer Baltic, Mobile Station.

Savage Smith, Richmond, Va.—Captain's clerk to Lieutenant John H. Parker; served at Richmond.

A. L. Smith, Charlotte, N. C.—Seaman; served on steamer Albemarle, in engagements at Plymouth and in the sound.

Daniel Trigg, Abington, Va.—Born in Virginia; midshipman U. S. N., lieutenant C. S. N.; served on receiving ship United States, on steamer Jamestown, battle of Hampton Roads, battle of Drewry's Bluff, steamer Chattahoochie, abroad, steamer Virginia No 2.

Jas. H. Tombs, St. Louis, Mo. (think he is now in Jacksonville, Fla.)—Chief engineer C. S. N.; served steamer McCrea, steamer Louisiana, steamer Chicora; was engineer of the cigar-shaped torpedo boat David when she exploded a torpedo under the U. S. steamer Ironsides.

Geo. W. Tennant, City of Mexico—Chief engineer C. S. N.; born in Pennsylvania; served on steamer Huntress; captured at Fort Pulaski as a member of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry; prisoner at Johnson's Island; on steamer Atlanta, at capture of U. S. gunboats Satellite and Reliance, on C. S. steamer Fredericksburg; special duty; surrendered with Lee's Army.

Dan M. Varden, Sparks, Ga.—Served on Virginia No. 2, as messenger boy.

W. H. Wall, Sardis, Miss.—Lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamers Atlanta, Chicora, Drewry and Webb.

James K. Wood, Oxford, N. C.—Seaman; served on steamer North Carolina, and with Captain Woods in the capture of United States gunboat Underwriter.

Augustus O. Wright, Jacksonville, Fla.—Born in Alabama; midshipman U. S. N., passed midshipman C. S. N.; served on Savannah Station, and schoolship Patrick Henry.

Elsbury V. White, Norfolk, Va.—Engineer C. S. N.; served on steamer Virginia, battle of Hampton Roads.

W. H. M. Washington, North P. O., Mathews County, Va.—Surgeon C. S. N.; served on ram Arkansas, steamer Chattahoochie and steamer Fredericksburg.

W. F. Wilson, Hillsboro, Texas—Midshipman C. S. N., also passed midshipman C. S. N.; served at Savannah, steamer Morgan, Mobile, schoolship Patrick Henry, steamer Virginia No 2, Charleston Station, and Battery Cook, James River.

Mike Wade, Florence, S. C.—Ordinary seaman; served on Wilmington Station.

George S. Waterman, Chicago, Ill.—Midshipman C. S. N.; served on steamer St. Mary's, Fenner's Louisiana Battery, light artillery; steamer Gaines, Battery Buchanan.

N. C. Whittle, Norfolk, Va.—Lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamer Nashville, steamer Louisiana; prisoner, steamer Chattahoochie and cruiser Shenandoah.

Edwin P. Weaver, New Orleans, La.—Engineer C. S. N.; served on steamer Gains and Mobile Station.

John T. Walker, New York City—Midshipman U. S. N., lieutenant C. S. N.; served on steamer Ellis, steamer Patrick Henry, battle of Hampton Roads, at naval battle of Drewry's Bluff, steamer Chicora, abroad, and steamer Georgia.

THE WARREN BLUES—EXTRA BILLY'S MEN.

Roll of Officers and Men of a Famous Band of Veterans.

Company roll of the officers and men of the Warren Blues, Company E, and afterwards Company D, of the 49th Virginia Infantry, Extra Billy Smith's Regiment, Pegram's Brigade, Early's Division, Stonewall Jackson Corps, Army of Northern Virginia:

This company was mustered into service at Front Royal, Va., on the 17th day of June, 1861, with the four first commissioned officers, to-wit:

Wheatley, Manley T., captain and promoted to major in October; died in December, 1861.

Jacobs, Bayley S., first lieutenant and captain; was killed at Gettysburg.

Udike, John B., second lieutenant and first lieutenant, captain; wounded at Spotsylvania, 12th of May, 1864, and retired.

Funkhouser, Robert D., Jr., second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain and acting lieutenant-colonel; wounded at Winchester, 19th of September, 1864, and captured at Fort Steadman, near Petersburg, 25th of March, 1865.

Boyd, Emory V., orderly sergeant and second lieutenant; killed below Richmond, 25th of June, 1862.

Brown, John G., color sergeant and second lieutenant; captured at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; was sent with the famous 600 Confederate officers to Morris Island, off South Carolina, under the so-called retaliation act; living.

Udike, Abraham, elected second lieutenant in October, 1864; was captured at Fort Steadman, 25th of March, 1865; dead.

Atwood, Luther, private, killed at Seven Pines, May 31, 1862.

Atwood, Samuel, private, died in hospital, Richmond.

Allen, John, private, wounded September 17, 1862, Sharpsburg (dead).

Allen, Arch, private, wounded.

- Barbee, Joseph T., private, died in Richmond hospital, 1862.
Barber, John S., private, wounded at Seven Pines.
Baker, Lewis D., orderly sergeant, wounded (living).
Bennett, John, private, killed at first battle of Manassas.
Bennett, Henry, sharpshooter, captured at Fort Steadman (living).
Bolen, Newton, private, wounded (living).
Bolen, Franklin H., sergeant, wounded and captured.
Beatty, W. A., private, captured.
Brown, Henry J., private, wounded (living).
Brown, Benjamin, private, wounded at Seven Pines (dead).
Burner, James, private, wounded at Seven Pines (dead).
Blackwood, Robert, nurse in hospital and died on duty.
Cornwell, Alpheus, private, wounded at Seven Pines (dead).
Cornwell, Inmann, private, wounded at Seven Pines (dead).
Coulter, William, private, supposed to be killed in battle.
Compton, James B., sergeant, transferred to cavalry.
Compton, William A., corporal, the man who led General Lee's horse to the rear at Spotsylvania.
Claig, John T., private, wounded (dead).
Claig, Parkinson, private, wounded.
Cave, Elijah N., private, died in battle of Spotsylvania.
Cook, James, private, lost both feet by exposure.
Corder, Simeon, private, killed at second battle of Manassas.
Darnell, Jameson, private, wounded at second battle of Fredericksburg.
Day, Samuel, private, captured at Sharpsburg.
Darr, Scott, private, wounded at second battle of Fredericksburg.
Davis, Alman, private (dead).
Eastman, John J., private, honorably discharged September 3rd (dead).
Eshleman, Samuel P., detailed on special service, and was faithful to the end.
Funk, Jesse T., private, wounded at the Wilderness and went to the cavalry.
Fox, John, private, killed at first battle of Manassas.
Fox, George W., was a corporal; lost a leg at Seven Pines (dead).

Fox, Thomas L., private, wounded.

Fox, Anthony, private, captured.

Fletcher, Addison, private, wounded and missing.

Fish, James W., private, died at Manassas, December, 1861.

Fristoe, Thomas M., private, killed at Seven Pines.

Foster, John R., private, wounded (dead).

Foaley, Noah, private, missing (dead).

Grove, William, private, killed at first battle of Manassas.

Garrett, Newman, private, wounded (living).

Gore, Dewitt C., private, wounded (living).

Green, Bushrod R., private, deserted to the enemy.

Gordon, Oliver R., private, killed at Seven Pines.

Garmong, Theophilus H., private, killed at Cold Harbor,
June 3rd.

Hoskins, Daniel H., private, killed at the Wilderness.

Hough, Alpheus, private, wounded (dead).

Hall, John, corporal, died at Manassas, 1861.

Hall, George W., private, killed at Fisher's Hill.

Henry, John J., private, wounded.

Henry, Marcus, private, wounded at the Wilderness (dead).

Henry, John W., private, wounded at Winchester, 1864.

Henry, Gibson E., private, killed at first battle of Fredericks-
burg.

Henry, Moses, private, wounded (dead).

Henry, George W., killed.

Hoffman, John W., private, killed.

Hoffman, George, private, died at Manassas in 1861.

Holder, William, private, wounded and missing.

Holder, Richard, private, captured at Seven Pines.

Jett, Luther, private, wounded at the Wilderness (dead).

Johnson, John J., private, captured at Belle Grove (living).

Jones, William, private (dead).

Leach, William, sergeant, killed at Cold Harbor.

Loveless, Richard, private, wounded and captured at Sharps-
burg (dead).

Lewis, William O., private, wounded and captured at Hatcher's
Run (living).

Mauck, Wiliam F., private, wounded and disabled, Gettys-
burg (dead).

Mills, Marcus, private, surrendered at Appomattox (dead).

Mills, James W., private, missing.

Mills, Alexander, private, missing.

Mills, Charles, private, missing.

Mills, Henry, private, wounded (living).

Manks, Horace, private, killed at second Fredericksburg.

Martin, William S., private (living).

Martin, George S., corporal; the only man out of seventeen who came out safe at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864 (living).

Mathews, James M., private, wounded at Seven Pines, badly (dead).

Mathews, Robert, private, wounded desperately, May 6, 1864 (dead).

Maddox, James.

McFarland, William A., sergeant, wounded and captured June 3, 1864 (living).

McFarland, Robert M., private, wounded at Spotsylvania (dead).

Pomeroy, Thomas M., private, killed at Spotsylvania.

Rinker, John W., private, wounded June 3, 1864, and died.

Ridenour, John W., private, wounded and captured (dead).

Ridgeway, William H., private, killed at Spotsylvania.

Robertson, Daniel, private, wounded and never returned.

Rudacelle, Isaac, private, wounded June 3, 1864, captured (living).

Rudacelle, George W., private, killed at Gettysburg.

Rudacelle, John W., private, went to the cavalry after the

Rudasill, Philip, private, went to the cavalry.

Santmyers, John B., private, wounded (living).

Snapp, Morgan, private, wounded (dead).

Santmyers, Isaac, private, wounded (living).

Stokes, James W., private, captured (dead).

Stokes, Richard, private, wounded and captured.

Stokes, John W., private, killed at Sharpsburg.

Sumption, John, private, lost an arm at Seven Pines (dead).

Sealock, C., private, captured (dead).

Sealock, James, private, captured (dead).

Vaught, George, private (dead).

Vincent, William M., private, killed at the Wilderness.

Vincent, Richard, private, wounded at Spotsylvania (dead).

Walker, James H., private, wounded and disabled at first and September 19, 1864 (living).

Manassas; then a minister of the gospel (dead).

Wharton, Walton G., sergeant, a Mexican War veteran; went to artillery (dead).

Williams, David R.

Walters, John W., orderly sergeant, wounded May 6, 1864.

James Dickerson (colored), the officers' cook (living).

The following soldiers were from Albemarle County, Va., who joined Company D, 49th Virginia Regiment, at Harrisonburg, Va., October 25, 1864, and were brave and dutiful men, and fought February 6th at Hatcher's Run and the 25th of March, 1865, at Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, Va.

Abell, Caleb, private, captured on retreat to Appomattox (dead).

Burnley, Horace B., private, captured at Fort Steadman (dead).

Brown, J. Mannis, private, surrendered at Appomattox (dead).

Bailey, John, private, captured (dead).

Coleman, James T., private, killed at Hatcher's Run, 1864.

Catterton, George Newton, orderly sergeant, wounded and captured at Fort Steadman.

Catterton, Elijah N., captured at Fort Steadman (dead).

Chapman, N. T. (Bose).

Carr, James, captured on retreat.

Coles, Thomas S., sick and died in a Petersburg hospital.

Earley, Jerry A.

Elliott, M. D., captured at Fort Steadman (living).

Fry, J. N.

Harris, James O., sergeant, surrendered at Appomattox (dead).

Harris, Henry, captured at Fort Steadman.

Hurt, Morris, captured on retreat to Appomattox (dead).

Hill, Joseph, captured (dead).

Jarman, J. L. (living).

Kirby, J. S., wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Kirby, Edward, captured.

Maupin, Gabriel, captured.

Mayo, William P., captured.

Moore, Shepherd, captured.

Maddox, James, captured.

Michie, Lucien A., captured at Fort Steadman.

Mayo, J. R., wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Munday, Castello, captured.

Owens, Crede, captured.

Powell, William, captured at Fort Steadman.

Shelton, Austin.

Shackleford, John.

Snead, N. S.

Shifflett, George M., surrendered at Appomattox.

Tillman, Overton, captured.

Woodson, Benjamin, wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Wood, Ira G., wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Wood, John W., wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Walton, Rice, wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Ward, Samuel, wounded at Hatcher's Run.

Lieutenant John G. Brown and Sergeant William A. Compton, of Front Royal, Va., and John L. Jarman, Lucien A. Michie, of Albemarle County, Va., and myself, have made out the foregoing roll as accurate as possible, as no roll of the last recruits is in our possession, but one made out November 1, 1864, is in Washington, D. C., I am informed by General Ainsworth, of which I failed to get a copy.

R. D. FUNKHOUSER.

From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, August 10, 1902.

FEDERAL ATROCITIES IN THE CIVIL WAR.

**General Smith's Ferocious Policy in the Philippines Anticipated by Sherman in Tennessee and Mississippi—
Cold-Blooded Murder Near Memphis in
1862—Other Typical Incidents.**

**By Hon. J. P. YOUNG,
Judge of the Circuit Court, Memphis, Tenn.**

Judge Young served as a private soldier in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, and shared the memorable campaigns of the great Forrest, although he was only nineteen years of age when the war closed.—Ed.

Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania, in criticising General Jacob H. Smith, of the American Army in the Philippines, during a recent debate in Congress for cruelty to noncombatants, said: "When I have read, as I have within the past forty-eight hours, that a general wearing the uniform of the United States Army, one who stands under the shadow of our flag, issues orders not to conciliate a province, but to leave it a howling wilderness, and to kill all above ten years of age, then it seems to me that humanity must have marched backward for eighteen centuries."

Mr. Sibley must have read American history to very little purpose if he would go back more than a half century to find prototypes of General Smith wearing the uniform of the United States and issuing orders to kill noncombatants and burn their homes.

Nor were they criticised in Congress nor court-martialed for those acts of violence. But the victims in these cases were only white citizens of the southern part of the United States, and not brown-skinned Filipinos.

It is not for the purpose of reopening old sores, now happily healed, but to show that General Jacob H. Smith is not the only modern Duke of Alva, that these facts are recited.

General Smith had an illustrious example. General W. T. Sherman said: "War is hell"; and General Sherman knew, for he certainly endeavored to make it so. On October 29, 1864, General Sherman issued the following official order, viz.:

"HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
IN THE FIELD,
ROME, GA., October 29, 1864.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WATKINS, CALHOUN, GA.,—Cannot you send over about Fairmount and Adairsville, burn ten or twelve houses of known secessionists, kill a few at random and let them know that it will be repeated every time a train is fired on from Resaca to Kingston?

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding."

That order is printed in the war record, serial volumn No. 79, page 494, and each of the instances hereinafter mentioned are likewise not legends, but taken from the same official publication.

On October 19, 1864, he wrote to General James H. Wilson from Summerville, Ga.: "I am going into the very bowels of the Confederacy, and propose to leave a trail that will be recognized fifty years hence."

* To Colonel A. Beckwith he wrote of same date: "I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, and sally forth to ruin Georgia, and bring up on the seashore." To General Grant he wrote on that date: "I am perfecting arrangements to break up the railroad in front of Dalton, including the city of Atlanta, and push into Georgia, break up all its railroads and depots, capture its horses and negroes and make desolation everywhere."

All these promises he literally fulfilled, as witness the pages of history. But coming back to Memphis, we find General Sherman issuing the following special orders, No. 283, as shown in war record, No. 17, part 2, page 280:

"HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION,
DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
MEMPHIS, October 8, 1862.

The 46th Ohio, Colonel Walcutt, will embark to-night on

board the steamboat, and before daylight drop down to a point on the Arkansas shore, about fifteen miles below this, near Elmgrove Postoffice, and there disembark. He will then proceed to destroy all the houses, farms and corn fields from that point up to Hopefield.

This is done to let the guerrillas, who attacked the Catahoula, feel that certain destruction awaits the country for firing on steamboats. By order of Major-General Sherman.

J. H. HAMMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

But a darker chapter yet remains to record. On September 7, 1862, a detachment of the 6th Illinois Cavalry, under Major Reuben Loomis, appeared at a point on the Hernando Road, twelve miles below Memphis, where a skirmish had occurred the day before. Two aged men, Alfred Hutchinson and Mr. Gillespie, together with a frail young man named William White, were then burying a Federal officer who had been killed in the skirmish near the latter's house. The house was fired, and when the ladies screamed, young White came on the scene. Major Loomis ordered his men to shoot White in the presence of his wife and mother. The men hesitated to commit the butchery, and the major threatened them with death unless they fired. Several of them then fired, but with faltering hands, slightly wounding White, who ran and caught an apple tree for support.

The major, despite the entreaties of Miss Linnie Hutchinson, who put her arms around the young man's neck and told the major that he was a unionist and helpless, deliberately shot young White to death right before his wife and mother's eyes with his own pistol. He then ordered his men to shoot the two old men, but they flatly refused and they escaped.

After burning all the houses in the vicinity the detachment left.

Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson, of the 6th Illinois, in reporting the affair to General Sherman the same day, said: "Here (Hernando) I arrested twelve men, and having fifteen of my command whose horses were unfit for further rapid travel, I sent them with the prisoners, under Lieutenant Nathaniel B. Cunningham, of Company G, to Memphis, who, however, were

subsequently fired upon when within about twelve miles of that place.

"Lieutenant Cunningham was immediately killed, but his death was avenged by a detachment sent out under Major Loomis by your order." War Record 17, part 1, page 55.)

On August 8, 1862, General Granville M. Dodge writes from Trenton, Tenn.: "I believe our policy is to burn up those counties (Dyer, Lauderdale and Hickman). They pay no attention to the oath and feed and guide the rebels." (War record No. 17, part 1, page 30.)

On August 28, 1862, General Gordon Granger reports from Rienzi, Miss.: "Two things are most necessary and important: First, there must be some definite and fixed policy on our part to combat and break up this infernal guerrilla system of theives.

"It is bound soon to waste an entire army away, and for no equivalent. We must push every man, woman and child before us, or put every man to death found in our lines.

"We have, in fact, soon to come to a war of subjugation, and the sooner the better." (War Record No. 17, part 1, pages 40 and 41).

The records are full of these instances, but the above are sufficient for illustration. General Jacob H. Smith is undoubtedly cruel, but why should Congress make a scapegoat of him for the sins of the army?

The above-named generals were not only not court-martialed, but were promoted, and one at least received a vote of thanks by Congress.

If we are going to humanize the methods of warfare pursued by our army, let us do it. Beyond question, it ought to be done. But if the old order of things is to continue, then in administering condemnations to the soldiers let us begin at the beginning and condemn all down the line. We need not go back to the tragic scene on Calvary, as stated by Mr. Sibley, to find a single example in General Jacob H. Smith.

J. P. YOUNG.

MEMPHIS, August 1, 1902.

EDITOR CONFEDERATE COLUMN, PICAYUNE,—Among the incidents mentioned in the article sent you a few days ago was

the tragic killing of young White, about twelve miles south of Memphis, in the border land between the lines. I have just found an old letter written by an eye witness, in the person of Miss Mary Hutchinson, who graphically describes the occurrence and bloody deed. Believing that you will appreciate the time-worn letter, and in printing it illustrate the heroism of our Confederate girls under the most trying situations, I send it to you. I will add that Mr. Alfred Hutchinson and Squire Gillespie were both Presbyterian elders, and their great faith and determination, in the face of deadly peril, are worthy of the iron pikemen of Cromwell. I have been told that they looked their would-be murderers calmly in the eye and said:

"We are old men, and have no means with which to defend ourselves. If it be 'God's will' that we shall be slain, we are ready."

This staggered their tormentors, and one man in the column replied to the order to fire, "I will be d—d if I will do it."

The heroism of Miss Linnie Hutchinson, a frail, beautiful girl (whom I knew well), in throwing herself between the leveled guns and young White, and pleading for his life, was superb. When they reached her father's house and fired it, she was permitted to bring out her trunk and a few articles, all of which were then burned in the yard by order of Major Reuben Loomis, of the 6th Illinois Cavalry, and, comparing with that fellow, General Jacob H. Smith is an angel of light. But retribution finally overtook him, he being slain by one of his captains. Here is the letter:

MY DEAR MR. YOUNG,—In 1862, about the 1st of September, a company of cavalry, about fifteen men, were sent out to Hernando, Miss., where they found a young lady on the eve of leaving the place with a large Saratoga trunk, well packed with her own wearing apparel.

The soldiers took possession of the trunk and arrested a citizen (I have forgotten his name), took also a wagon and team on the place, put the prisoners and trunk in it, and started towards Memphis. About 5 o'clock P. M., one mile from the state line, on the Widow White's plantation, and about 200 yards beyond her house, they were fired into by some of Blythe's

Scouts, thought to have been John Mayfield, a Mr. Clinton and Ed Fort. The lieutenant in charge of the company and the citizen prisoner were both killed. The Federals, not knowing how strong their enemy was, fled in confusion, leaving their dead in the road. Mrs. White's family was composed of herself, a daughter about eighteen years of age, and a son, who had married a few days previously a beautiful and wealthy girl. Mr. White was a strong Union man, and refused to go into the Confederate Army or to give the Confederacy any aid.

The Yankee officer, having been killed near Mrs. White's house, and young White being in sympathy with the Federals, he decided to bury the officer, and requested my father (Esquire Hutchinson) and Esquire Gillespie, both very old men, and the only immediate neighbors left in the country, to assist him. After holding a consultation, it was agreed to bury the citizen first and hold the Federal officer a short time until his friends could have an opportunity to claim his body if desired.

My father's family consisted of himself, my sister Linnie, and the writer. Whilst the men were filling the grave where the citizen was buried, say 200 yards distant from Mrs. White's house, and in her private burying ground, the Federals returned in considerable force, and finding them, began to curse and abuse the rebels with language and threats too horrible to mention. My sister Linnie was at Mrs. White's at the time. Leaving the grave, a company of soldiers dashed towards the house, yelling and cursing and acting in a manner which frightened the ladies very much. The officer in charge ordered the house to be burned. Esquire Gillespie, Willie White and my father hurriedly filled the grave. My father, however, advised Willie White to get out of their way, because he being a young man and also having his horse saddled, might cause them to do him harm.

He followed the advice and rode away to the rear of his residence, but when the house had been fired and he heard the pleadings and screams of the ladies, he quickly dismounted and returned to them, leaving his horse hitched in the woods. Unfortunately, he entered the yard from the direction the scouts had fired on and killed the lieutenant, which seemed to infuriate them, because the officer in command ordered him to be shot down. Willie White explained his connection with the affair

and pleaded his loyalty to the Union and begged to have a chance to prove it all.

My sister Linnie ran in between Willie and the guns, telling them how faithful he had been to their cause, and how he had disgraced himself by being a Union man and refusing to go into the Confederate Army. They would not listen to her, however, and the officer cursed her, saying: "If she does not get out of the way, kill her, too."

"Nothing but blood and ashes will satisfy us for killing Lieutenant Cunningham." Before they fired, the captain ordered a part of the soldiers to go back to the grave and kill every d—n man to be found. My sister, dreadfully alarmed for the safety of our father, ran with all her might, begging the men not to kill him. Immediately after she left, Willie White was shot and wounded in the shoulder, which cut an artery, but he jumped over the fence and attempted to escape. His mother, wife and sister, on their knees, begged and pleaded for his life to be spared, but the Yankees followed and killed the poor boy as he stood by a tree holding on for support.

The house was a two-story frame building, and while it was burning the soldiers compelled the ladies to remain in the yard. They complained of the great heat, and begged to be allowed to get out of the yard, but they said, "No; stay there and cook." After they had slaughtered Willie White they returned and told his wife and mother of the horrible cruelties they had inflicted, and told her if anyone buried him or gave her a shelter they would be treated likewise. Before the squad which had been ordered to kill my father and Esquire Gillespie reached them, my sister Linnie called to them and explained their purpose, and begged them to get away; but both of the old men stood erect with their hands on their spades, and with a short prayer committed themselves into the hands of Almighty God. The soldiers were ordered to get ready, but when the command was given to fire, not a gun went off. The officer cursed the men and threatened to have them all shot, but one bold, manly fellow said, "I will be d—d before I shoot these helpless old men." Nor were they hurt. When the rest of the company joined the squad from the yard and found the dead lieutenant not buried, they began cursing again and said it was the purpose to leave his body for the

hogs, and for that reason they would see that the hogs ate Willie White's body. With repeated threats against anyone who wanted to bury his body, they ordered the two old men to move off as prisoners. A squad was sent to burn my father's house. As they marched along towards Memphis they met a regiment of infantry, when squads were set to work burning houses and killing stock and chickens.

When they reached Horn Lake depot, the stores and depot and the beautiful Mayfield home were burned. They awoke Mrs. Mayfield and her little children about midnight, and after the house was in ashes, said: "We will kill anyone who gives you shelter."

In the meantime Mrs. White had been hunting a place of shelter, and after walking about four miles through fields and creek bottoms, expecting every moment to be overtaken and probably murdered, she and her daughter and Willie White's widow and Linnie reached the home of a relative just before daylight, but in a state of exhaustion and collapse.

Before arriving at Memphis, the Federals released my father and Esquire Gillespie, and they returned home on foot. My father found his home in ashes, and my sister being cared for by the old family servants. They admonished my father and Esquire Gillespie "to be very careful, and not let any more 'rebels' shoot their men; if they did, no excuse would spare their lives."

Notwithstanding their threats, my father called to his aid one of his old negro men and went in search of young White's body. They found him lying by a tree, where he had been horribly murdered. He had six bullet holes in his head, one in each eye, and six saber cuts on his body, besides wounds on his shoulders.

Father and the old servant brought him home and kept him until his brother-in-law came out from Memphis under a flag of truce, when the three dug a grave and laid him to rest.

MARY L. HUTCHINSON.

Horn Lake, Miss., November 4, 1886.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E, NINETEENTH
VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Brief Story of War Life.

HEADQUARTERS GOSS-GRIGSBY CAMP, No. 93,
CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
STONY POINT, VA.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

SIR,—I send to your Confederate column muster roll of officers and men of "E" Company, 19th Virginia Regiment. In March, 1902, Colonel Charles S. Peyton, now of Ronceverte, W. Va., who assisted in the organization of the company, and was its first captain, whilst on a visit to his old home, Stony Point, Va., with the assistance of the late John W. Goss, and myself commenced this work. When Colonel Peyton returned to West Virginia he requested me to complete the roll. Now, after many unavoidable hinderances, I hand you an official war record of the company, for not a name, not a remark by "memory." The roll is verified by first sergeants' books, now in possession of the families of descendants of these officers, and of four muster rolls of the company in my possession. There may be some names left out. I do not know. I know as far as this roll goes it is correct.

LYNN L. GOSS.

This company was organized April, 1860, and known as "The Piedmont Guards," with headquarters at Stony Point, Albemarle County, Va. On the 10th of May, 1861, at Culpeper Courthouse, Va., it was mustered into service by Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Strange. The first colonel of the regiment was Philip St. G. Cocke; the first lieutenant-colonel, John B. Strange, and the first major, Henry Gantt, Lieutenant C. C. Wertenbaker, of Company A, was detailed adjutant. He was afterwards promoted and assigned regiment's adjutant. In the fall of 1861, Colonel A. T. M. Rust was assigned to command the regiment. At

the reorganization in 1862 Lieutenant-Colonel Strange was elected colonel. (He was killed at Boonsboro, South Maryland, September 14, 1862). Major Gantt was elected lieutenant-colonel, and after Strange's death was promoted colonel. He was badly wounded July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg. Captain Charles S. Peyton was promoted major, September 14, 1862. (He lost his left arm August 30, 1862, at Second Manassas). He was wounded July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, and was promoted to lieutenant-colonel in early fall of the same year.

The brigade was formed of the following Virginia Regiments. The 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th. In the fall of 1861 the 8th Virginia Regiment was assigned to the brigade.

The brigade commanders were: First brigadier-general, Philip St. G. Cocke; second brigadier-general, George E. Pickett; third brigadier-general, Richard B. Garnett. He was killed July 5, 1863, at Gettysburg. Fourth and last brigadier-general, Eppa Hunton, to the close of the war. The brigade belonged to Pickett's Division.

Peyton, Charles S., captain, wounded in Second Manassas battle, August 30, 1862; left arm amputated; promoted major September 14, 1862; wounded in left leg July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg. Major Peyton was the only field officer left in the brigade—Garnett's—which he took command of and brought off the field. He was the only officer of Pickett's Division who made a report of this battle. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel early in the fall of 1863, and assigned to post duty and served to the close of the war.

Pritchett, William R., first lieutenant; promoted captain in the fall of 1862; died of smallpox in Richmond Hospital, March 3, 1863.

Goss, William Walker, second lieutenant; promoted first lieutenant in the fall of 1862; promoted captain early in 1863; mortally wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; died there in field hospital, July 18, 1863.

Thurman, Benjamin W., third lieutenant; not re-elected at the reorganization.

Taylor, Albert G., first sergeant; accidentally shot at Manassas, June 10, 1861, and died twelve hours afterwards.

Foster, Anthony, second sergeant; discharged by conscript act of 1862; over thirty-five years of age.

Barksdale, Franklin, third sergeant; captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Bragg, James Y., fourth sergeant; promoted through different grades to first lieutenant; captured July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg; exchanged March 10, 1865.

Salmon, James, fifth sergeant, promoted through different grades to first lieutenant; wounded in shoulder July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg; commanded the company from July 5, 1863, to his death in battle at Hatcher's Run, March, 1865.

Gilbert, Robert M., first corporal; promoted third sergeant; wounded in battle at Boonsboro, Md., September 14, 1862; concussion of abdomen in battle of Cold Harbor; died March 15, 1865.

Edwards, Samuel W., second corporal; promoted first sergeant; surrendered the company April 9, 1865, at Appomattox.

Sandridge, James J., third corporal; wounded at Gaines' Mill June 27, 1862; killed in battle of Gettysburg July 3, 1863.

Ferguson, Reuben P., fourth corporal; wounded in the mouth in battle of Seven Pines June 1, 1862; transferred to 2nd Regiment, Virginia Cavalry.

PRIVATES.

Byers, David H., arm shattered in battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862; honorably discharged by reason of fifth wound.

Bowles, John W., detailed brigade blacksmith.

Bellomy, Andrew J., enlisted August 22, 1862.

Brockman, Butley, severely wounded in face in Second Manassas battle, August 30, 1862.

Brockman, James P., enlisted August 22, 1862.

Butler, Jacob W., killed August 30, 1862, in second battle of Manassas.

Brockman, Walter D., died at home, August 21, 1861, of typhoid fever.

Beck, T. J., died September 15, 1861.

Branham, John H., transferred to other service.

Branham, James G., promoted first sergeant; severely

wounded in second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862; right arm paralyzed.

Carden, William B., killed in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Carden, R. E.

Carden, John A., wounded in left leg in battle of Howlett Lawn, November 17, 1863.

Carden, A. J.

Carpenter, John F., killed in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Condrey, Jerry, joined by transfer, August 1, 1862.

Carver, James C., died December 25, 1861, at Manassas, of typhoid fever.

Dowell, Major M., wounded August 30, 1862, in Second Manassas battle; killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Dunett, Thomas D., captured April 26, 1862, at Yorktown; exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in hip July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg, and captured; exchanged August 28, 1863.

Dowell, R. E., wounded in hip in battle at Brook Church, May 12, 1864; little finger shot off in battle at Cold Harbor.

Dowell, Ezekiel, enlisted August, 1863.

Duncan, J. B.

Draper, John, discharged on regular detail.

Edwards, Tazewell S., discharged by conscript act, over thirty-five years of age; re-enlisted and promoted fourth sergeant.

Edwards, Brice J., wounded in head in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862; discharged by conscript act, over thirty-five years of age.

Eastin, Granville, wounded in battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862; killed in battle at Boonsboro, Md., September 14, 1862.

Eastin, Henry, killed at Yorktown April 26, 1862.

Eheart, Adam G., wounded in left arm August 30, 1862, in Second Manassas battle; wounded in right leg July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg and captured.

Eastham, David C., promoted fifth sergeant.

Ferguson, Charles M., made corporal; died at home of typhoid fever February 21, 1862.

Flynt, James T., wounded badly in right hand June 1, 1862, in battle of Seven Pines; never fit for duty afterwards.

Flynt, William D., wounded in right arm in second battle of

Manassas August 30, 1862; detailed October 20, 1862, by order of Secretary of War.

Flynt, O. K.

Gilliam, James L., detailed government tanner, afterwards transferred to 5th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry.

Gilbert, Beverly, wounded May 12, 1864, in battle at Brook Church.

Gerold, Garland F., wounded in battle at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, left leg amputated; honorably discharged October 7, 1864, for this cause.

Garnett, William J., wounded in right arm, at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

Garnett, Milton, transferred to 39th Battalion Virginia Cavalry, December 19, 1864.

Gregory, Benjamin F., enlisted March 15, 1862.

Goss, John W., transferred Company K, 2nd Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, and from there to 39th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry.

Gore, James, discharged 1862, "by conscript act," over thirty-five years of age.

Goss, Ebenezer, enlisted October 10, 1864; exchanged with H. T. McCune to 39th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, November 23, 1864.

Harlow, Samuel M.,

Herring, Henry A., detailed brigade teamster.

Herring, John Henry.

Hill, William H., wounded in hand, Second Manassas, August 30, 1862.

Hall, Henry J., killed in battle at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Hall, William S., wounded in right shoulder, Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

Hall, Joseph M., enlisted March 28, 1862.

Hall, E. B., honorably discharged and detailed to other service.

Harris, William, honorably discharged and detailed to other service.

Harlow, Lucian M., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Johnson, W. W., died Chimborazo Hospital, typhoid fever, June 27, 1864.

Johnston, William W., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Jones, B. C.

Kendricks, J. M.

Kite, William H., enlisted October 30, 1864; transferred to 39th Battalion, Virginia Cavalry.

Leake, William J., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Leake, John W., wounded May 5, 1862, in battle of Williamsburg; mortally wounded in battle of Seven Pines, June 1, 1862; died in Richmond Hospital, June 3, 1862.

Lane, Nemiah, detailed to other service.

LeTellier, Joseph C., wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

LeTellier, William B., promoted second lieutenant, April 13, 1863; wounded in the face, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg and captured; died there in field hospital, August 1, 1863.

Mundy, Johanthan B., wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Mundy, Isaac L., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Mundy, Thomas W., promoted second sergeant,* wounded August 30, 1862, in battle of Second Manassas; killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Mundy, Henry B., died November 3, 1861, in hospital at Charlottesville.

Mooney, Madison, wounded in battle, Frazer's Farm, June 30, 1862; wounded November 17, 1863, at Howlett House; evidently shot June 8, 1864, and died from effects of wound.

Meeks, Henry M., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862.

Mahanes, Tavenor O., promoted fourth corporal; captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and captured.

Minor, Peter H., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; killed July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg.

Madison, James A., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 8, 1862.

Mitchell, W. F.

Martin, Timothy, by exchange with N. T. Routt, March 24, 1865.

McCue, H. T., exchanged with E. Goss, November 23, 1864.

McCue, W. M., exchanged with Milton Garnett, December 19, 1864.

McAllester, William T., honorably discharged on account of physical disability.

Norvell, Joseph B., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; killed July 3, 1863, in battle of Gettysburg.

Nimmo, Hiram, enlisted March 15, 1862; deserted April 6, 1862.

Pritchett, Bellfield, wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., September 7, 1862; wounded July 5, 1863, at Gettysburg; wounded March, 1865, at Hulcher Run.

Pritchett, James D., wounded in head June 27, 1862, at Gaines' Mill.

Preddy, Obediah, discharged by "conscript act," 1862, over thirty-five years of age.

Routt, A. P., exchanged with T. Martin to 5th Virginia Regiment, cavalry, March 24, 1865.

Simms, William J., captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; discharged by "conscript act," 1862, over thirty-five years of age.

Smith, James A., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Sampson, George W.

Salmon, Thomas B., detailed at Chimborazo Hospital, June 8, 1862.

Thomas, Tazwell S., died August 3, 1862, in hospital.

Taylor, John R., killed at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Twyman, Travis J., promoted third corporal; captured at Yorktown, April 26, 1862; exchanged August 5, 1862; wounded in battle at Brook Church, May 12, 1864.

Teel, Lewis, discharged under age, July, 1861.

Vaughan, William J., detailed teamster.

Vaughan, Cornelius G., detailed teamster.

Wood, James F., wounded in right side, July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

Wood, Alfred T., enlisted May 10, 1861.

Wood, Robert B., badly wounded, June 1, 1862, at Seven Pines.

Wood, Marian, badly wounded, June 27, 1862, at Gaines' Mill.

Wood, W. M., detailed brigade teamster.

Wood, W. L.

Wood, C. T., enlisted October 16, 1864.

Wood, William C., killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

Wood, Lemuel E., promoted second lieutenant; died at home, February 17, 1863, of typhoid fever.

Wood, Washington, enlisted May 10, 1861.

Zibinia, Antaino, killed August 30, 1862, Second Manassas battle.

BRAVE CAROLINIAN FELL AT GETTYSBURG.

How Colonel Henry King Burgwyn Lost His Life.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 13, 1906.

The presence at Raleigh, N. C., of Colonel William H. S. Burgwyn, of Northhampton County, who delivered the memorial address May 10, called attention to the fate of his brother, Colonel Henry King Burgwyn, the gallant young commander of the 26th North Carolina Infantry, who lost his life at Gettysburg. It happened that among the Confederate veterans who attended the Memorial Day exercises was William M. Cheek, of Lundley, Chatham County, who was a private in Company E, of the 26th Regiment, and who saw Colonel Burgwyn when the latter was shot. Mr. Cheek said: "It was in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. Our regiment had been formed in line of battle and advanced a considerable distance towards the Federal lines. Our colors were very prominent in the center. Time after time they were shot down by the hot fire of infantry and artillery, and in all they fell fifteen times, sometimes the staff being broken and sometimes a color-bearer being shot down.

"The color-sergeant was killed quite early in the advance and then a private of F company took the flag. He was shot once, but rose and went on, saying, 'Come on, boys!' and as the words left his lips was again shot down, when the flag was taken by Captain McCreary, who was killed a moment or two later. Then Colonel Burgwyn himself took the colors and as we were advancing over the brow of a little hill and he was a few feet in advance of the center of the regiment, he was shot as he partly turned to give an order, a bullet passing through his abdomen. He fell backwards, the regiment continuing its advance, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Lane taking command and at the same time taking the flag from Colonel Burgwyn. In a moment, it seemed, he was shot, and then Captain W. S. Brewer, of my company, took the flag and carried it through the remainder of

the advance, Major John Jones having then assumed command of the regiment. Our regiment was recalled and retired. I was knocked down by the explosion of a shell, which injured my eyesight somewhat, but soon rose, and as myself and some comrades went back I saw Colonel Burgwyn being carried off the field by two soldiers, named Ellington and Staton, who were using one of their blankets for that purpose.

"Colonel Burgwyn asked me, whom he recognized as being a member of his command, to help carry him off the field, and I at once gave my aid. We carried him some distance towards the place where our line of battle had been formed, and as we were thus moving him a lieutenant of some South Carolina regiment came up and took hold of the blanket to help us. Colonel Burgwyn did not seem to suffer much, but asked the lieutenant to pour some water on his wound. He was put down upon the ground while the water was poured from canteens upon him. His coat was taken off and I stooped to take his watch, which was held around his neck by a silk cord. As I did so the South Carolina lieutenant seized the watch, broke the cord, put the watch in his pocket and started off with it. I demanded the watch, telling the officer that he should not thus take away the watch of my colonel, and that I would kill him as sure as powder would burn, with these words cocking my rifle and taking aim at him.

"I made him come back and give up the watch, at the same time telling him he was nothing but a thief, and then ordering him to leave, which he did. In a few moments Colonel Burgwyn said to me that he would never forget me, and I shall never forget the look he gave me as he spoke these words. We then picked him up again and carried him very close to the place where we had been formed in line of battle. Captain Young, of General Pettigrew's staff, came up and expressed much sympathy with Colonel Burgwyn. The latter said that he was very grateful for the sympathy, and added, 'The Lord's will be done. We have gained the greatest victory in the war. I have no regret at my approaching death. I fell in the defense of my country.'

"About that time a shell exploded very near us and took off the entire top of the hat of Captain Brewer, who had joined our

party. I left and went to search for one of our litters, in order to place Colonel Burgwyn upon it, so as to carry him more comfortably and conveniently. I found the litter with some difficulty, and as the bearers and myself came up to the spot where Colonel Burgwyn was lying on the ground, we found that he was dying. I sat down and took his hand in my lap. He had very little to say, but I remember that his last words were that he was entirely satisfied with everything, and 'The Lord's will be done.' Thus he died, very quietly and resignedly. I never saw a braver man than he. He was always cool under fire and knew exactly what to do, and his men were devoted to him.

"He was the youngest colonel I ever saw in all my experience as a soldier. If he had lived he would have been given high rank, I feel sure." After Mr. Cheek had given this interesting story, now told for the first time of the fate of his gallant colonel, he was shown, and viewed with much emotion, the sword, sash and gauntlets which Colonel Burgwyn wore during the terrible first day at Gettysburg, that greatest of battles of all the Civil War, which marked what came to be known as the "highwater-mark of the war," and in which the 26th Regiment suffered a greater loss than any other regiment, either Federal or Confederate, during the entire four years' struggle.

FRED A. OLDS.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 24, 1905.

ROSTER OF M'NEIL'S RANGERS.

The following is republished from the Staunton Spectator, by request, and published with pleasure, that it may be preserved along with other Confederate history that finds its way from "Our Confederate Column" to the scrap-books of the old boys who "fit" under "Marse Bob."

The Confederate Column takes it as it finds it in the Spectator, adding only the little story at the bottom.

We have been furnished by one of McNeil's men, Corporal D. M. Parsons, with a complete list of Captain John H. McNeil's Partisan Rangers, which next to Mosby's Battalion, was the most noted command of scouts that operated in Virginia during the war. Many of them will be recognized as gallant Augusta and Rockingham boys. There are 187 of them, all being Virginians except nineteen, who were from Maryland, and are marked Md. in the list.

OFFICERS.

McNiel, John H., captain; McNeil, J. C., first lieutenant; Welton, I. S., second lieutenant; Dolan, J. B., third lieutenant; Taylor, Harrison, first sergeant; Vandiver, J. L., second sergeant; Dailey, James, third sergeant; Seymour, Able, fourth sergeant; Hopkins, David, first corporal; Judy, I., second corporal; Oats, I., third corporal; Parsons, D. M., fourth corporal.

PRIVATES.

Acker, John, Alexander, M. S., Allen, George M., Allen Herman, Ala.; Anderson, Nathan H., Athey, William, Allen, J., Albright, James, Armentrout, Sol., Bobo, Jackson, Bean, Fred, Bierkamy, William, Brathwaite, Newton, Blakemore, William, Bowman, Jack, Barnula, Joseph, Bare, William, Baldwin, H.,

Blakemore, George, Branson, William, Bennett, Henry, Browning, E. R., Md.; Boggs, Gus, Md.; Crawford, James, Contey, Jack, Carson, John W., Cleaver, William, Clutter, J. W., Cain, Thomas, Cowger, David A., Coleman, Jack, Cokeley, John, Cokeley, George, Cooper, J., Clarey, L., Md.; Clarey, Thad., Md.; Clarey, Rich., Md.; Chisholm, Wallace, Md.; Cresap, Van, Md.; Cosner, Wayne, Carle, George, Coffman, Joseph, Childs, Ben, Cunningham, John, Daugherty, Sam, Davis, R. C., Duffy, J. W., Duval, H. R., Md.; Davis, Frank, Dyer, Robin, Dyce, Sam, Devectman, P., Md.; Enright, E. C., Fay, J. B. Md.; Fisher, J. G., Frederick, Lewis, Gray, S., Grady, George, Harness, G. S., Halterman, J., Harvey, J., Hevener, J., Hoy, William, Harness, W. W., Hill, I., Houck, William, Houseworth, J., Hess, James, Hunter, John, Hutter, C. R., High, J. W., Hoad, H., Hack, A. C., Md.; Hutton, John, Hopkins, William, Harper, John, Judy, D., Jones, H. C., Johnson, Charles, Jacobs, George, Jones, Sam, Johnson, Fisher, Johnson, John, Kiracoffe, Nelson, Ketterman, H., Lobb, Robert, Lynn, John, Md.; Lynn, Sprigg, Md.; Long, J. R., Larey, M., Luke, William, Md.; Logan, Loyd, Liggett, Robert, Mason, J. H., Markwood, John, Martin, Taylor, Maloney, William, Marginnis, J., Mountz, J. D., Md.; Markwood, George, Magalis, William, Michael, J., McKaig, John, Md.; Moore, Sam, Miller, Simon, Moupin, Lincoln, Mace, John, Mason, J. H., Miller, Charles, Martin, William, Miller, Rader, Miller, James, Mills, Reuben, Miles, William, Michael, Isaac, Neville, Thornton, Norris, William, O'Haver, Martin, Overman, John, O'Rourke, John, Parker, Joseph A., Poole, William, Painter, N. B., Pennybacker, J. E., Pennybacker, Isaac, Reed, John, Ritter, Henry, Richardson, John, Rinker, William, Rogers, John, Rhodes, O. L., Richards, B. F., Robinson, I. N., Rosser, Robert, Shaffer, Sam, Smith, John, Showalter, John, Senman, William, Stewart, F., Md.; Seymour, Henry, Seymour, William, Stickley, S., Steele, John, Showalter, D. H., Shipman, J., Saunders, James, Scott, F., Shoemate, William, Shryock, J., Spaulding, William, Shore, H. W., Shitagger, William, Temple, J. M., Tabb, Harlan, Tabb, P., Trumbo, M. G., Tucker, E., Tucker, Sam, Truehart, H. M., Tex.; Triplett, John, Triplett, Joseph, Taylor, G. R., Tevebaugh, I., Vandiver, George, VanPelt, John,

Vallandingham, J. L., Md.; Whitmore, John, Watring, Ben, Welch, James, Welton, S., Westmoreland, M., White, Charles, Williamson, J. B., Md.; Watkins, O. U., Wilson, J.

Among this company's many daring exploits was the raid of 1864 into Cumberland, Md., which was occupied by over ten thousand Federal troops, and their successful capture of Generals Crook and Kelly, whom they brought safely through the lines to Richmond.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, May 19, 1901.

POLIGNAC'S MISSION.

An Interesting Chapter in Confederate History—Defence of President Davis.

The Story of the Proposed Cession of Louisiana to France Exploded— An Interview With the Emperor—Foreign Aid and Slavery.

The following throws interesting light on an incident of Confederate history, which has been greatly distorted:

VILLA JESSIE, CANNES, FRANCE, April 17, 1901.

GENERAL MARCUS J. WRIGHT:

My Dear General,—I enclose the narrative of my journey to France in 1865, intended to refute the suggestions of the *Washington Post*, and beg that you will kindly, in defence of the honor of President Jefferson Davis, General Kirby Smith, and my own self, give my explanations the widest publicity. You will observe that on page 6 I have the military rank of Governor Allen as colonel, written in pencil; the reason is that I do not remember whether he was then colonel or general, and I wish you would kindly correct the rank and the initials to his name. Had I been able to refer to clippings and memoranda notes I could have supplied more precise dates.

I hope you received my telegram of 2nd instant, worded: "Will answer your letter, meanwhile I deny emphatically suggestion of *Washington Post*."

Should you be able to find in print the speech of Hon. Jefferson Davis, to which I allude, please substitute the exact wording into my manuscript.

Hoping that you will do me the favor of acknowledging the receipt of my manuscript, believe me, my dear General, ever your friend,

C. J. POLIGNAC.

The letter was printed in the Washington Post, and is reproduced here:

THE LAST CHAPTER IN CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

In two editorials of the Washington Post, March 14 and 19, 1901, the suggestion is made and repeated that toward the close of the war of secession, in 1865, I was sent to Europe by President Jefferson Davis on an important mission, the object of which was to offer to the Emperor of the French a retrocession of the State of Louisiana in exchange for armed intervention on behalf of the Confederacy.

This startling discovery was intended to fill a gap in history, and I wonder that even the love of fiction inherent to mankind could have led any minds so far astray as to give the slightest attention, far less attach any credence, to a wild, sensational suggestion the offspring of an overfertile imagination.

The plain truth is that I had no mission at all, or, if for want of another word it must needs be called so, its conception involved nobody but myself. The genesis of it and its development are set forth in the following narrative:

After the successful issue of the Louisiana campaign in 1864, there being no prospects of a speedy renewal of hostilities, and the division I then commanded being in the highest state of efficiency, it occurred to me that I might do some good by conveying information abroad. Letters which I received about that time, having strengthened this opinion, I repaired to Shreveport in the winter of 1865, and suggested to General Kirby Smith the advisability of granting me a six months' leave of absence for the purpose of going abroad and of availing myself of the curiosity and interest which the presence of an active participant in the great struggle now going on could not fail to awaken in foreign parts, in order to enlist sympathy with the Southern Cause. Nor was my purpose as vague and indefinite as might appear thus far. There was one circumstance which gave it substantiality—one man who was, so to say, the pivot of my self-imposed task. This man was not the Emperor of the French, far less Lord Palmerston, but the Duke of Morny, an intimate confidant and devoted friend of the Em-

peror. As a statesman, he was credited with some shrewdness—practical, self-possessed, as devoid of enthusiasm as free from prejudice. I had some acquaintance with him. I had met him privately several times before leaving France. I had introduced to him one of the delegates whom, at an early stage of the conflict, some of the Southern States had sent abroad (I believe it was the delegate from South Carolina), and had noticed on every occasion his readiness to receive information and the unbiased, practical view he took of the conflict. With him I could talk without hindrance. I could see him privately, informally. He could listen to me day after day without in any manner committing his government, ask any questions he liked, and elicit every information more freely from a mere eye-witness, bearing no credentials, than he could do from an authorized representative of the Confederate Government. Here, then, was an advantage which I intended to turn to account during a temporary absence from the field.

FOR "MODIFICATION OF SHAM NEUTRALITY."

General H. W. Allen, an accomplished gentleman and distinguished officer, still suffering from a wound received in the field, was then Governor of Louisiana. I enjoyed his friendship and confidence. He honored me with his esteem, and had lately offered me a presentation sword in the name of the State of Louisiana. To him I also imparted my purpose, and the question was fully discussed in all its bearings between him, General Kirby Smith, and myself. It is true that as to the intrinsic nature and merits of the conflict I could only repeat what others had said, yet both Governor Allen and General Kirby Smith concurred in the opinion that my acquaintance with the Duke de Morny was an interesting feature, which I might well try to turn to good account during a period of anticipated calm, in which my presence among my troops did not appear of absolute necessity. None of us three was over sanguine about the result of my undertaking, and in our wildest flights of fancy never looked to an armed intervention as within the range of human possibilities; but it did not seem impossible to obtain a modification of a sham neutrality, which worked

entirely in favor of the North, to which a stream of mercenaries from all parts of the world was constantly flowing, and to secure something like equal treatment to the Confederate States, especially as regarded their navy. French commercial interests, I well knew, made the mercantile world lean toward the South, and in fact, it is difficult for me even now to comprehend how England and France could, from the first, submit to a mere paper blockade, in direct opposition to some of their most important commercial and manufacturing interests, when they might have set it aside by a mere stroke of the pen, without probably ever firing a gun over it.

My journey was, after due consideration, finally decided on. In order to give more weight to my presence abroad I asked General Kirby Smith to allow my chief-of-staff, Major T. C. Moncure, to accompany me; and Governor Allen said he would avail himself of this opportunity to write a letter to the Emperor of France, of which his aide-de-camp, Colonel Ernest Miltenberger, should be the bearer. It lay within the sphere of authority of General Kirby Smith to grant Major Moncure and myself a leave of absence of six months. Neither the chief of the War Department nor President Davis had to be consulted in the matter, and in point of fact they were not.

I did not read the letter which Governor Allen wrote, and, therefore, cannot speak "*de visu*" of its contents, but in a letter addressed to the editor of the Washington Post, bearing date Washington, March 16th, and published in that paper under the heading, "Lost Chapter in History," I note the passage:

"A paper was prepared, which I read, to be presented to Napoleon III, quoting the third article of the treaty of Paris, ceding Louisiana to the United States," etc., etc.

There was no other paper prepared than Governor Allen's letter, and since the correspondent of the Washington Post has read it, he knows as well as I do that it contained no such bargain as that suggested by the Washington Post—viz., the retrocession of Louisiana to France in return for armed intervention, nor does he assert it verbatim.

GOVERNOR ALLEN'S CONFIDENTIAL SCHEME.

I have said I enjoyed Governor Allen's confidence. This is

not a mere commonplace sentence. In fact, before our departure, Governor Allen imparted to me a scheme of his of a somewhat surprising nature, and which, at the time, might well have borne the stamp "Confidential." I shall disclose it further on, and it will serve to dispose of some other assertions of a speculative character which have appeared in the *Washington Post*. Meanwhile, I go on with my narrative.

Having no memorandum notes at my disposal at the time I write, I cannot give precise dates, but I believe it was in March, 1865, that Colonel E. Miltenberger, Major Moncure, and myself left Shreveport on what may have appeared a special mission of some kind. Of us three, Colonel E. Miltenberger alone was invested with an official character, confined, however, to the State of Louisiana, not emanating from the Confederacy as an aggregate of States.

Our path lay through the breadth of Texas, and the news of my passage having preceded me, I was met at every stage of our journey by a deputation of citizens, who came to welcome me; nor was I allowed to settle any hotel bill, but everywhere was received and considered as the guest of the State. In recalling these incidents, I am only impelled by the desire of conveying to the State of Texas my deep and lasting sense of gratitude for the well-remembered and highly-appreciated courtesy extended me on that occasion.

We travelled by stagecoach, and our progress was slow. At length we reached Matamoras, where we crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico territory. Here we had to wait for steamer to take us to Havana, and at the latter place another delay occurred, when finally we were able to embark on board a Spanish ship, one of a line of steamers plying between Havana and Cadiz, which port we reached after a stormy passage of at least fourteen days.

From Cadiz we went on to Madrid, partly by stagecoach. From Madrid, however, we could travel on by rail to Bordeaux and Paris.

On the last day of our journey, in looking over a newspaper, the first news that met my eye was that of the Duke de Morny's death. It seemed like the irony of fate that the fulcrum—so to speak—of my efforts should fail me just as I was reaching my

destination. From that moment I knew that whatever sympathy I might meet with it could lead to no practical results. I did not even seek an audience from the Emperor. But it happened that among the former friends and acquaintances who, on the news of my return, hastened to meet me, there was an officer of the French army, Major De Vatry, half-brother to the then Duke of Elchingen, a descendant of the famous Marshal Ney, at that time on the Emperor's military staff. He was very anxious to secure an interview for me, which he did without any difficulty, the Emperor having, as he informed me, expressed at once his perfect willingness to receive me.

INFORMAL AUDIENCE WITH EMPEROR.

I had thus an informal audience, not obtained through the regular official channel, and was received by the Emperor with the greatest courtesy. He bade me sit opposite him, and during the conversation which ensued evinced much interest in the progress of the war, made many remarks on details connected with the operations in the field, but the political side of the contest was never touched upon. All I could do was to assure him that the people of the South were determined to fight to the last in defense of the political doctrine of State-rights handed to them as an heirloom by their forefathers, and that in doing so they were only upholding the principles of Washington, and of the other founders of the first Union of States established with the aid of the French nation. To this the Emperor made no reply. In taking leave of him I asked permission to introduce an aide-de-camp of the Governor of Louisiana, the bearer of a letter to him. The Emperor hesitated a moment, asking (I well remember his words): "*Que me dit il dous cette lettre?*" (What does he tell me in that letter?) I replied that I had not read the letter, but that it surely recalled the fact that Louisiana had originally been a French settlement, adding that the ties of blood had ever since kept alive a natural sympathy with France among the descendants of the first settlers. The Emperor granted my request, but more I think from courtesy to me than from any other motive, for it struck me at the time how guarded he had become the moment we approached the boundary of official

ground. However, the next day I introduced Colonel Miltenberger. He handed Governor Allen's letter to the Emperor, who, without opening it, laid it on a table near him. He received us standing and our conversation lasted only a few minutes.

This was my last interview with the Emperor. The news of General Lee's surrender reached us almost immediately afterward, and the briefness of the interval would itself suffice to disprove the allegations contained in the first editorial of the *Washington Post* on "A Lost Chapter of History" (March 14, 1901), from which I quote the following extract:

"At all events Polignac, accompanied by Moncure, went to Paris—via Galveston, we think—and though their mission was barren of result, so far as concerned the Confederacy, it leaked out when Moncure returned that Louis Napoleon had frequently consulted with Lord Palmerston and that so far from refusing to consider the proposition at all—whatever it may have been—the latter had given it a great deal of his time, and had finally dismissed it with reluctance. We have since been told that the Queen herself intervened, but we rather think that the appearance of the Russian fleets at New York and San Francisco—with orders, as afterward transpired, to place themselves at the disposal of the United States Government—cut at least some figure in Lord Palmerston's philosophy."

So much for history! The wonderful array of political intrigues, negotiations, conflicting efforts, and warlike demonstrations, supposed to have taken place in the space of a few weeks, perhaps only of a few days, does infinite credit to the dramatic imagination of the author, as well as to the spirit of enterprise which distinguished this dramatic personage. Indeed, the tenor of the whole article, with the Queen and the Russian fleets thrown in, appeals so strongly to one's sense of humor that it seems a pity to mar by any commentaries the comical foundation of the scene.

Nor are the afterthoughts intended to supply motives for these imaginary facts less ingeniously contrived. I quote again from the aforementioned letter to the Editor of the *Washington Post* (March 16, 1901):

. . . "There was a strong feeling at the time west of the Mississippi River that the Confederacy was doomed, and the

effort was to preserve the part of the United States west of the river to the Pacific Ocean as a slaveholding Confederacy. Of course, if the European nations adopted the plan, it was certain that the vast majority of the negroes from the Carolinas to the river would be moved across it and that section would be an agricultural free-trade community. It was, of course, an iridescent dream, but some of the ablest men in the South were dreaming it."

SLAVERY A BAR TO FOREIGN AID.

I should feel inclined to think that it is the dream of a dreamer, and that the correspondent of the Washington Post has dreamed it, for I have known all the most prominent men of the South and many others who might well come within the designation of "some of the ablest men," and never heard any one of them as much as hint at such a venture. Indeed, many of them knew too well that the institution of slavery proved the greatest bar to every hope of foreign assistance, and that the establishment of a new slaveholding community with the aid of a foreign power an absolute impossibility. But apart from this negative objection, I am able to give information of a positive nature which will point to the same conclusion.

I have said that while I was at Shreveport, preparing for my journey, Governor Allen had imparted to me a scheme he was then revolving in his mind. I will now disclose it. Seeing that the South could not replace its fallen combatants, whereas the North disposed of an ever-increasing army of foreign mercenaries; moreover, that whenever the Federals obtained temporary possession of Southern soil, they kidnapped the negroes and pressed them into military service, Governor Allen's idea was to arm the negroes, and as a consequence to give them their freedom. I remember his very words: "Of course," he said, "we must give them their freedom." Such a plan is obviously incompatible with the notion of a retrocession of Louisiana as a slaveholding community, and some interesting conclusions can be drawn from it.

In the first place, it shows that a prominent Southern man, thoroughly acquainted with all the conditions of political and social life in the Southern States, felt a perfect confidence in the loyalty of the black population. Many Northern men would,

no doubt, have considered the arming of the slaves as a risky undertaking on the part of the South.

But the history of the war bears out Governor Allen's confidence. During the four years the contest lasted no negro outrage or disturbance arising out of the circumstances has to my knowledge been recorded, nor is it possible to deny that the total want of effervescence in the black population in times where every facility for revolt was afforded them bears testimony to and throws light upon the way in which the institution of slavery was understood and put into practice in the Southern States.

On the other hand, it is impossible to admit that Governor Allen should have brooded over such a scheme as I have stated had he not conceived at least the possibility of its adoption, and this points to the conclusion that the leading minds in the South were, to his knowledge, very far from identifying slavery, in the abstract, with the Confederate cause. In corroboration of this inference I would recall:

1. A proclamation of President Abraham Lincoln, issued at the beginning of the war. In it he tried to bribe the Southern States back into the Union by the promise of the maintenance of slavery, and failed.

2. A speech by President Jefferson Davis, delivered, I believe, in 1864, and at Atlanta, Ga. In it he expressed the following sentiments (I quote from memory): "There are some who talk of a return to the Union with slavery maintained, but who would thus sacrifice honor to interest."

With this quotation I will close my narrative. The plain statement of facts it contains will, I have no doubt, convince any unbiased reader that the supposed scheme of a retrocession of Louisiana never had any foundation in fact. Indeed I should not have thought it necessary even to contradict such a myth were it not that my silence might have been misinterpreted and allowed some cloud of suspicion to hover over the memory of departed friends. Their unsullied honor and untarnished fame are, however, in themselves proof against attacks which, be they base or futile, must inevitably recoil upon their authors, exposing them to ridicule or contempt.

C. J. POLIGNAC.

Villa Jessie, Cannes, France, April 17, 1901.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, July 8, 1906.

COMPLETE ROLL OF FAMOUS COMPANY.

Company A, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia—But Few Survivors Now.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I enclose a correct roll of Company A, 7th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, which I hope to see published in your Confederate column.

Ashby, Turner (Capt.), killed near Harrisonburg, June 6, 1862.

Ashby, Richard, was killed, or rather wounded, at Kelley's Island in 1861, and died of his wounds soon after at the house of Mr. Washington.

Ashby, Vernon, dead.

Ashby, Luther R. (third lieutenant), still living.

Athey, W. Scott (was Baptist preacher), dead.

Anderson, Edward, died since the war.

Barnes, Jacob S., living in Baltimore, Md.

Blackmore, Robert, died since the war.

Burnes, Milton, living in Fairfax County.

Brent, Warren, killed at Upperville, June 27, 1863.

Brent, Wm., wounded at Buckton in 1862; died October 3, 1904.

Brent, Hugh, wounded at Buckton in 1863, through his neck; living in Baltimore, Md.

Bruce, Charles, killed at Sappony Church in 1863, Wilson's Raid.

Buckner, Dick, living near Delaplane, Va.

Cochran, T. B., died since the war.

Crane, Major, died since the war.

Cornwell, Silas, died 1862, typhoid fever.

Carter, George, died since the war.

Carter, Pitman, killed in the Wilderness in 1864 (Friday).

Clem, A. W., blacksmith, dead.

Chancellor, George, still living in Fauquier, near Delaplane.
Diffendaffer, George, lost sight of.

Donnelley, John B., died since the war in Washington, D. C.

Dean, Thomas, was drowned in Missouri after the war.

Darnell, J. B., living at Waynesboro, Va.

Dawson, lives in Baltimore, Md.

Engle, Bub., Upperville, Va., still living.

Eastham, Henry, lost sight of (dead).

Flynn, Henry, died since the war.

Fletcher, John (Capt.), was killed at Buckton in 1862.

Fletcher, Joshua C. (Second sergt.), was badly hurt in a charge in November, 1864.

Fletcher, Clinton, killed at Greenland Gap (West Virginia Raid).

Foster, Wm., still living; was a captain in Mosby's Battalion at the close of the war.

Francis, George W., living in Moundsville, Va.

Foley, Oswald, killed at Kelley's Island, 1861.

Geiman, Jess C. (Ord. Sergt.), lives at Bloomfield, Va.

Gibson, Gurley, still living in Alabama.

Glasscock, Robt., died since the war.

Grigsby, Bushrod, died since the war.

Glasscock, Samuel, died since the war.

Glasscock, Alfred (Third Lieut.), died since the war.

Glasscock, Thomas, still living at Paris, Va.

Garrison, Bushrod, lost a foot in threshing machine, and died since the war.

Garrison, Tip, died since the war; was wounded at Kelley's Island.

Grigsby, Nat, wounded at Upperville, Va., June 27, 1863, and died.

Gilmore, Howard, lost sight of as joined other commands.

Gilmore, Harry, lost sight of as joined other commands.

Gilmore, Dick, lost sight of as joined other commands.

Holmes, Chas., killed at Greenland Gap, W. Va.

Hitt, blacksmith for the company, lost sight of (dead).

Harman, Dr., died since the war at Hamilton, Va.

Harrison, Daniel B., wounded several times, but still living near Marshall (dead now).

- Hawks, from Texas, killed accidentally by W. Hoffman.
Hathaway, H. C., died during war.
Horner, Dick, lost sight of (dead).
Hoffman, Wesley, died since war at Linden, Va.
Hughes, Chas., lost sight of him.
Hatcher, D. C. (Capt.), was badly wounded, but is still living.
Hatcher, Harry (Sergt. Maj.), was wounded many times;
died since the war.
Hatcher, Wm., was badly wounded, but is still living (dead).
Hawbaw, George, lost sight of him (still living).
Herndon, John, living, Hamilton, Va.
Jacobs, L. T., living, Hamilton, Va.
Jones, Scott, killed at Bolivar Heights in 1861.
Jones, Henry, living.
Jones, Philip, living.
Jeffries, James A., living.
Keys, wounded in hand at Buckton, 1862.
Kincheloe, John W., living at Rectortown, Va.
Kidwell, Evan, died since the war.
Ladd, John A., badly wounded at Kelley's Island and lost
sight of.
Leslie, Thomas, died since the war.
Long, Pendleton, died since the war.
Lawler, Robert, died since the war.
Lake, F. Marion, living in Missouri.
Lake, Bladen, died with typhoid fever in 1862.
Larkin, Richard, living in Prince William.
Marlow, Richard, lost sight of him.
Marlow, John, lost sight of him.
Massey, Edward, died since the war.
McClenigan, S. B., died since the war.
Marshall, R. C., wounded at Trevillian's Depot.
McArthur, Hickerson, living in Texas.
Marshall, Tom, joined 12th Regiment.
Marshall, Polk, joined 12th Regiment.
Marshall, James, lost sight of him.
Martin, Gibson, died since the war.
Middleton, John, died since the war.

- Middleton, Campbell, living at Plains, Va.
Milter, Proff, lost sight of; I think he is dead.
Mitchell, James, killed in the Wilderness.
Mitchell, John H., living at Plains (died in 1902).
Maddox, Webster, living at Oak Hill, Va. (died in 1905).
Maddox, Weadon, killed at Salem, now Marshall.
Owens, Morgan, died since the war.
O'Forton, Dr., killed at Kelley's Island.
Price, John H., living at Hillsboro, Va.
Price, James Polk, died since the war.
Porterfield, W. H. T., killed near Brandy Station, Va.
Porterfield, Thos. L. (Orderly Sergt.), lives at Lovettsville, Va.
Known as the "Payne Legion":
Payne, Thos. H. (Orderly Sergt.), died in prison (Point Look-out).
Payne, Richard, living near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va.
Payne, Robert, living near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va.
Payne, Robert (B. B.), living near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va.
Payne, Wallace, living near Orleans, Fauquier County, Va.
Payne, Edward, killed in the Wilderness at Parker's Store.
Payne, Wilson, killed at Haw's Shop.
Payne, Lafayette, living at Orleans, Va.
Payne, John T., killed at Beverly, W. Va.
Payne, Upton, living at Orleans.
Payne, Mason, living at Orleans.
Payne, Rice, living at Orleans.
Peyton, Robert E., living near the Plains.
Pendleton, David, captured at Ream's Station and lost sight of.
Phillips, Evan, living in Fairfax County, Va.
Phillips, Chas., lost sight of.
Phillips, John E., lost sight of.
Packard, Wm., died since the war.
Reed, Joseph H., died since the war at Luray, Va.
Rector, Wm. F., dead.
Rector, Howard, died since the war.
Rector, Abner, living near Rectortown, Va.
Rector, Columbus, living near Plains, Va.

- Rector, Asa, living near Rectortown, Va.
Rust, H. Clay, died since the war.
Rust, John R., living near Ninevah, Va.
Robinson, (Bear), lost sight of him; wounded at Brandy Station, 1863.
Rogers, Wm. (Wagoner), died in time of the war.
Scanlon, Dade, lost sight of him.
Skinner, Wm. Jeff., died in 1901.
Skinner, Charles, was dreadfully wounded at Buckton; is still living at Rectortown, Va.
Stewart, John W., living in Iowa.
Sutton, James, died since the war.
Silcott, Landon, died since the war.
Selix, Tom, killed at Stevensburg in 1863.
Smith, Golden H., died since the war.
Smith, Seldon, living in Baltimore.
Smith, Horace, living near Rectortown, Va.
Smith, O'Connel, died during the war.
Smith, Granville, killed on the cattle raid (First Lieut.).
Smith, Sullivan (Second Lieut.), died since the war.
Settle, Dr. T. L., Paris, Va.
Smith, Thomas, lost sight of him.
Taylor, Rufus, living near Rectortown, Va.
Templeman, James, living near Markham, Va.
Triplett, Leonidas, lives at Mt. Jackson, Va.
Templeman, Robert, lives at Orleans, Va.
Templeman, Dr. James, died in Baltimore since the war.
Turner, Wm. F. (Capt.), died since the war.
Turner, Thomas, died in time of the war.
Turner, Hezekiah, died since the war.
Tibbetts, Albert, killed in the year 1864.
Utz, J. J., wounded at Orange Courthouse.
Violet, Elizah, killed at Reams' Station in 1863.
Wingfield, Wm., living.
Wingfield, James, living.
Wiggonton, Isaac, living.
Welsh, F. R. (Third Sergt.), living at Plains.
Welsh, Bogue, living at King George County, Va.

Wigginton, James, lost sight of him.

Wilson, William, lost sight of him.

Wigginton, Isaac, lost sight of him.

One hundred and fifty-nine on this roll.

JOSHUA C. FLETCHER.

Bluemont, Va.

(Parties above designated both as "living" and "dead" probably died in the time intervening between the making out of this roll and the placing of it in hands of editor.)

From the *Times-Dispatch*, December 9, 1906.

DEMONSTRATION ON HARPERS FERRY,

**May 29, 1862—How Jackson Eluded Fremont and Won
Three Fights in Four Days—Scouting in the Dark-
ness—Famous Valley Campaign of 1862—
Well-laid Plans That Worked Well.**

During the last week of May, 1862, my regiment, "the 2nd Virginia Cavalry," commanded by Colonel T. T. Munford (afterward General Munford) was doing duty around Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry.

During the night of May 29th I was aroused by Colonel Munford, who ordered me to take my company (Company B, the Wise Troop, of Lynchburg), and move down the pike to the neighborhood of Halltown, which is near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to establish a picket.

As I was entirely ignorant of the country, having come there in the night, the colonel proceeded by the light of a Confederate candle to outline the route he wished me to take with pencil on a small piece of paper. He directed me to pass our infantry pickets, and not to go into Halltown, but to be sure to stop before the town and establish a picket, and to await future orders. I aroused my men—they grumbled very much about being waked so soon after going to rest, but they soon got saddled up and off. We started with positive instructions from Colonel Munford, not to go into Halltown. I suppose that place was looked on as being in the Yankees' lines, or too far from ours.

SCOUTING IN THE DARK.

On we rode in an entirely new country. None of us had ever been there before. We passed infantry in the road. Some were asleep by the side, while others were sitting around camp fires. Muskets were sometimes stacked, but not always by a good deal. Then the artillery—the guns were in the road, the horses fastened to the fences; some of the men awake; others

asleep, as the infantry ; but there were no signs of anybody being on duty that I could see. From the condition of the troops, I had no idea we were near the enemy. They were completely worn out, and most of them enjoying a well-earned rest in sleep.

After leaving these troops all behind we continued our ride, expecting every few minutes to come upon our infantry picket, but none appeared. We passed some houses on the road, but not a single living soul did we see. We finally came to several houses together, stretched along the pike for a distance of two hundred yards. It was still dark, and everything seemed to be perfectly still in these houses, no lights, no chickens crowing. As it was getting on towards morning I concluded this village must be deserted. This was the first impression we had that we must be nearing the enemy's lines, having seen no pickets and nobody on duty, even in the bivouac, I could hardly conceive of our being so near as it turned out to be.

PASSED HALLTOWN UNAWARES.

As I with my men approached the last house in the pike in a group of houses, I saw a man dodge behind the back of the house. This was the first man we had seen since we left the sleeping soldiers in the pike. I hurried my horse through the open front gate and overhauled him before he could get away. It was still dark, and he evidently was not sure who we were. I took him around to where my men were, and after his seeing them, I convinced him as to our identity, and he seemed willing to talk. In reply to my first question to him asking what village this was, to my great surprise he answered "Halltown," and there now, we had disobeyed the most positive order not to go into Halltown, and had ridden entirely through it. I expressed no surprise to him, nor did I have any idea of giving him a chance of getting away, although I believed him all right, and inquired what side he was with. As it turned out afterwards he was a rebel, in sympathy with us, but not in the army.

THINGS LOOKED UGLY.

I next asked him were there any Yankees about, he replied, "Oh, yes." "Where are they?" I asked. "A little way down the

pike, where the railroad crosses." "Who are they, and how many?" He said it was a cavalry picket at the railroad crossing, and their reserved forces were some distance in the rear of the picket in a stone house on the right-hand side of the pike. All this I found to be true afterwards. The position of things looked a little ugly, so I thought the best thing I could do was to send the man back to General Jackson, so I told the soldier who had charge of him to arouse the first troop he found and tell the officers commanding that there was nothing between him and the enemy except a small company of cavalymen, only about thirty men. Then to go to Jackson's headquarters, wherever they were, and turn the man over to him and ask for instructions for me.

It was now getting towards daylight, and the man before I sent him off a prisoner to Jackson, asked me to wait a few minutes, and he would show me the Yankee picket. I then sent the main body of my men back through the village. I and one man remained with the prisoner to watch the Yankee pickets as it became day.

ENEMY'S PICKET AND A CAPTIVE.

We had not long to wait, for very soon we saw a cavalryman in blue mounted, watching intently in our direction. I then immediately dispatched him with his guard to the rear or to wherever General Jackson was, I and one man remaining at the far end of the village next to the Federal picket. I watched him closely to see if he communicated with his reserves, as I was uneasy about the status of our forces. I made no demonstration as long as the Yankee made none. While we watched each other a man came out of the woods to our left approaching us; we divided our attention with him. He continued to come on. I rode towards him, and took him in. He claimed he was a deserter from the Yankees. He did not seem to know much, but I sent him back to General Jackson also. All this occupied some time, and it was now sunrise, and the man I sent with the first prisoner (Mr. John T. Smith, of Lynchburg), returned with orders from General Jackson for the officer in charge of the picket to report to him at once.

FIRST GLIMPSE OF JACKSON.

I had never seen General Jackson, though we had come down the Valley with him.

I at once turned my picket over to the next command and hurried to my first sight of the general commanding, T. J. Jackson. I had not very far to go, as Jackson always kept well up to the front. I found the different commands all awake, having been aroused by my first courier sent back. John T. Smith, with the prisoner, had no difficulty in finding the general's headquarters under a tree on top of a high hill. I rode up, saluted, and asked was this General Jackson. On receiving an affirmative reply, I told him I was the officer in charge of the picket at Halltown; had received order from him to report at once. His first question was, "What is your rank?" (I had no marks on me, in fact had no coat on). My reply was, "first lieutenant, Company B, 2nd Virginia Cavalry." "How many men have you in picket with you?" "Thirty," I replied. "Are you acquainted with the country?" "Never was here until last night," was my reply. He expressed no surprise at there being no one on duty that night on picket before I came. After a moment or two he told me to go back to Halltown, to take a man with me and make a reconnoissance to the left of the Federal picket, going through a farm road up a rather steep hill (this hill was out of view of the Federal picket at the railroad crossing), not to threaten the picket, but watch closely, and to return to him and report what I saw.

RECONNOITERING THE ENEMY.

I immediately returned to the picket post, took one man, and started on my scout. I passed to the left of Halltown, the Federal picket still in the same position, mounted, as we first saw him at daylight, took the farm road up to near the top of the hill. My man and myself dismounted, tied our horses in the woods, and crept very cautiously to the edge or summit of the hill, which was now an open field of wheat well grown. I knew we were on dangerous ground, and we were both careful to

conceal ourselves as best we could in the wheat and bushes at the fence on the top of the hill.

I was surprised to find I was so close to the Yanks on the heights. I could see the men in the fort, the sentinels on guard, the embrasure with guns pointing in our direction, and we were almost in rear of the Federal picket at the railroad. I was very uneasy about our situation, but I saw nothing to report until I got almost on them. I felt I must go on until I saw something, and I was soon entirely satisfied with what I saw. After noticing closely the ground in front, as well as the work, we crept back to our horses, rode down the hill, and passed in front of the Federal picket we first saw. He had not moved his position.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW WITH JACKSON.

I hurried to General Jackson to report, finding him at the same place. The infantry troops were called to attention, and forming in column in the pike, the artillery all hitched up and the men at the guns ready to move at a moment's notice, I saw we were on the eve of something very important. I hastened on to General Jackson and made my report of the situation as I saw it. He listened very attentively. The first question he asked in regard to the farm road was, "Could you get artillery up it?" "Oh! yes," I answered, "easily." "Could you get it back," was the next question. "Certainly," I replied, "easy enough." "But if you were in a great hurry, could you do it so easily?" Now I told him I did not know so well about that. He then asked me how many guns I saw in the fortifications. On my reply to him—for I had counted them—he asked me how did I know they were real cannon or "shams." I told him I could not be sure of that, but they looked exactly like real ones. It struck me that he was examining me as much to see if I had really been where he sent me, so as to determine how far he could use me in the future, for General Jackson knew all that country thoroughly. After I was through with my report, almost immediately he said, "We will not go that," meaning, of course, up the hill road.

“DRIVE IN THE FEDERAL PICKET.”

He then told me to go back to my picket, form my men in columns of fours and drive the Federal picket in, “I will support you.” I returned immediately to Halltown, finding the troops all on the pike in the same direction. I moved my reserve up to where my one man was on duty facing the Federal picket, he joining us, and without more ado charged the picket. He fired his carbine and fled for his reserves, we followed him so closely that we did not give the reserves time to form, and scattered them in all directions in the woods, some leaving their horses and arms in and around the stone schoolhouse. We gathered up the arms and accoutrements, blankets, etc. I halted to consider what next. I had done what General Jackson ordered, driven the picket in on the reserve and also driven off and scattered the “reserve,” breaking up the station, capturing horses and arms.

I wanted to hear of our support, when I caught the welcome sound of tramp, tramp, tramp, which I knew was infantry, and soon old Stonewall, at the head of his old brigade, came up on quick time. I reported to the general what I had done and showed the result to him. His only reply was, “I wish you and your men to stay with me as couriers, and assigned me with four men to go with Colonel Baylor, commanding the Stonewall Brigade, who was to make the advance on the works.

We advanced through the woods to the top of the same ridge I had been on in the morning, but further to our right, and came in full view of the heights, threw our troops in line of battle, with skirmishers out well to the front, and reported to Stonewall (who was back hurrying up troops) that we were ready to advance. The order came, “Advance.” Colonel Baylor gave the order, “Forward!” The skirmishers moved across the field, the line of battle following. The enemy were not yet seen, but we expected to meet them in the next field. Not a shot was fired. Just as our skirmishers got over the fence, and as we with line of battle got to the fence, here came a courier to Colonel Baylor from Jackson to halt. There we stood possibly fifteen minutes, when another courier came from Jackson ordering the

line of battle to fall back to the ridge on which we had first formed, and the skirmishers to fall back over the fence. We remained during most of the day and built fires as if we were going into camp. That night the army was in full motion up the Valley.

I did not get back to my regiment until I got to Strasburg. Jackson slipped by Fremont a few days later, fought the battles of Harrisonburg, Cross Keys and Port Republic inside of four days, winding up his memorable Valley campaign of 1862. This was the opening of that great campaign, and led to the movement to Richmond.

A. D. WARWICK,

Late First Lieutenant 2nd Virginia Regiment.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, September 30 1906

THIRTY-SECOND VIRGINIA INFANTRY AT SHARPSBURG.

**Graphic Story of Work Done on One of the Bloodiest
Fields—Forty-Five Per Cent Lost—Shot at
from Behind a Stone Fence—Samples
of Personal Courage.**

Editor Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—On December 10, 1905, you published in the Confederate Column an account of the part the 15th Virginia Regiment took in that awful battle of Sharpsburg on September 17, 1862. It was written by that noble and gallant gentleman, Colonel E. M. Morrison.

The hope was then expressed that some soldier who was there would do for the 32nd Virginia Regiment what Colonel Morrison had done for the 15th Virginia. I have waited for nearly one year to see if some one more competent than I would respond, but so far I have seen no account of the 32nd Virginia, and the old regiment was there, and did her full duty, having lost 45 per cent. in killed and wounded. If our noble Colonel Edgar Bunn Montague, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Wills, Major Baker P. Lee, or several captains, Samuel Armistead, Octavius Coke, O. P. Johnson, Segar Green, Adjutant Pettit, and other true and brave men were alive, they could and would give a good account; but I will try and do the best that I can, and tell what I saw and did from my standpoint, which was not very far right or left of our colors. Bob Forrest was the color-bearer. John Cose, of Company I, was on his right front rank, and I was on his left front rank. Captain Octavius Coke, of Company C, on my left.

Our brigade (Semmes') left Maryland Heights on the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1862. We crossed the river at Harper's Ferry on pontoon bridges. Late in the day saw plenty of Federal prisoners. I got a good supply of crackers and maple

sugar. We camped just outside of the town, and rations were issued with instructions to cook at once. It was then about dark. We marched until about 10 o'clock, and then filed off into an open field to rest for the night, as I thought. Most of us lay on the ground to sleep and rest, but many, as usual, went off foraging for something good to eat. At about 12 o'clock, I reckon, we were awakened by that very unwelcome, everlasting long roll, and our colonel, mounted on his old sorrel, riding about the men, saying, "Hurry up, men! Hurry! Everything depends on being at the ford by daybreak." That word, "Hurry!" and "Steady, men! steady!" were his favorite commands (brave and true soldier he was; he ought to have been a general). It looked then as if we were going back to Maryland. About that time Leonard Taylor, of Company C, said, "Boys, we are going to catch thunder to-day, for I have been dreaming that we were in the hardest battle yet." His dream came too true, for before sunset on that day, the 17th of September, our regiment, the 32nd Virginia, had lost in killed and wounded 45 per cent. (The poor boy was afterwards killed at Second Cold Harbor.) After a hard march we reached the ford (Boteler's, just below Shepherdstown) at daybreak and crossed the Potomac, and marched up the river opposite Shepherdstown, halted, and two men from each company detailed to fill our canteens. At that time General Jackson rode up and directed General McLaws to strike McClellan about Dunkards' Church and drive him back. Kershaw's Brigade rested near the church. Barksdale's next, Semmes' next, Cobb's Legion next, I think, and Fitz Lee's Cavalry next on the river. I think that was about the formation of the line about where we went in the battle. I will say just here that Captain R. L. Henley (afterward judge of James City County), as we were on the way to the field procured a musket, and, as was his custom, went in the fight with his old company, C. He was at that time commissary of the regiment. He was wounded three times before leaving the field. We went on at quick time until halted and ordered to unsling knapsacks and all baggage (except "war-bags," haversacks, and canteens); and then on to the field at a double-quick through fields, woods, creeks, fences and most everything. I thought as we came out of a piece of woods to the field I saw

General Jackson. I think the 10th Georgia was on the right of our brigade (which was in echelon with Barksdale's Brigade), the 32nd next, the 15th next, I think, and the 53rd Georgia on extreme left. As we emerged from the piece of woods, Colonel Montague gave command, "By company into line!" as we were marching by the flank; but the regiment came into line at one movement and started across that terrible, bloody field. Looking to my right, I witnessed one of the most magnificent sights that I ever saw, or ever expect to see again. It was Barksdale's men driving the enemy up into and through a piece of woods in their front. Their fire was so steady and severe that it looked like a whirlwind was passing through the leaves on the ground and woods. I remarked to Captain Coke, on my left, to look; was not that the grandest sight that he ever saw. He said, "Yes, John, it is grand; but look in front, my boy, and see what we have to face." At that time the field in our front was being literally plowed and torn up by shot, shell and minie balls. Colonel Montague gave command that captains should take their positions in the center and rear of their companies. Captain Coke said that he was going to stay by my side, on the right of my company. I said to him it was a very dangerous place, so near the colors. He said, "Yes, everywhere is dangerous here." In a few moments he was shot above the knee and fell. The ambulance corps took him off the field, and he recovered to join us again before we got to Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. On we went until we reached a rocky knoll about, I should judge, seventy-five or one hundred yards from a stone fence, which the enemy were behind, pouring a shower of minies at us. At that point our loss was terrible. The ranks were so scattered, and the dead and wounded so thick, it seemed as if we could go no further. Our rear rank was ten or more paces in our rear, and we were in danger of being shot by our own men. Our flag was shot through seventeen times, and the staff cut in two. I don't think our color-bearer, Bob Forrest, was hurt. I was slightly wounded in the wrist and foot, and it seemed to me that most everybody near the flag was either killed or wounded. Both of my jacket sleeves were bespotted with blood and brains of my comrades near me. At about this time General Semmes came to our colors, and saw me still shoot-

ing away as fast as I could load, and asked where the enemy was located. I told him behind that fence in front. He said, "Yes, and they will kill the last one of us, and that we must charge them." He gave the command to charge. Bob Forrest went forward several paces in front and waited for the line of battle to come up, and Lieutenant Henry St. Clair, of Company I, ran up to him and said, "Bob Forrest, why in the h—ll don't you go forward with the flag; if you won't go give it to me," and started for it. But Forrest, as brave a man as ever lived, said to him, "You shan't have it. I will carry this flag as far as any man; bring your line up and we will all go up together." They did come up, and took the fence and drove the enemy up the hill. This practically ended the fighting in our front during that awful day. This is the best account I can give. I well know that the old 32nd Virginia did her full duty on that terrible, bloody day.

JOHN T. PARHAM,
Late Ensign 32nd Virginia Infantry.

P. S.—I omitted to state that Captain W. S. Storrs, of Company I, the color company, and Sergeant-Major Joseph V. Bidgood were present and did their full duty, and are both now alive, and could give a good account of the battle. Joseph V. Bidgood's father was our chaplain. I have heard that Major Willis, chaplain of the 15th Virginia, had his coat shot all to pieces and he did not receive a scratch. He was one of our many fighting chaplains—would fight with his men during the day and preach and pray with them at night.

J. T. P.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, June 17, 1901.

**COMPANY G, TWENTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA
INFANTRY.**

A List of Its Members and a Brief History of Them.

Following is the muster-roll of Company G, 24th Regiment, Virginia Infantry, William R. Terry's Brigade, General Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps:

Winton Absheir, died in hospital, 1862.

Raleigh T. Austin, killed September 30, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff.

David M. Alvis, died at home, 1897.

Isaac Alvis, killed at Williamsburg, Va.

Ed. Bailey, killed at same battle.

G. C. Bailey, died at home, 1894 or 1895.

Robert H. Bailey, living.

Granville F. Bailey, living.

Nicholas B. Bailey, living.

Festus Bailey, died at home, 1892.

William Bowling, supposed to be dead.

Jesse Bowling, living.

Charles Burroughs, killed at Gettysburg.

John Brown, killed at Williamsburg.

Thomas C. Brown, lost a leg in 1862 at Frazier's Farm; yet living.

William McH. Belcher.

George P. Belcher, wounded at Seven Pines; living.

Bluford W. Bird, living.

Robert Bacheldor, living.

L. A. Cooper, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

R. C. Cooper, living.

Squire Cook, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

C. W. Cooper, lived through the war; now supposed to be dead.

John Coburn, living; wounded at Frazier's Farm and second battle of Manassas.

Second Lieutenant William Mc. Calfee, died 1861, of fever, at Camp Ellis, near Manassas.

H. Milton Calfee, killed at Frazier's Farm, 1862.

Henderson French Calfee, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

William T. Carbaugh, living; wounded at Trent River, N. C.

James Calloway, killed at Drewry's Bluff, 1864.

Jordan Cox, wounded at Gettysburg, and, I think, died since the war.

John F. Deeds, died in hospital in 1862.

John A. Douglass, living.

Alexander East, wounded at Williamsburg; living.

John Easter, killed at Williamsburg, 1862.

David French, died since war at home.

B. P. French, killed at Gettysburg, 1863, or second battle of Manassas.

Zachariah Fellers, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since.

Marshall Foley, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Hugh M. Faulkner, wounded at Seven Pines; yet living.

William Farley, died at home since the war.

John M. N. Flick, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Robert A. George, wounded at Gettysburg; now dead.

B. P. Grigsby, living.

Peter Grim, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

Granger H. Gore, killed at Seven Pines.

William H. Herndon, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since.

L. H. Heptinstall, died in hospital, 1863.

Andrew Hearn, living.

Andrew J. Holston, wounded at Frazier's Farm and Gettysburg; yet living.

James Hearn, living.

James T. Hopkins, living; captured at Williamsburg and

transferred to the cavalry.

George Hill, died with fever, 1861.

Joseph H. Hambrick, died since the war.

James Holt, supposed to be dead.

L. C. Hale, living.

George A. Harris, wounded at Seven Pines and yet living.

James H. Johnston, living.

Dennis Johnston, captured at Williamsburg and died since the war.

Addison Johnston, captured at Williamsburg and died since the war.

Henry D. Justice, died in 1862.

James Kenney, killed at Gettysburg.

Isaac Karnes, died since the war.

First Lieutenant B. G. McNutt, died at home since the war.

John W. McNutt, living.

N. H. McClaugherty, living.

Albert McClaugherty, died 1861, of measles.

William Mahood, dead.

F. W. Mahood, died since the war.

R. D. Motley, living.

F. M. Mullins, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

James H. Mills, wounded at Williamsburg and died two years ago at home.

Tobias Manning, killed at Williamsburg.

James Monroe, died in 1861.

Isaac A. Oney, captured at Williamsburg; now dead.

William O'Daniel, living; wounded at Williamsburg.

Thaddeus Peters, wounded at Williamsburg; since died.

B. Wallace Peck, killed at Gettysburg.

George W. Parker, wounded at Seven Pines; died at home since the war.

Stephen Prillaman, wounded at Williamsburg; now dead.

James A. Perkins, supposed to be dead.

Jesse Parson, killed at Gettysburg.

Captain Robert A. Richardson, died at home since the war.

Manley Reese, killed on train in 1863.

William M. Reynolds, living.

R. F. Rowland, wounded at Williamsburg in 1862, and Gettysburg in 1863; living.

Herailes Scott, wounded at second battle of Manassas, and Gettysburg; living.

G. L. Saunders, wounded at Williamsburg; living.

M. B. Saunders, died at home.

Allen Smith, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

John M. Smith, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

William M. Smith, died at home.

Joseph Stovall, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

George W. Smiley, killed at Drewry's Bluff.

P. H. Shumate, died at home.

George B. Schmitz, died in 1862.

James Snead, wounded at Gettysburg and died since.

William Stuart, captured at Williamsburg and never returned.

George W. Toney, captured at Williamsburg and never returned; living.

James M. Thompson, died in 1861.

H. C. Thompson, living.

John Pres. Thomas, killed at Gettysburg.

Jeff. Thomas, living, but lost a leg.

James Thomas, died in 1862.

William H. Turner, wounded at Fredericksburg and died.

Levi V. Vermillion, killed at Gettysburg, 1863.

Crawford Vest, killed at Boonsborough, Md., 1863.

John Wright, died in 1861.

H. G. White, wounded at Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864; living.

H. M. White, living.

A. J. Whittaker, wounded at Williamsburg and died since the war.

William M. Whittaker, living.

This company was made up in Mercer County, Va. (now West Virginia), and was the first company from the county. It was continued as a part of the 24th Virginia Regiment throughout the war, and belonged to the First Brigade of the First Division, commanded by General George E. Pickett, of Longstreet's Corps.

The brigade was commanded by various brigadier-generals, as follows: J. A. Early, S. P. Garland, J. L. Kemper, and W. R. (Buck) Terry.

The company participated in several battles, and lost from death in battle, death from wounds and disease, about 35 per cent. of its members.

H. G. WHITE,

A Member of the Company.

From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, July 1, 1906.

THE ELEVENTH AT FIVE FORKS FIGHT.

Graphic Story of Daring Deeds Performed on Hopeless Field of Battle—"Had Pickett Been There"—The Sad Story of Five Forks Told for the First Time.

Colonel J. Risque Hutter, of the 11th Virginia Infantry, was one of three brothers who participated in the war. Major Edward S. Hutter, a distinguished graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and a civil engineer of great talents, served for a time on General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and then in the Ordnance Department of the Army. Captain Ferdinand Hutter was an officer of the Quartermaster's Department, and Colonel J. Risque Hutter, the younger of the three, went from Lynchburg as captain of the Jeff Davis Guards. He served from Bull Run to Five Forks; was wounded and captured in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; was a well-trained officer, a fine tactician, and rendered valuable, gallant and efficient service.

Colonel Hutter lives in Campbell County, Va., near Lynchburg, at the old home of his father, Major Hutter, who resigned his commission in the United States Army to go South when the war began.

In the following paper he gives an interesting sketch of the last days at Five Forks.

Very respectfully,

JOHN W. DANIEL.

The movements and experience of my command, the 11th Virginia Infantry, Terry's Brigade, at Five Forks, I have often been asked to write.

That battle removed from further action in battle array the Army of Northern Virginia, "that noblest army that ever trod this globe," as General Hampton called it. With the solidarity of that army gone, the life of the Southern Confederacy was flickering and low, and soon extinguished. Hatcher's Run, the 31st of March, 1865, found Pickett's Division on the march,

detached from General Lee's Army, and co-operating with General Fitz Lee's Division of Cavalry. The brigade of William R. Terry, of Bedford—"Buck" Terry, as we called him— was composed of the 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th and 24th Regiments of Virginia Infantry. Amongst its previous commanders were James L. Kemper, A. P. Hill and James Longstreet. That morning it was leading the division, and the 24th Infantry (Major Bentley commanding) was leading the brigade. It was a beautiful morning. Everybody was in fine spirits. The 'esprit du corps,' so characteristic of Pickett's Division, marked it as a body of men of which any commander might be proud. "Enemy in front," holding ford over Hatcher's Run, came from one of our scouts. The division was at once halted, and General Pickett rode up to me (my regiment was next to the 24th) and told me that Terry would take the 24th Regiment and drive the enemy from the ford in our front. General Pickett said he would accompany him; that there were troops on the march in the rear of his division, but I should permit none of them to pass me. He also said if Major Bentley needed help he would send for my regiment and that I should transmit my orders to Colonel Joseph Mayo, commanding the 3rd Infantry, and next behind me. Soon after Bentley engaged the enemy, Generals Rosser and Dearing rode up at the head of Rosser's Cavalry Division, of which Dearing commanded one of the brigades.

WOULD STAY IN FIGHT.

I halted them, and told General Rosser of Pickett's orders, that no troops should pass the head of his division. "Well," said General Rosser, "my division may halt, but Jim Dearing and myself are going down to help Terry." I knew Rosser and Dearing well, for they were both from my county of Campbell, and I knew that objection on my part would be useless. They both had rather be in a fight than out of it. Braver men I never knew. They galloped to the front. Just then a courier from Pickett summoned me down.

I transmitted my orders to Mayo, and moved rapidly to the ford. As the enemy saw our approach he evacuated the ford, and hid himself on the eminence just beyond. Bentley had crossed when I got there, and I rode across and sought General

Terry and asked for orders. "Follow this road until your rear company crosses the stream, then march by the right flank and charge them." I said to him: "General, I am marching right in front; do you remember the move indicated by your order will throw my rear rank in front and put the left of each of my companies where the right should be?"

"Yes, yes, but it is quicker. Bentley is ready to charge, and has orders to close dress on your left. You must close on the creek." I rode back to the creek, about six of my companies had crossed, when General Rosser rode up and ordered me to move at once by the right flank and charge them. I told him I would do so as soon as I had crossed my whole command; he was very impatient and rode off. As my last company crossed, I moved by the right flank, charged and immediately engaged the enemy, and soon got them on the run; we captured there just seventeen horses. As I had heard that General Terry had just had his horse killed under him, I sent him a horse, but learned from my courier that the General's leg had been broken and he had relinquished command to Colonel Mayo.

We pursued the enemy that day to Dinwiddie Courthouse, and had been continually on the run, when to our surprise, we were ordered to halt, although we could see the enemy still fleeing before us. We were kept there until late in the night, probably until long after midnight, when we were again put on the march, and to our surprise, were taken on the back track, until we reached the Dinwiddie Courthouse Road, which road we followed until we reached Five Forks, where we were halted and ordered to entrench ourselves. We felled trees and by noon had made a substantial breastwork. We could plainly hear a heavy and continuous fire some distance to our left; all sorts of rumors were afloat. At that time General Pickett was absent and no one seemed to know where he was. 'Twas said that General Bushrod Johnson, on our left, was being beaten back, and was calling for aid; again that General Munford, with two cavalry brigades, had reinforced Johnson, and in turn was driving the enemy, &c. Joe Mayo came to my headquarters and complained that as far as he knew, there were no pickets in our front. I told him there were none from my command, but that I knew there were troops in our front, and I believed the enemy, but

possibly General W. H. F. Lee's Brigade of Cavalry, as he had been operating with us the night before.

GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

Mayo said that Ransom, on our left, was appealing for aid, but that in Pickett's absence no one would assume the responsibility of weakening his division. General Geo. H. Steuart (known as Maryland Steuart), the senior brigadier, refused the responsibility. I urged Mayo to throw a picket in our front; our men in the works had been on the march and battlefield continuously for forty hours, and they would sleep in the trenches. He said he thought so, too, but he feared more of an attack upon our left, as the firing from that direction was continually getting nearer and nearer. Just then a courier in great haste and much excited, rode up to Mayo; from whom he came or what was his communication I do not know. Mayo only said to me, "Ransom still asks for help," and rode off, but a moment later rode back and ordered me to cover my front with one company, and to order that company to cover one-half of the brigade front as outposts. I immediately sent Lieutenant Whit Lazenby with Company B to execute this order. There was now a general feeling of uneasiness among our officers and men! we had seen so much service, that something in the wind told when things were going wrong. I felt very anxious as to Lazenby and his company. I knew that he (Lazenby, would fight them as long as he had a cartridge in his box, but I thought possibly he might lack discretion. I rode a short distance in my front and met one of Lazenby's men (I had forgotten his name, but that gallant old comrade, Ned Ewart, came to my rescue a day or two since, and in conversation with him I was informed that this man was Ned Farmer), mounted upon a splendid horse and marching a prisoner beside him. Ned said he had captured him on the lines. The prisoner stated that he belonged to General Merritt's Cavalry Division. I sent Farmer with his horse and prisoner to Colonel Mayo. Farmer telling me that Lazenby was all right, I felt assured. Soon after that I heard firing along Lazenby's line; he was evidently engaged. I called the regiment at once to arms, and awaited developments. The firing on Lazenby's line soon ceased, but I had no report

from him. Soon Lieutenant Clarence Haden, of Company B, came in and reported that Lazenby and his whole command had been captured by the enemy. I at once advised Colonel Mayo. I received no reply from him, or to my communication, but instead, an order to march my regiment by the left flank down our line of works and report to General Ransom, and place myself and command under his orders.

WANTED A DIVISION.

In the forgetfulness of forty years I cannot say how far I marched, but I do not think more than a fourth of a mile, when I met General Ransom and reported to him, giving my name and rank. "What command have you, colonel?" he asked. I replied, "The largest and best regiment in the army." His reply was, "I want a division," and then said, "You march here," pointing immediately to our rear, "and strike him wherever you find him, if possible hold him until I join you." On my march I encountered my old schoolmate, Will Early, commanding a section of artillery. He told me they were driving us, but that he had a good position and would give him grape and canister as soon as he got in sight. (Dear, gallant Early died there.) I moved rapidly through the dense pines and soon caught glimpses of the enemy's colors. They were marching rapidly by the flank. I immediately sent, at short intervals, three couriers (one of whom was Captain Ro. Mitchell), with orders to report to General Ransom or Colonel Mayo or General Steuart, and tell them a large body of the enemy was in our immediate rear. I would engage him at once and they could direct their march by my guns. They were between us and our wagon and ammunition trains, and I advised that the division be faced about, and cut our way through and save the trains. I never heard anything from any of my couriers. Just here I met a Captain Hubbard, a gallant fellow; I forget his command. We agreed to close on each other and attack at once. We advanced and opened fire, and, although I saw his colors fall several times, so intent was he upon his move that he continued his march by the flank. I determined to stop him and did so, but I found to my sorrow I had stopped a monster. Hubbard and myself were being enveloped, so I undoubled my ranks so as to present as

long a front as possible, and, expecting every moment the whole of Pickett's Division to my relief.

GETTING OUT OF A HOT PLACE.

As the enemy advanced I continued my fire, but began to march backwards. The pines were so thick I had to dismount, but kept my face to the enemy, watching his movements, when suddenly I heard a man in my rear, some ten or twenty steps, say: "Oh, I surrender!" I turned and saw Yankee Cavalry in or about our works that we had recently left, and where I expected to find Pickett's Division. I called for my horse and mounted him, and said to my men that I was but a short while out of prison, and I would not go back, but that I advised them to surrender, and told Jake Friar, my adjutant, my intention to get out, if possible. I laid flat on my horse and galloped down my line to the left. I saw one of my companies get through just before I got there, but the cavalry and infantry, as I thought, but it proved to be dismounted cavalry (Chamberlayne's Division), came together. I rode rapidly back to my colors and ordered a surrender. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" We had fought our last battle. 'Twas Chamberlayne's Brigade of dismounted cavalry that I had been fighting in my front, and Pennington's Brigade of mounted cavalry in my rear.

I cannot close without adding that when I ordered, in a loud tone, my regiment to surrender, several of Pennington's cavalry made a dash for my colors. That brave and glorious man, Hickok, my color sergeant, drew his pistol and began firing on them, asking: "What did you say, Colonel Hutters?" I repeated my order, but Hickok, dear fellow, had been shot down, and I thought killed, but God be praised, I hear he still lives, an honored citizen of Botetourt, his native county. No braver man ever bore the colors of his country on the field of battle, and even at this late day I waft him a "well done." I have not seen him since Five Forks.

His division loved him and would have followed him anywhere.

J. RISQUE HUTTER,
Formerly Colonel 11th Virginia Infantry.

HANOVER GRAYS.**A Roll of This Gallant Organization—A Long Death List.**

The following is the roll of Company I, 15th Virginia Volunteers Infantry (Hanover Grays), Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. This company was organized at Old Church, Hanover County, Va., in December of 1859, and mustered into the service of the Confederate States at Richmond, Va., April 23, 1861, and continued in service until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, in April, 1865.

Captain, B. W. Talley, served from April 23, 1861, to April, 1862; now dead.

First Lieutenant, Thaddeus Foster, served from April 23, 1861, to April, 1862; now dead.

Second Lieutenant, William Boyd, served from April 23, 1861, to April, 1862; now dead.

Captain James D. Waid, served from April 23, 1862, to 1865.

First Lieutenant, George P. Haw, served from April 23, 1862, to 1865; lost an arm.

Second Lieutenant, John W. Davidson, served from April 23, 1862, to 1865.

Third Lieutenant, William N. Parsley, served from April 23, 1862, to 1865.

Allan, James B.

Allan, Robert (dead).

Atkins, H. C.

Atkins, William T. (dead).

Batkings, Cornelius (dead).

Bowles, William.

Boyd, George G. (dead).

Boyd, William (dead).

Brown, Lucian.

Brown, P. H. (lost arm and leg; dead).

Burch, E. T.

Burton, Marcus.

Butler, John M. (dead).

Carlton, Charles.

Cook, Lawrence (dead).
Corbin, John G.
Cosby, John O. (wounded and dead).
Christian, Horace (dead).
Christian, R. A. (detailed; dead).
Crump, Edward.
Curtis, Armistead (dead).
Dunn, John H. (killed at Drewry's Bluff).
Dunn, Charles (killed at Drewry's Bluff).
Dunn, Robert S. (wounded; dead).
Dunn, Henry C.
Ellett, Thaddeus (wounded).
Ellerson, Thomas H. (wounded).
Gaines, William (detailed).
Gray, John (wounded and dead).
Gardner, R. E. (discharged; dead).
Gibson, John T.
Gibson, Robert H.
Griffin, R. R. (wounded).
Harwood, John W. (detailed).
Haw, Edwin (dead).
Haw, John H. (sergeant).
Haw, Richardson W. (twice wounded; dead).
Haw, William (wounded).
Hazelgrove, Andrew (died in prison).
Hogan, William (dead).
Horne, Robert R. (died in prison).
Horne, Ralph R.
Hott, William (wounded).
Hughes, P. H. (wounded; dead).
Johnson, P. L.
Jones, Washington (killed).
Jones, William Wingfield (wounded and dead).
Kelley, James S. (dead).
Kent, George W. (wounded).
Lipscomb, Henry (wounded).
Lorgan, Benjamin (dead).
Mantlo, William (twice wounded).
Mantlo, Cornelius (wounded).
Mills, John T. (detailed; dead).

Mosby, John S. (dead).
Norment, William E. (dead).
Nunnally, L. M. (dead).
Otey, Thomas (wounded).
Otey, William (wounded and dead).
Pate, John W. (transferred and dead).
Pate, William B. (dead).
Richardson, Bowling (dead).
Richardson, John (wounded).
Richardson, Henry (dead).
Richardson, Peter (dead).
Short, William Neander.
Smith, William H. (wounded and dead).
Smith, William C. (killed near Ashland, Va.).
Southard, John (wounded and dead).
Snyder, Stephen (discharged; dead).
Taliaferro, William (discharged; dead).
Talley, George T. (discharged).
Talley, John A. J. (killed at Sharpsburg).
Talley, Ezekiel S. (killed at Sharpsburg).
Talley, Walter (wounded and dead).
Talley, Williamson (dead).
Talley, Charles A. (dead).
Talley, William E.
Thacker, Philip (dead).
Thomas, Richard A.
Thomas, R. H. (dead).
Timberlake, Junius (dead).
Tomblin, John H.
Tyler, Davis.
Via, Andrew (discharged).
Via, William H.
Warren, James B. (dead).
White, Lee (killed at Drewry's Bluff).
Wicker, William (killed at Sharpsburg).
Wright, George W.
Wright, Gus. W. (wounded).
Wright, Joseph (dead).
Wright, Silas (dead).
Wyatt, Charles.
Wyatt, William (dead).

From the *Times-Dispatch*, October 21, 1906.

FROM MANASSAS TO FRAZIER'S FARM.

Recollections of a Soldier in Many Battles—General Lee to the Rear.

Sir,—I read in the Confederate Column of The Times-Dispatch some time ago Corporal Tom's article, in which he gave some intensely interesting accounts of his close calls and other experiences in the War of the Sixties. This has encouraged me to offer a few of my own experiences, and other incidents that have never found their way in print.

I was a native of Warren County, and in the early days of 1861, when I was just a plain farmer, twenty-four years of age, I assisted in organizing an infantry company of eighty-four men. The organization was completed on the 17th day of June, 1861, and M. T. Wheatley, a graduate of Lexington, was elected captain; B. S. Jacobs, first lieutenant; J. B. Updyke, second lieutenant; R. S. Funkhouser, junior second lieutenant; E. V. Boyd, orderly sergeant; John G. Brown, color sergeant. Later Boyd was made second lieutenant; Brown, junior second lieutenant, and Private A. Updyke was elected second lieutenant. Captain Wheatley was promoted to major in October, and died of typhoid fever in December, 1861.

We remained at Front Royal, drilling and having our uniforms made, until July, 1861, when on the 16th day of that month we reported to Colonel William Smith (Extra Billy) at Manassas Junction for duty.

BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

On the morning of the 21st of July, 1861, we were bivouacked near the Lewis House, and within four hundred yards of the Henry House, which was destined to become the key to the great strategic move of that day, although I think it was a surprise to our generals, for they expected the conflict to take place about five or six miles to the right of it. We were, through

sympathy occasioned by our awkward appearance, sent there to be out of harm's way, rather than as an outpost. We had just received our guns since our arrival at Manassas, and were without cartridge boxes or bayonet scabbards, and had to carry the cartridges in the men's pockets, with the bayonets fixed on the end of the guns. I have often thought what a ludicrous appearance we would have made to the New York Zouaves (the red breeches fellows), who had been drilled and equipped to perfection, and were Uncle Sam's, or Abe's, especial pets; but, fortunately for us, they did not wait to observe us long at that Henry House hill when we charged into them and took Rickett's Battery, which they were supporting, or rather, the Stonewall Brigade, took the battery, and we paid our respects to the Zouaves; and a great many of them stayed with us in killed and wounded. We went into the fight with only two other companies of what afterwards became the 49th Virginia Regiment, to-wit: Captain Ward's, afterward Randolph's, from Warrenton, Va., and Captain Charles B. Christian's, from Amherst County, Va., and temporarily brigaded with Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke. We were formed, when the crisis of the battle had come, on the left of the 39th Virginia Regiment, which was the left wing of the Stonewall Brigade. We lost four men killed and eighteen wounded out of our company that day. This was my first battle, and I wish I could describe my feelings on that occasion; but I can only say that it was a terrific change from a peaceful, quiet and happy home, the home of my youth, where we worshipped on the Sabbath day, and none dared to molest us or make us afraid.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

And here I wish to mention that it was a singular coincidence that our company and regiment were thrown into the balance when the crisis had come at the first battle of Manassas, as already described, and also on the ever-memorable 12th of May, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse, when General Lee offered to lead us to retake the works just after General Edward Johnson's Division was captured, of which the writer and many others have minutely described in the columns of *The Times-Dispatch*, for it seems that no other incident of the war has

attracted more attention than that. Methinks that I can see General Lee yet, and hear the "rebel yell," that was raised when his horse was led back and we charged, and, as in the charge at Manassas, we won.

The night after the battle at Williamsburg, the 6th of May, 1862, our regiment was standing in line of battle in front of the winter quarters of some of General Magruder's troops, and it was pouring down rain. We were wet as water could make us, even with good overcoats on, and it was very dark, so Lieutenant J. B. Updyke and myself groped into one of the huts and found something soft to lay our heads on, and soon we were both fast asleep. A cannon-ball crashed through our shanty, and the rattle of shingles and shower of daubing and debris woke us up, and when we started to decamp in a great hurry, Lieutenant Updyke said, wofully: "I've lost my hat. Have you got a match?" When I struck one, lo and behold! there was a large Newfoundland dog, which had served as our pillow, lying there dead; but we did not hold a post-mortem to ascertain the cause of his death, because another cannon-ball came shrieking close over our heads.

My first close call was at Seven Pines, the 31st of May, 1862, when we were going into the fight and wending our way through that impenetrable swamp and abattis, sluiced with water after a big rain. I was following in the wake of Corporal G. W. Fox, a file closer, it being my position in line of battle as lieutenant. When Fox was stepping around a tree he hesitated to push some briars to one side, and after I stepped with my right foot forward, I withdrew it and pushed by the other side of the tree, instead of waiting for him to get out of my way. Just then a cannon-ball came along and took one of Fox's legs off. We went in that fight with forty-six men, and only twenty-two came out unharmed. Captain B. S. Jacobs was wounded and Lieutenant L. V. Boyd was killed.

We were in General George B. Anderson's Brigade, with the 4th North Carolina and two Georgia Regiments there, and in the entanglement of brush and felled trees we became mixed up, but still trying to go forward. I noticed Colonel, afterwards General, Bryan Grymes, of the 4th North Carolina, riding near me, carrying the flag of his regiment, the bearer having

been shot down. When I called to him to let me carry the flag, saying, too, that he would be killed, he replied, calmly: "Lieutenant, your life is worth as much as mine." I did not think of the awkward looks of a Virginian carrying a North Carolina flag for them, and I do not know whether the General did or not.

The morning after the battle of Frazier's Farm, June 30, 1862, I was detailed to take command of forty-five skirmishers to charge the bluecoats out of a barn, and when we started at double quick it looked like going into the jaws of death. We were greatly relieved when the enemy hoisted the white flag and surrendered, sixty-two of them, for the whole Yankee Army had left the night previous for Malvern Hill.

R. D. FUNKHOUSER.

Maurertown, Shenandoah Co., Va., 1906.

From the *Times-Dispatch*, July 15, 1906.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

How many of our States claim the first memorial organization? What matters if there are no records to prove it? New Orleans claims it; Georgia claims it; Portsmouth, Va.; Richmond, Va., claim it. But the little village of Warrenton, Va., claims, and can prove it, the first Confederate Memorial Day. Killed in skirmish at Fairfax Courthouse, June 1, 1861, Captain John Quincy Marr, Warrenton Rifles, 17th Virginia Regiment, buried in the little village graveyard, June 3rd, with military honors; wept over by the old and young; flowers strewn on his grave, and the first Confederate Memorial Day was observed. After the first battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, the dead and mortally wounded, numbering many, were brought to this same little village, and again memorial day was observed by the women and children. Was this, the women's work, discontinued? No, organized; no, but the spontaneous outburst

of the Rachels throughout the land weeping for her children and would not be comforted. The graves of these dead after the battle of Manassas were hastily marked on mere headboards. The living had to be cared for, and only a little band of women to do it. Women, tenderly raised and sheltered, went to the bedside of the wounded and with their own hands dressed the wounds, fed and cared for those men. There were no trained nurses, and only a very few doctors. When the spirit left the body they were buried in the same little graveyard, and the memorial work went on. The names on the boards being almost obliterated, a band of children, none of them over sixteen, determined to replace these boards. A kind carpenter offered to give the smooth plank and make into markers. My mother's long black porch became the paint shop. One of the boys, now an artist, Mr. Richard N. Brooke, of Washington, cut out letters, which we traced on the white headboards, and repainted as we finished them at the graves, and the memorial work went on. We felt very proud of our work, but in the winter of sixty-three, I think, the Yankees made a raid through our town and camping near the graveyard, they burned the headboards to make their camp fires; but as soon as the spring flowers came, we placed the blossoms on these graves, and each year continued our memorial work. After the war the bones of these dead were placed in one common grave, and a beautiful monument erected, which bears this inscription: "Virginia's Daughters to Virginia's Defenders." And so, I claim for Warrenton, Va., the first memorial day, dating it June 3, 1861, when we laid to rest the remains of Captain John Quincy Marr, killed by the invaders of our Southland, June 1st, Fairfax Courthouse, 1861.

R.

IN MEMORIAM.

RICHARD L. MAURY,

Ex-Member of the Executive Committee and Life Member.

WILFRED E. CUTSHAW,

Member of the Executive Committee.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, held December 27, 1907, the following was presented and adopted:

Since the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Southern Historical Society, it has lost by death two of its highly valued members, who not only in signal service in the field, in the Army of the Confederate States, but in enkindling reverence for the just cause since, have commended themselves by their example, not alone to us, but world-wide to those who hold truth and fidelity in regard.

RICHARD LAUNCELOT MAURY, Colonel Confederate States Army, born in Fredericksburg, Va., in 1842; died at Richmond, Va., October 14, 1907; son of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," and by double line of that fugitive Huguenot band of exiles for conscience sake, whose influence is so marked in families of their extraction—he promptly gave allegiance to the South, enlisting in "F" Company, of Richmond, Va.; promoted to the rank of lieutenant, he was assigned to the C. S. Navy, and for daring service therein was further promoted to the rank of major of the 24th Virginia Infantry, and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse with the rank of colonel. Since the war he has been a successful practitioner of law at Richmond, Va.

WILFRED E. CUTSHAW, Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery Confederate States Army; born at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., January 25, 1838; died at Richmond, Va., December 19, 1907; of sturdy Scotch and steadfast English blood—his mother being Martha J. Moxley, born in Alexandria, and who died at the age of ninety-two years.

He served with conspicuous valor and efficiency in the C. S. Artillery, losing a leg and receiving other wounds. In September, 1866, he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Virginia Military Institute, a post once held by Major, subsequently, General T. J. Jackson.

In the fall of 1873 he was elected City Engineer of Richmond, Va., and among his recommendations filed was a letter from General Robert E. Lee, in which he pays high tribute to the character, efficiency and attainments of our lamented associate. The admirable work achieved by this "man of ideals" in his thirty-four years of service in building up our beautiful city, is manifest at every point.

Resolved, That in the death of these, our so useful and influential associates, the society experiences a distinct loss, and we feel that their places may scarcely be filled by others animated with greater zeal and constancy.

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